McClure's Magazine.

Vol. XVI. MARCH, 1901. No. 5.

Age four months. From the drawing by Sir George Hayter.

Edward the Seventh

By George W. Smalley

WITH its usual fair-mindedness, the American public has shown itself in these first days of a great change ready to hope for the best and to believe the best of England's new King. Nevertheless, some inveterate misconceptions about the Prince of Wales still attach to Edward the Seventh. They affect in a degree not only the popular judgment upon a friendly sovereign, but, on this side, the relations between the two countries. That is a misfortune, and, in the interests of international friendship, I shall try to set down what I believe to be the real truth about the King. There is much to be said with respect to his character, his experience, his conception of kingly duty, and his fitness for the throne.

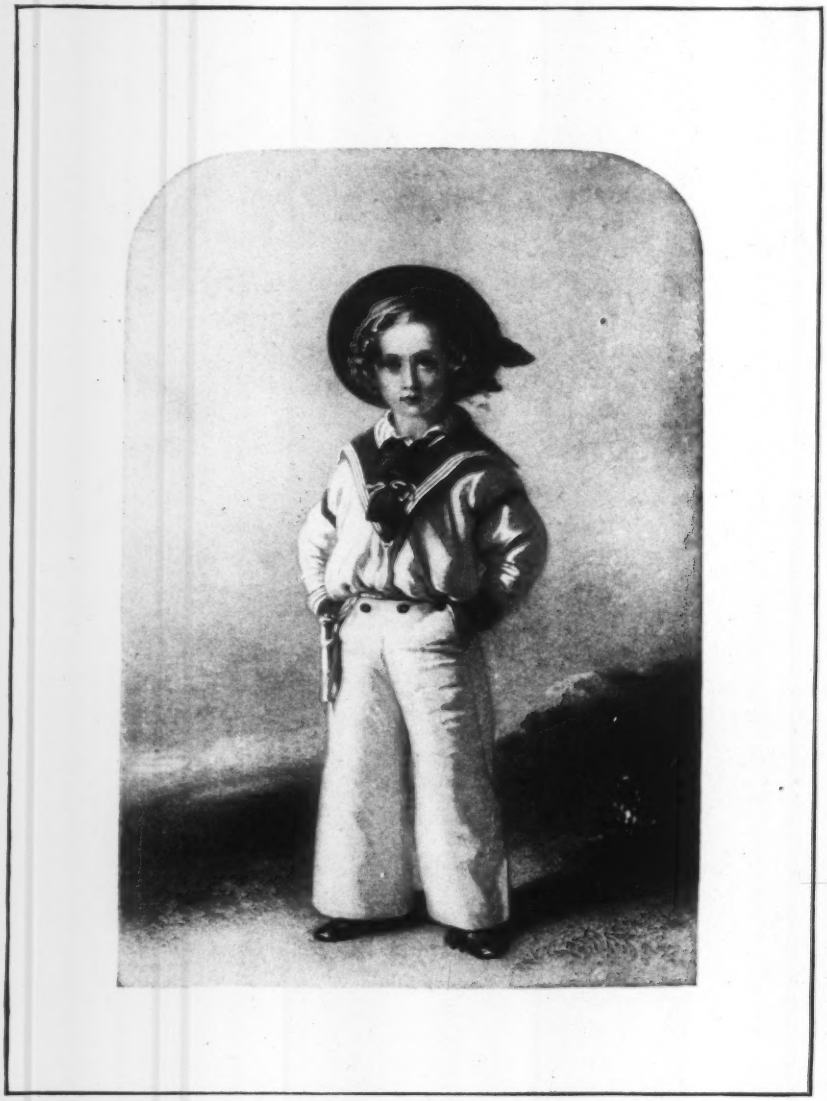
It is quite true that during his sixty years of heirship to the throne the Prince of Wales had never at any time any very great share in the conduct of public business. He had, perhaps, in early manhood the opportunity. His father would have trained him, in his German way, to be something like a bureaucrat or an eminent civil servant. But the Prince Consort died while his son was in his twenty-first year. The Queen, who had then reigned twenty-four years, is believed to have wished that the Heir Apparent should enter seriously upon his apprenticeship to the business of being King. He did not. Later, much later, in life the Prince saw his mistake, but it was then too late to repair it or to assume that place by the Queen's side which she had wished him to take. The routine was settled, the place no longer open. There is an old tradi-

Copyright, 1901, by the S. S. McClure Co. All rights reserved.

tion that kings and their eldest sons seldom agree, and there are many striking instances of this. But in so far as it may apply to the Queen and the Prince it was in no sense political. The Prince never headed a cabal, never led a political opposition, as did Prince Frederick against George the Second, never interfered with the Queen's prerogative or authority. He simply held aloof. He stood outside. There were other matters which interested him more. He ascends the throne, therefore, wanting much useful experience, which he might have acquired. He inherits the great traditions of his mother's reign. But the Queen's personal authority, her immense knowledge, her sagacity, her statesmanship, die with her. These are what the new King has to acquire, if he can.

Yet he has, I believe, far more knowledge and a far higher capacity for rule than is commonly supposed. We perhaps do not make allowance for the atmosphere in which he has lived.

"A virtuous court a world to virtue draws," sang Dryden. And if ever there was, in every sense of the word, a virtuous court, the Queen's was; in every sense, social and political. The Prince was never wholly in-



THE PRINCE OF WALES AT THE AGE OF SEVEN.

From the painting by Winterhalter.

different to matters of public concern. Of late years he showed himself profoundly interested in them. He knew the politics of Europe—the politics of courts, if not of Parliaments, and, surprising as it may seem to us Republicans, the politics of the Euro-

PRINCE ALFRED AND THE PRINCE OF WALES—EIGHT YEARS OF AGE.

From the painting by Winterhalter.

pean Continent, France excepted, are very largely indeed the politics of courts. On all of them the Queen had great influence, not merely because she was Queen, but because she was connected by ties of blood or marriage, and often both, with every reigning family in Europe. It would hardly be too much to say that in the private correspondence of the Queen and her family with her and their kin abroad may be traced for nearly two generations the essential history of all the great Powers. In such matters the Prince took care to keep himself informed. He was extremely well served, and he missed no opportunity of enlarging his means of knowledge. He liked early news. You could not do him a greater pleasure than to tell him or telegraph him of some fact before it became public. I could name men who, being in a position to know and being admitted to his confidence, which he gave discreetly, went almost nightly to Marlborough

THE PRINCE OF WALES, AGE 11.

From the painting by Winterhalter.

AGE 14.

From the drawing by George Richmond, R.A. Photograph copyrighted by Augustin Rischgitz, London.

House with their budgets of news, domestic and foreign. His household knew what their master expected, and they made it their business to supply him with it. His influence was often invoked from abroad, and often, though in a different way, at home. His intimacies with English statesmen stood him in good stead. Perhaps I may mention two, each very different from the other. I mean Lord Salisbury and Lord Rosebery, both Prime Ministers, and both, whether in or out of office, deep in the confidence of the Prince. Between the Prince and Lord Rosebery there were, indeed, many tastes in common, outside of the diplomatic and political worlds: social life, the turf, and others. He liked men to speak frankly to him—by no means always a royal or princely trait. So long as the forms of respect and of etiquette were observed, you might say almost anything.

The Prince was, of course, supposed, as the Queen was supposed, to be strictly impartial as between political parties at home and with reference to the contentions of Powers abroad. Both observed, each in his or her own way, this rule, but impartiality did not mean indifference. The Prince, for example, made it a point of honor to show the same degree of courtesy to the leaders of both parties. It was remarked that when Mr. Gladstone became Prime Minister, and on each occasion of his four accessions to that great office, the Prince drove to his house, called upon him, expressed, with unfailing tact and cordiality, what it behooved a Prince to say to a Prime Minister. Never in any unconstitutional or doubtful manner did either Queen or Prince lay too heavy a hand on the helm of state. Yet to every Minister and, perhaps, to no small part of the political world the opinions of each were known. The conservatism of the Queen was ever a great force.

Her Majesty's attitude was not wholly unlike the attitude of the House of Lords toward innovations and reforms. Each had, and has, the constitutional right to oppose new measures up to a certain point. When the will of the nation is clearly declared, the resistance of the House of Lords ceases. It

AGE 18.

From the painting by Winterhalter.

AGE 22.

From the drawing by E. Desmaisons.

then registers the decree of which it still disapproves. In like manner the Queen often opposes the policy of her Ministers, and the new King, we may be sure, will do the same. If Ministers could be convinced, well and good; the new measure which the Queen disliked was dropped or postponed. If they persevered, Her Majesty gave way, for the refusal of her assent would have meant the resignation of her Ministry.

In 1869, the Queen opposed as far as she could Mr. Gladstone's Disestablishment of the Irish Church. Mr. Gladstone's will was a rock on which even the Queen's wish was shattered; she yielded, and the Irish Church was destroyed. To take a contrary instance, when Mr. Gladstone had tried and failed to abolish purchase in the army by legislation, he invoked the royal prerogative, and abolished it, as it were, by the Queen's right hand. Her Majesty was commander-in-chief of the army and navy; so is the King to-day. To take a third instance, in some ways more striking still. Upon the original list of Ministers submitted by Mr. Gladstone to the Queen in 1868 stood the name of Mr. Lowe as Secretary of State for War. The Duke of Cambridge, the Queen's cousin, then General-Commanding in Chief, a post he held during forty years save one, went to the Queen and told her that Mr. Lowe's appointment to the War Office would mean the ruin of the army. So, when Mr. Gladstone returned, the Queen said to him she should be happy to sanction Mr. Lowe's nomination to any Cabinet office, the War Office excepted. Mr. Gladstone gave way, and Mr. Lowe became Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Now, all these are examples both of the opportunities and the difficulties to which the Prince of Wales has succeeded, and I dwell on them a little for that reason. It is no light thing to be King of England, even in these days of—more or less—triumphant Democracy. If the Prince is to be anything but a *roi fainéant*, he has to pilot his ship with keen eye and steady hand amid shoals and in deep water alike; and sometimes in a storm which might easily swell to a whirlwind. The question I am considering and

THE MARRIAGE OF H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES AND THE PRINCESS ALEXANDRA OF DENMARK, IN ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, WINDSOR, MARCH 10, 1863.

From the painting by W. P. Frith, R.A., in Windsor Castle.

trying to answer is, How far do his character and past life fit him for these arduous duties, for I do not believe he will ever care to play the part of King Log. His is a strenuous nature. He has, very fully and strongly, the pride of kings, and what the pride of kings is a Republican who has lived all his life in a republic can but faintly conceive. He has behind him, moreover, the loyalty of an expectant nation. As to loyalty, I shall quote what Prince Bismarck said to me many years ago, when I first knew him and talked with him long one evening in the palace in the Wilhelmstrasse. "You are an American and a Republican. It is impossible for you to appreciate fully the feeling I have toward a king whose ancestors my ancestors have served for hundreds of years." Deep down in the soul of the Englishman lies ingrained this sentiment of loyalty to the kingly house he has appointed to reign over him. The fact that the King holds by a Parliamentary title makes little or no difference; nor yet the fact that the nation which made can also unmake, and that a new Act of Settlement would be just as valid as the old. England still expects her King to be a king. Why does she venerate the Queen? Because she has been, before all things, Queen. Within well-defined limits, yet in a perfectly real and true sense, the Queen has not only reigned, but ruled. She has brought to bear on the course of events during her sixty-three years of sovereignty all the accumulated experience of constant contact with affairs and the transaction of public business through nineteen completed ministries. Not one of all that list of extremely able men had, or could have, that continuing knowledge and experience which the Queen had. The use of it by the Queen has constituted a precedent, and if there be anything sacred in England, anything of binding force and obligation, it is a precedent. And it is a precedent which the Queen's son, to the full measure of his character and abilities, must follow.

Therefore it is that the past history of the Queen's son is important only so far as it has affected his character, and has increased or diminished his opportunities of educating himself for his great office. It is difficult to believe in sudden transformations. When Shakespeare's Prince Hal becomes King Henry it is not a transformation, but a revelation that we behold. Not a new character, but the disclosure of the old is the lesson of that event. No doubt, new responsibilities call out what is best in a man, but they do not create it. Underneath the surface, visible to those who knew him best, lying dormant if you will, but always there, was a Prince of Wales quite different from the card-playing, turf-loving, perhaps somewhat reckless, and at times even frivolous young man, whom England in its more austere moods has sometimes thought of imperfect promise for his future kingship, yet never ceased to love.

One training beside those I have already indicated he has always had. He has always been a man of the world—not always, perhaps, of the best world, but, all in all, a man of the world in the sense in which that phrase means most. He knew men. He judged them well. He observed and reflected. To books he has never devoted himself. I once asked one of the men most about him, "What does the Prince read?" The answer may well startle you. "He reads nothing." "You mean he reads little." "I mean he reads absolutely nothing. We lay before him what we think he ought to see and he reads that, but you will never see a newspaper, and still less a book in his hand." It may have been true at the moment when it was said, though I am bound to add it was denied by other authority equally good. But suppose it were true. It was equally true of William the Conqueror, from whom the Prince is descended, nor was he the worse king. The art of governing is not a bookish art, nor do the English people care to be ruled by a man of letters. My story would do him no harm if it were literally accurate. The man of affairs, and, as I said, of the world, is the man to whom this practical race, with its unerring instinct for what is essential, looks for guidance and for government. That is why in Parliament and in public life generally "the Professor" is a name almost always spoken with a faint suggestion of contempt. But nobody will ever call the Prince a Professor.

How firm a hold has the monarchy on the affections and imagination of the English people became plain to the most Republican eyes as they read of what happened in London upon the accession of Edward the Seventh. Grief for the Queen—that was natural, but the sudden transfer of the loyalty of all England to her son was a thing far more remarkable. He who but yesterday was, like all other Englishmen, a subject, steps upon the throne, and in a moment is accepted as their ruler by 40,000,000 of free Englishmen, by 400,000,000 of free subjects all over the face of the globe. The King is not only ac-

cepted, but acclaimed. As he first drives through the streets of London on his way to take the oath before the Privy Council, he passes in silence. It is the Queen those multitudes are still thinking of. When he returns there bursts forth the irrepressible cry, "Long live the King!" There is no protest, no dissent. England is a very democratic country, more democratic in some very important particulars than our own, but there does not exist in England the vestige of a Republican party. It would do us no harm to consider why our cousins—a not less masterful and independent people than ourselves—are content, and more than content, that Queen or King should reign over them. I have no space to enter on that question. The answer would be a very interesting study in comparative politics. But what concerns us at present is not the question why England should prefer a king, but what kind of King will this Seventh Edward make?

What kind of a man is he?—for the qualities essential to a king are manly qualities. Loyalty is to the English, said Emerson, a kind of sub-religion; reason the more why they must have some one to be loyal to, a man and not a mere lay figure on a throne. They have ever, as I said, during his long minority, shown an affection for the Prince of Wales. Why? There is but one answer. He was worthy of it. He was an Englishman like themselves; with English tastes, views of life, conceptions of duty, and fidelity to them. No Heir Apparent to any throne was ever asked to play a part more difficult than his. The mere social difficulties were enormous. The Queen's widowhood withdrew her from social life. English society was left without its natural leader. The Queen was seldom in London, and the state she kept at Windsor, at Osborne, at Balmoral, was but modest and rather fitful. Inevitably, many of her duties fell upon the Prince and Princess of Wales. How were they to discharge them? Their means were inadequate. Marlborough House is very far from being a palace, and Sandringham is but a country gentleman's place, second or third rate. What it was possible to do was done. The Prince held levees in behalf of the Queen at St. James's Palace. Marlborough House entertainments were not and could not be numerous, yet it became the social center of London, while Buckingham Palace offered few signs of life to the beholder except the scarlet-coated sentries on duty at the gates. But what the Prince did, the Princess joining with him, was to modify, if not to revolutionize the relations between the Court, so far as it was his court, and the general society of England. Since they could not ask society in any great numbers to come to them, they went to society. They mingled with their fellow-subjects, accepted invitations in London and to houses in the country. It had never been done before with anything like the same freedom. Strict etiquette was against it; from the Continent the court pedants looked on aghast. When the daughter of the late Alexander the Second, Emperor of all the Russias, married the Queen's second son and came to England as Duchess of Edinburgh, Her Royal and Imperial Highness was shocked by what seemed to her the leveling customs which prevailed. She brought Russian ideas with her. When she drove in the Park she would scarce return the salutes she received. She refused to visit. She said: "True, my father sometimes goes to a nobleman's house, but when he does the

THE PRINCESS OF WALES AT THE TIME OF HER MARRIAGE. AGE 19.

From the painting by R. Lauchert.

owner of course leaves it." Presently these Tartar manners were tamed. I once saw a striking example of the Prince's influence in such matters. He came with the German Emperor on board the "Teutonic" lying at Spithead one Sunday afternoon in 1889, waiting for the naval review. The First Lord of the Admiralty was there to receive them, and a brilliant company of guests besides.

THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES, WITH PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR, 1864.

From a photograph copyrighted by Augustin Rischgitz, London.

As they stepped on deck the Emperor, in response to lifted hats and bows, just touched his white cap. The Prince of Wales shook hands cordially with Lord George Hamilton, Mr. Ismay, and others near him. The inspection over, the departing Emperor, who had not been blind to what went on, followed the Prince's example and shook hands. It is a slight incident; it is also significant.

Suppose we try to answer our question as if he whom it concerns were not Prince or King. What manner of man is he? During forty years he has lived in a glare; the light turned full upon him. When we try to gauge his capacity for reigning, we have little need to inquire into his private life. If we did, we should find him admirable in domestic relations, and if the walls of Marlborough House, like those of the Roman senator, had been of glass, they would have disclosed a picture of that domestic felicity on which the Englishman loves to dwell. It may be more to the purpose to consider that endless series of public duties which the Prince has discharged faithfully, laboriously, and with unerring good sense. His interest in charities, in hospitals, in schools, in all public functions, in ceremonies of state, in whatever concerns directly the welfare of the people, now his people, has been constant. His speeches have been models, wholly free from ambition or pretense, simple and to the point; above all, brief. He has taken pleasure in giving pleasure. He has filled the stage allotted to him and done with fidelity the work given him to do.

Again and again the Prince has gone abroad as—in effect, though of course never in name—an ambassador from the Queen to some

sovereign of the Continent. If the word "ambassador" be misleading, let us say confidential agent. He has laid her views at some critical moments before the German Emperor, and carried home the Emperor's response. That is a kind of diplomacy which does not supersede the regular intercourse of Foreign Offices, still less conflict with it, but comes to its aid. Personal intercourse has a magic of its own. More may be done in five minutes' talk than by reams of formal despatches. The Kaiser's visit to Windsor in 1899 was a wonderful instance of this solvent power. Kaiser and Queen, with some ministerial help from Mr. Chamberlain summoned to Windsor for the purpose, agreed on the terms which were to govern Anglo-German relations during the South African War. The many earlier visits of the Prince to Berlin smoothed the way for that ever-memorable first visit of the German Emperor to the Queen at Osborne, when the Emperor's old jealousies fairly gave way in presence of the Queen's frank affection, and he became, from that time on, friendly to England and no longer distrustful. Americans have seen with pleasure that the Prince's attitude to the President of the French Republic was always sympathetic. Visits were made and returned, when the Prince went to Paris, with not less ceremony nor less friendliness than if a king had been tenant of the Elysée. The French used to insist, with none too good taste, that these civilities were evidence of the Prince's political sympathies. They certainly were not.

If I recall these facts, which are so familiar to all, it is because they give one clue to the character we are looking for. There are many other evidences, and there are those personal impressions which form themselves whether one will or no. I set down my own, and, first of all, the impression of real force of character. Next, that combined shrewdness and good sense which together amount to sagacity. Third, tact. When one has said tact, there is not much else left to say. It covers the ground, or, at least, clears it. For tact means a continual and kindly consideration for other people, a recognition of their rights, a tenderness for their feelings, a due regard for their interests. If a man have that, he has the secret of social success. Add to it firmness and courage, and base all of these gifts on immense experience of life by one who has touched it on many sides, and you will have drawn an outline of character which cannot be much altered. Add to it what has already been referred to, the Prince's constant solicitude about public matters, and his intelligent estimate of forces—which last is the chief business of statesmanship. By this time some prejudices springing out of old gossip, true or false, may seem less essential than they did. In place of them we may put a perception of the vital facts of character. Add to this again the effect upon the hearer of his conversation; from a mind full not indeed of literature, but of life, a conversation of wide range, of acuteness, of clear statement and strong opinion, of infinite good humor. See him, for example, at Homburg, where he went summer after summer, and where restrictions were fewer than anywhere else; where he dined in a dining-jacket, and allowed you glimpses of his mind also in undress. He was charming. Look at him again in attendance on the Queen at the opening of a People's Palace, or at a garden party in Buckingham Palace the year of the first Jubilee. The filial attitude and the tenderness of his manner were not matters of deportment; you saw they were the outward expression of a loving and loyal nature. Follow him as he travels and mark the welcome given him; how he impresses Indian princes, whose princedoms date from a period when England was a savage isle still unknown to civilization; how the young commonwealths of Australia and Canada greet him. Their greeting is their recognition not only of his future sovereignty, but of his present personal attraction. His journeys through this world-wide empire were, as Bacon says, both a part of Education and a part of Experience; the value of them to him and to the great dependencies and colonies he visited is inestimable. Years after all that, meet him at Dalmeny, at Easton, at Waddesdon, at Chatsworth, at any of those houses in England or Scotland where he felt most at home; if you were never allowed to forget his rank, you were never insensible to the winning frankness of the man. True, as I have heard Americans complain, the presence of royalty is apt to occasion a certain sobriety of demeanor on the part of the company; there may be a hush as the Prince or Princess enters a room; there is a marked quietness of manner, and voices are subdued.

The Prince made many friends, and admitted some to his intimacy. He was a good friend. If he expected much of his associates, he gave much. On his side there was often an easy familiarity, on theirs never. The reserve due to a person in that

station was not forgotten by either. No man took a liberty with the Prince, or none took a second. I have seen him stand with his arm thrown affectionately about a friend's shoulder, but the friend's arm was not about his. I have known him do a hundred good-natured things; but those whom he thus befriended recognized his kindness in a way that never failed to mark the permanent social interval between the Prince and the rest of the world. He would write you a letter beginning "My dear X," and ending "Yours sincerely, Albert Edward." When you answered it you began, "Sir," and closed with a subscription of ceremony.

One exception I will record. An Englishman of distinction, and also of a curiously rugged independence of character, had transgressed rather flagrantly one of those unwritten rules of royal etiquette which all the world observes. His wife perceived the breach, and spoke of it to the Prince, who answered, "Lady ——, your husband has done more for the welfare of his countrymen than almost any Englishman I know. Never mind what he says. I shall never remember a fault of manner against him." Most of us, I think, will agree that the incident was honorable to both. On the other hand, an Englishman distinguished in a very different way, once walked up to the table where the Prince sat late at supper, and leaning on the chair opposite said, "Your Royal Highness, it is past two o'clock, and I am going." The Prince made no answer. It was permissible for his fellow-guest to ask leave to go; it was not permissible to do it in that way, nor was the wine he had drunk thought an adequate excuse. I suppose I shall shock some ultra-Republican friends, but I own that I think it for the general good of society that an unvarying code of good and courteous manners should be imposed on it by one having authority.

One more incident, in which the Prince and Mr. Gladstone figure. I am the more disposed to tell it since Mr. Gladstone, after first proclaiming exultantly the break-up of the American Republic, and then repenting and recanting, has been a kind of idol to the generous people whom he distrusted. The Prince and Princess of Wales gave a garden party at Marlborough House to the Queen. Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone were among the guests. The Queen, coming out from the house and down the steps, held her state in one part of the grounds. In another part, under a tree, with a little group about them, and beyond that the open space which commonly divides royalty from the rest of the company, sat Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone. From time to time the privileged entered this charmed circle and paid their homage to the Prime Minister and his wife. The Prince had so arranged matters as to allow these honors to be easily offered to Mr. Gladstone.

THE PRINCE OF WALES.
ABOUT 45 YEARS OF AGE.

It has passed into a truism that the Prince of Wales liked Americans and America, but there is still something to be said on that point. For it is much more than a liking. His good will to the individual American and to the country is supposed to date from the time of his visit to the United States, and probably does. He has shown it in many ways. Many Americans have profited by it when in England, where social recognition by the Prince was, of course, a passport to

the best society. But his regard for this country, or rather his desire that between his own country and this the relations should be those of friendship, was with the Prince of Wales a policy, a settled maxim of state. Possibly enough it began with a kindly impulse and with a liking for Americans as Americans. I think it most characteristic of him that it should have passed from that to be a guiding principle in his public life. He has never missed an occasion of declaring it. He has sent message after message to the people of the United States, and not infrequently by and to individuals. When an American whom the Prince thought able to influence opinion went to take farewell of him, he has repeatedly said: "Remember, it is of the highest interest to both nations that they should be friends. Say it whenever you can at home." He dwelt on that. Bound as he is by ties of blood and family and lifelong intercourse with the rulers of Europe, there is, I will venture to say, no European Power between whom and England he thinks cordial relations more vital than with the United States. He knew, of course, what the Queen felt on this subject. He was influenced by her and sympathized with her. Other the like influences surrounded him, preëminently those of his sisters, the Empress Frederick and the Princess Louise. He followed closely the public and private history of Anglo-American affairs. He spoke when it was possible or useful for him to speak. We who live amid a cloud of newspapers and hear so much proclaimed from the housetops about publicity and an all-powerful press, do not always remember that the really governing forces are often silent forces. A private letter, a word spoken in season, a hint to a minister, a confidential five minutes in a drawing-room, these are often more persuasive and more decisive than formal despatches or than the most eloquent editorial writing. The Prince has been in a position to use these methods, and none knows better how to make the most of them. As King, his authority will be greater still, and there is every reason to believe that with reference to this people and this government, His Majesty will shrink from no effort to promote among his own people and on the part of his own government the friendliest feelings and policy.

"The characteristic of the English monarchy," says Mr. Bagehot, "is that it retains the feelings by which the heroic kings governed their rude age, and has added the feelings by which the constitutions of later Greece ruled in more refined ages." Both characteristics have been very visible during these recent days. These free Englishmen submit themselves to a new King because he is the Queen's eldest son—that is reason enough for them. They submit also because they know that under this hereditary and monarchical rule they have every guarantee of free institutions and individual rights. Said the new King to his Privy Council, in words which will never be forgotten, which, indeed, are a supplement to his oath and a kind of new charter:

> In undertaking the heavy load which now devolves upon me, I am fully determined to be a constitutional sovereign in the strictest sense of the word, and, so long as there is breath in my body, to work for the good and amelioration of my people.

That is a voluntary pledge, nobly offered, loyally accepted, to which there can be no doubt the King will be faithful and true, as the Queen was before him to her own oath and pledges. But no oath, no pledge, no constitutional doctrine prevented the Queen from wielding a vast authority, nor will they prevent the King. If we think it excessive, let us remember that when all is said and done, and even should the King stretch his prerogative to the straining or breaking point, his power, for evil or for good, would be immeasurably less than that of the President, whose authority we never dream of questioning or resisting. The President, roughly speaking, has the combined authority of sovereign and prime minister. Except the Emperor of Russia and the German Emperor, this Republican Chief Magistrate is, or may be if he chooses, the most powerful autocrat in all Christendom.

To what an inheritance of political opportunities the King succeeds may be seen still more clearly from Lord Salisbury's speech in the House of Lords, on the 25th of January, in response to the message from the King. Lord Salisbury is the highest possible authority on the relations between Sovereign and Ministers; his testimony is specific, precise, incontrovertible. The Queen, he said, observed with the most absolute strictness the limits imposed by the Constitution. Nevertheless, "she always maintained and practised a rigorous supervision over public affairs." It was an effective supervision, for, continues Lord Salisbury, "no minister ever disregarded her advice without feeling that he had incurred a dangerous responsibility."

It is long since anything has been said or

printed which illuminates as that does the stage on which the business of an empire is transacted. Note, also, that Lord Salisbury spoke of the King as having a "profound knowledge of the working of our Constitution in the working of the Constitution, one part of his meaning is plain. We are at liberty to understand that the King has mastered the principles which, in the absence of a written constitution, govern the public life

THE PRINCESS OF WALES, NOW QUEEN ALEXANDRA.

From a photograph by the London Stereoscopic and Photographic Company, London.

and conduct of our affairs—that provision and security against mistakes which few subjects have." What I have said with reference to the Queen's influence, and the fitness of the King to succeed her, was written before Lord Salisbury had spoken. It is evident I might have put the case more strongly still. When Lord Salisbury, speaking as Prime Minister, himself unrivaled, now that the Queen is dead, in abilities and experience, tells us that the King is versed of Great Britain. He recognizes, before all and above all, what Burke describes as "the limits of a moral competence, subjecting, even in powers more indisputably sovereign, occasional will to permanent reason, and to the steady maxims of faith, justice, and fixed fundamental policy." Burke was speaking of the moral limitations upon the supreme power of Parliament. Lord Salisbury would have us know that Edward the Seventh, to whom he nevertheless offers the Queen's

vast authority as an inspiration and example, will be, as he has pledged himself to be, a constitutional King. He cannot, in truth, be other than that, but there is in the Constitution nothing to prevent him from being a strong, wise King; behind him and about him the forces of empire, and the loyalty, not passive, but enthusiastic and devoted, of a great people in whose minds its own fortunes and his are bound indissolubly together.

From a copyrighted photograph by Gregory & Co., London.

LIFE PORTRAITS OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

THE DUCHESS OF KENT, MOTHER OF THE PRINCESS VICTORIA, AND THE PRINCESS AT THE AGE OF TWO YEARS (1821).

From a painting by Sir William Beechy, R. A., now in the Royal Collection at Windsor; reproduced by arrangement with Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode, Her Majesty's Printers, from "Sixty Years a Queen." Victoria was born May 24, 1819, at Kensington Palace, England. Her father, Edward, Duke of Kent, fourth son of George III., died the next year; and a special responsibility thus devolved upon the mother, which she is said to have met with remarkable punctuality and prudence. The Duchess of Kent was the daughter of Francis, Duke of Saxe-Coburg, and the sister of Leopold, King of the Belgians. The Duke of Kent was her second husband, the first being the Prince of Leiningen, who died in 1814. After a time, with the Duchess of Kent was associated the Duchess of Northumberland in the education of the princess.

This unexampled collection of portraits of Queen Victoria first appeared in McClure's Magazine for June, 1897. The issue is out of print, and the demand for it is large. The occasion and merit of the pictures seem to warrant reproduction.

THE PRINCESS VICTORIA IN 1823. AGE 4 YEARS.
From a painting by Denning. Above the portrait is the Princess Victoria's autograph, written at the time.

THE PRINCESS VICTORIA IN 1824. AGE 5 YEARS.
FOWLER.

FROM A MINIATURE PAINTED BY A. STEWART, 1826.

THE PRINCESS VICTORIA IN 1830. AGE 11 YEARS.

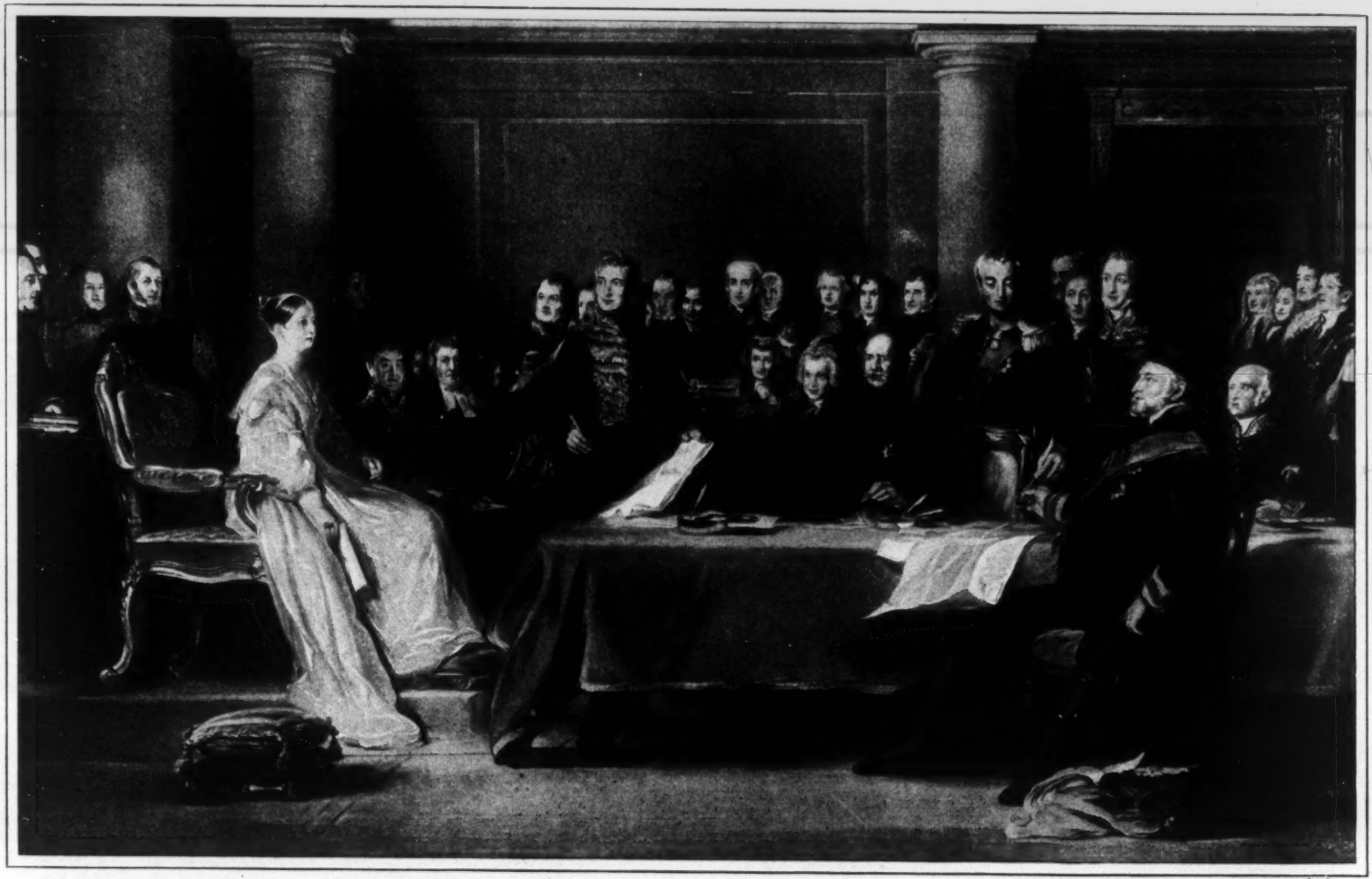
From a painting by R. Westall, now at Windsor Castle, England. Reproduced by arrangement with Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode, Her Majesty's Printers, from "Sixty Years a Queen." The Princess Victoria's uncle, George IV., died in June, 1830, leaving no legitimate issue, and was succeeded by his brother, the Duke of Clarence, crowned as William IV. As William IV. at his accession had no legitimate issue, the heir presumptive to the throne thereupon became his niece, the young Princess Victoria.

THE PRINCESS VICTORIA AND HER MOTHER, THE DUCHESS OF KENT. DATE UNCERTAIN, BUT ABOUT 1834, WHEN THE PRINCESS WAS FIFTEEN.

After a pencil drawing by Sir George Hayter, now at Windsor Castle, England.

THE PRINCESS VICTORIA SHORTLY BEFORE HER ACCESSION. ABOUT 1836. AGE 17 YEARS.

From a painting by George Hayter. An engraving was made of this painting by James Bromley and published on the day of Her Majesty's accession, June 20, 1837, by Colnaghi & Co. William IV. died about two o'clock in the morning of June 20, 1837, at Windsor Castle, and immediately high official messengers set off to Kensington Palace to summon Victoria, then just eighteen, to the throne. The messengers reached Kensington about five in the morning. They found the Princess in "such a sweet sleep" that her attendants were loath to waken her. "In a few minutes she came into the room in a loose white nightgown and shawl, her nightcap thrown off, and her hair falling upon her shoulders, her feet in slippers, tears in her eyes, but perfectly collected and dignified."



Earl of Albemarle. Duke of Argyll. Marqu[i]s of Lansdowne. Lord John Russell. Lord Cottenham. Viscount Melbourne. Archbishop of Canterbury. The Duke of Wellington. Sir Robert Peel. Lord Holland. The King of Hanover. The Duke of Sussex (the Queen's uncle).

THE QUEEN'S FIRST COUNCIL, KENSINGTON PALACE, JUNE 20, 1837. FROM A PAINTING BY SIR DAVID WILKIE, R.A., NOW AT WINDSOR CASTLE.

QUEEN VICTORIA TAKING THE OATH OF OFFICE. 1837. AGE 18 YEARS.

From a painting by Hayter. Engraved by W. H. Egleton in 1851. Reproduced by permission of Henry Graves & Co., Limited, London.

QUEEN VICTORIA IN THE ROBES OF THE GARTER. ABOUT 1838. AGE 19 YEARS. FROM A PAINTING BY THOMAS SULLY.

Sully's portrait of the Queen, the upper part of which is reproduced here in the large picture and the full-length in the smaller, has an especially interesting history. This history is related in the records of the Society of the Sons of St. George, Philadelphia, as follows: "In the year 1837, soon after the accession of Her Majesty Queen Victoria to the throne of Great Britain, the Society determined to memorialize Her Majesty to sit for her portrait to Mr. Thomas Sully, the artist, who departed for England in October of that year, carrying with him the memorial, which declared that the Society wished 'to place it in a conspicuous situation as the means, at the meetings of our Society, of cherishing the recollections of the country from whence we sprung.' The portrait was finished in April, 1838, and subsequently brought to this city [Philadelphia] by the artist. The portrait was soon after exhibited by the Society and brought into its funds a considerable sum." The portrait is signed "T. S., 1839," but this date is in conflict with the record just quoted, and is believed by members of the Society who are familiar with the subject to be wrong. The present reproductions are from a photograph copyrighted, 1897, by the Society of the Sons of St. George.

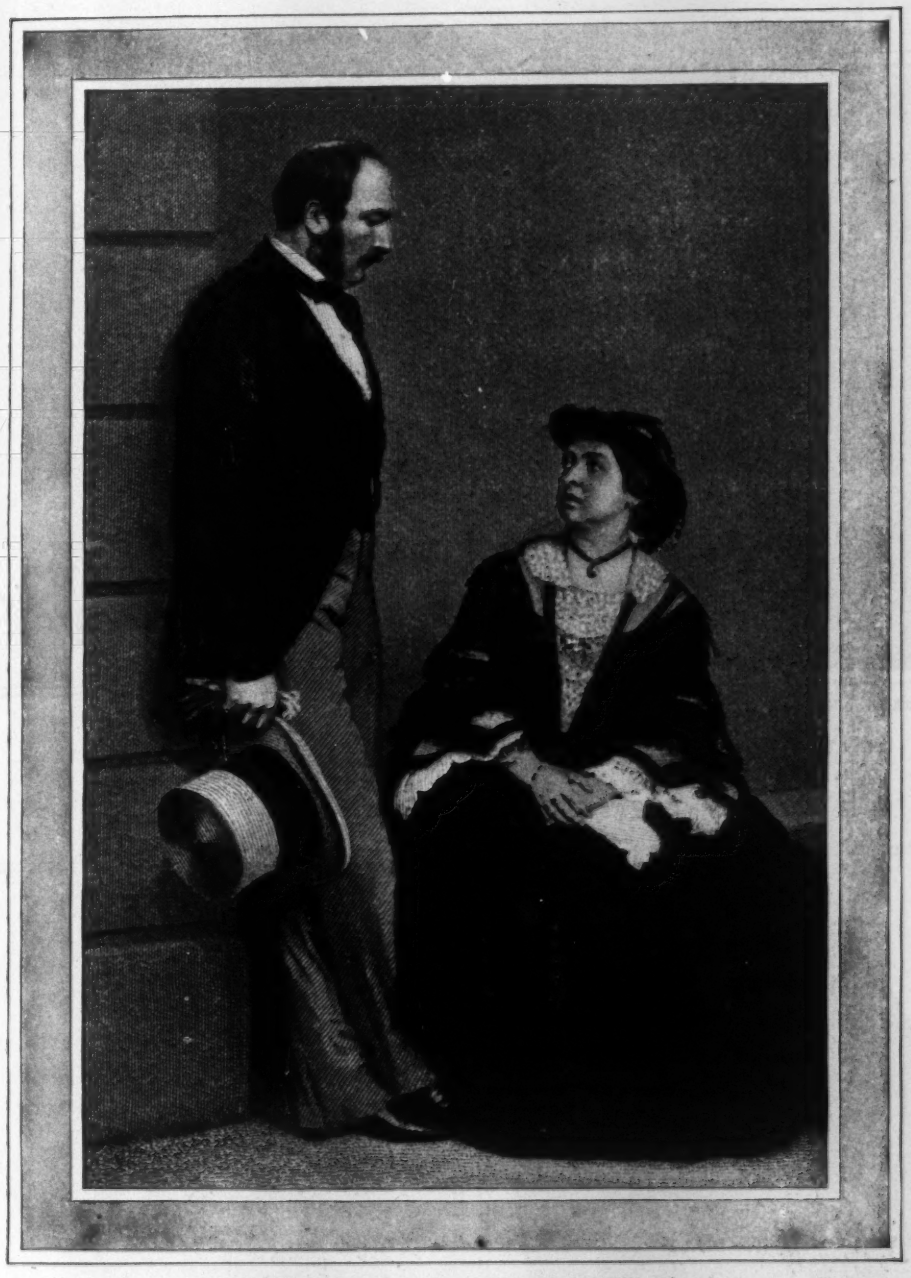
QUEEN VICTORIA IN HER BRIDAL DRESS, 1840. AGE 20. FROM A DRAWING BY DRUMMOND.

PRINCE ALBERT, QUEEN VICTORIA, THEIR INFANT SON PRINCE ARTHUR, AND THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON, IN 1851.

From a painting by F. Winterhalter, commemorative of the International Exhibition of 1851, of which Prince Albert was the chief promoter. Reproduced by arrangement with Messrs. Eyre & Spottiswoode.

QUEEN VICTORIA IN 1860 (AGE 41 YEARS), AND HER DAUGHTER VICTORIA, THE PRINCESS ROYAL.

From a photograph by Lombardi & Co., London. Victoria, the oldest of the Queen's nine children (four sons and five daughters), was born in 1840. In 1858 she was married to Frederick William, then Crown Prince of Germany, and from March 9 to June 15, 1888, Emperor. It was to the instructor of the young Victoria that the Queen wrote her famous memorandum: "I am quite clear that she should be taught to have great reverence to God and to religion, but that she should have the feeling of devotion and love which our Heavenly Father encourages His earthly children to have for Him, and not one of fear and trembling, and that the thoughts of death and an after-life should not be represented in an alarming and forbidding aspect, and that she should be taught, as yet, to know no difference of creeds and not to think she can only pray on her knees, or that those who do not kneel are less fervent and devout in their prayers."



THE QUEEN AND THE PRINCE CONSORT. 1861.

From an engraving by W. Hall, after a photograph by Day. Queen Victoria was married to Albert, Prince of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha and second son of the then reigning duke, on February 10, 1840, at St. James's Palace; and not the least of the distinctions of her long reign is the exalted confidence and concord that marked her relations with her husband. Prince Albert, indeed, was a man of rare character and ability. "He shunned ostentation and sank his own existence in that of his wife;" and yet all the time he was a positive and recognized influence, not only in the family circle, but in the state. He was born near Coburg, August 26, 1819, and died at Windsor Castle, December 14, 1861, shortly after the above picture was taken. He was thus a few months younger than the Queen, and lived to be but forty-two.

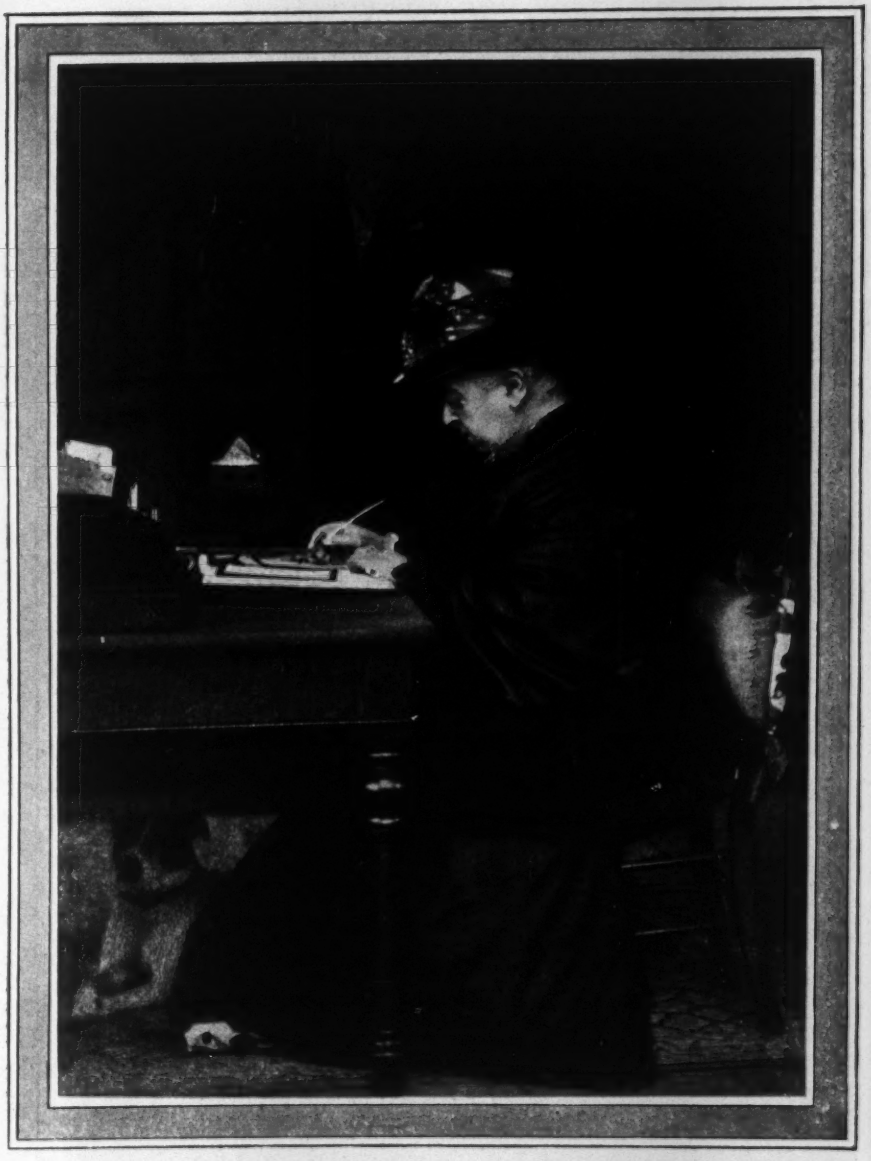
THE QUEEN AND THE PRINCE OF WALES, ABOUT 1862.

THE QUEEN IN 1867. AGE 48 YEARS.

THE QUEEN IN 1877. AGE 58 YEARS.

THE QUEEN IN 1879. AGE 60 YEARS.

The portraits on this page are from photographs by Hughes and Mullins, Ryde, Isle of Wight.



THE QUEEN IN AUGUST, 1887. AGE 68 YEARS.

THE QUEEN IN 1893. AGE 74 YEARS.

June 20, 1887, Queen Victoria had reigned fifty years, and the jubilee of her accession to the throne was celebrated with great enthusiasm in England. A grand thanksgiving service was held in Westminster Abbey, attended by Her Majesty and all the Royal Family, by various kings, queens, and royal princes, and by "representatives from every nation on earth." The entire assemblage is estimated to have numbered ten thousand people. The Archbishop of Canterbury, Primate of all England, conducted the service. The ceremonies of the celebration continued through severals weeks. On June 22d the Queen received addresses and gifts at Buckingham Palace. On the 25th there was a state banquet at Windsor, on the 28th a Jubilee ball, and on the 29th a garden-party. The concluding demonstration was a grand military review at Aldershot on July 9th. From all parts of the world the Queen received commemorative gifts, many of them of great value. "The women of England" presented her with £75,000 ($375,000). The two portraits on this page are from photographs by Hughes and Mullins, Ryde, Isle of Wight.

THE QUEEN AT OSBORNE, HER COUNTRY-SEAT IN THE ISLE OF WIGHT, AUGUST, 1890. AGE 71 YEARS.

From a photograph by Hughes and Mullins, Ryde, Isle of Wight.

THE QUEEN IN THE SIXTIETH YEAR OF HER REIGN, 1897. AGE 77 YEARS.
From a photograph taken at Buckingham Palace by Gunn and Stuart, London.

ONE OF THE LAST PORTRAITS OF THE QUEEN.
From a photograph by Russell & Sons, London.

DISBANDING THE UNION ARMY

By Ida M Tarbell

ILLUSTRATIONS by GEORGE VARIAN

ON the first of April, 1865, a Federal army of over one million volunteer soldiers hemmed in the ten southeastern States of the present Union. It had taken four years for this army to stretch itself from the mouth of the Potomac westward to the Mississippi, southward to the Gulf, and thence along the coast to its starting point. But at last the cordon was practically unbroken. Not only had the Federals enclosed the Confederacy; by capturing and holding the Mississippi River and by fighting their way from Louisville southeastward, through Nashville and Atlanta to Savannah, they had separated it into three enormous divisions.

In all parts of the vast territory which they had engirdled and dismembered, there were armies and garrisons: Meade, with 130,000 men, besieged Lee in Petersburg; Sherman's army of 121,000 men was waiting at Raleigh, North Carolina, for a battle with Joe Johnston; Thomas, who commanded the 139,000 men in the Department of the Cumberland, was engaged in clearing the States in his division of the few Confederates remaining from the defeat of Hood in January; Canby, with some 122,000 men, held the Mississippi from Memphis to New Orleans, and opposed Dick Taylor's army then in Alabama. There were forces in Texas and Arkansas, in the forts and outposts along the captured lines, holding towns, guarding hospitals, caring for prisoners and freedmen.

So long had it taken the Federals to accomplish this work that even now, in spite of the positions they held, and their vastly superior forces—the million volunteers of April, 1865, were opposed by less than 200,000 Confederates—there was in their ranks no general belief in speedy victory. They had heard so many times that the "back of the Rebellion was broken," that they had almost ceased to expect an end to the war.

That their skepticism hinged on their respect for the ability of a single one of the leaders opposing them—General Robert E. Lee—is evident from the effect produced on them by the news that, on April 9th, Lee had surrendered his army to Grant. "The war is over," was the universal chorus of the volunteers. And they were right. Like a structure from which the keystone has been wrenched, the Confederate army fell apart. Two weeks after Lee surrendered his force at Appomattox, Joe Johnston surrendered to Sherman. On May 4th, Dick Taylor surrendered to General Canby in Alabama, and on May 26th, the forces west of the Mississippi commanded by Kirby Smith were surrendered to the Federal authorities, Smith fleeing to Mexico. In six weeks all the organized forces of the Confederacy had laid

down their arms, and the great majority of the men had given their parole not to take them up against the United States until properly exchanged. The army of a million volunteers had finished its work.

Almost the first thought of the Federal War Department, when the news of Lee's surrender reached it, had been, "Now we can disband the armies,"—a thought followed immediately by the question, "How can it be done?" The question was one to tax the foresight, the experience, the energy of even Secretary Stanton, great as was his skill in handling bodies of men. If one will consider the army as it lay in April, 1865, scattered from the Gulf to the Ohio, from Texas to Virginia; and remember its number, 1,034,064 men, he will see that the problem of the prompt transportation of such a force north was most serious. An element complicated the problem which does not appear on its face. If each body of soldiers in the field had been from one part of the North—that is, if Sherman's army had been made up of New Englanders; Thomas's, of New Yorkers, etc., the difficulty of disbanding would have been less; but the armies were not made up in that methodical way. Sherman's army in April, 1865, was formed of six army corps, besides cavalry. In the 15th and 17th corps, eight States were represented; in the 10th corps, nine States; in the 20th, ten; in the 14th and 23d, eleven. In the entire army, seventeen. In all the armies there was the same wide State representation. The War Department thus had to break up each army, select from it the men from Maine, from Ohio, from Illinois, and arrange that each of these fragments be sent on its way.

It was obliged, too, to do more than get the troops home. On their way North it must hold them long enough to secure the army history of each man, and it proposed to do this in such a way that he would have no legitimate reason for complaint. Moreover, it proposed that when at last it did set him down at his own door it should be with money in his pocket and good-will toward the government in his heart.

GENERAL THOMAS M. VINCENT,

Who devised the plan for disbanding the army.

It was a bewildering problem, but Mr. Stanton attacked it with his usual volcanic energy. Summoning General Thomas M. Vincent, the Assistant Adjutant-General, who had in charge the organization of the volunteer forces, he asked him for a plan to suit the case. A few days later General Vincent presented a method he believed feasible. It was discussed for an hour and a half by the Secretary, and finally dismissed by his saying: "Send the method to General Grant, and if approved by him issue the order." The notes were sent to Grant, who returned them with the brief comment, "Plans and suggestions within approved."

To one who reads General Vincent's plan to-day it looks so simple compared with the task on hand that it seems hardly worth considering, yet it was that plan which moved the army. It provided, simply, that the army organizations be kept intact and the troops sent to convenient rendezvous. There the men were to go into camp until muster-rolls and pay-rolls had been made out, when they were to be sent by boat and rail to their various States, where they were to be paid off and dismissed. Its vital feature was the provision that the work of disbandment be carried on by an organization already in existence: the mighty machine which had been devised for getting men from their homes into the army was to be used now for returning them. The officers who had become experts in mustering in men were now to muster them out. The transportation facilities which had taken the men south were to be devoted to taking them north.

As soon as the scheme had been approved, the first of a long series of orders reducing the army was issued. In rapid succession they followed each other. Recruits, patients in hospitals, officers and men whose terms expired before May 31st, the troops with Meade and Sherman whose terms expired before September 30th were to be disbanded. Order after order, calling the men from the field, had been issued before the last hostile force had surrendered on May 26th.

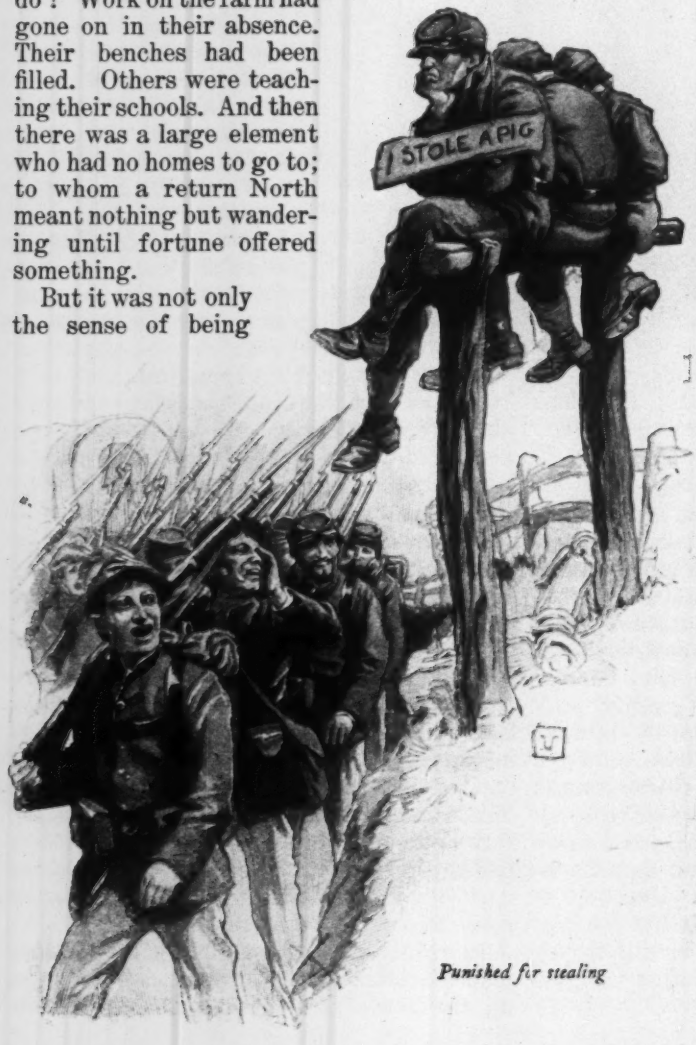
In response to these orders the bulldog grip which the Union forces had so long had on the South now loosened. The men re-

leased by each successive decree began at once to move out from the points in the East or West where they were stationed to the rendezvous selected for them: men from the armies of Meade and Sherman to Washington; from that of Thomas, to Nashville or Louisville; from that of Canby, to New Orleans, Vicksburg, or Mobile. All over the vast area a movement northward towards the rendezvous was immediately perceptible.

The suddenness with which the soldiers were faced about, before the fact that the war was over was clearly in their heads, and marched for home with as much despatch as if they were going into battle, produced at first throughout the armies a feeling of bewilderment. The army disbanded! What did it mean? Why, nothing less than that they were out of work—their occupation gone! Soldiering had become their business. What were they going to do? Work on the farm had gone on in their absence. Their benches had been filled. Others were teaching their schools. And then there was a large element who had no homes to go to; to whom a return North meant nothing but wandering until fortune offered something.

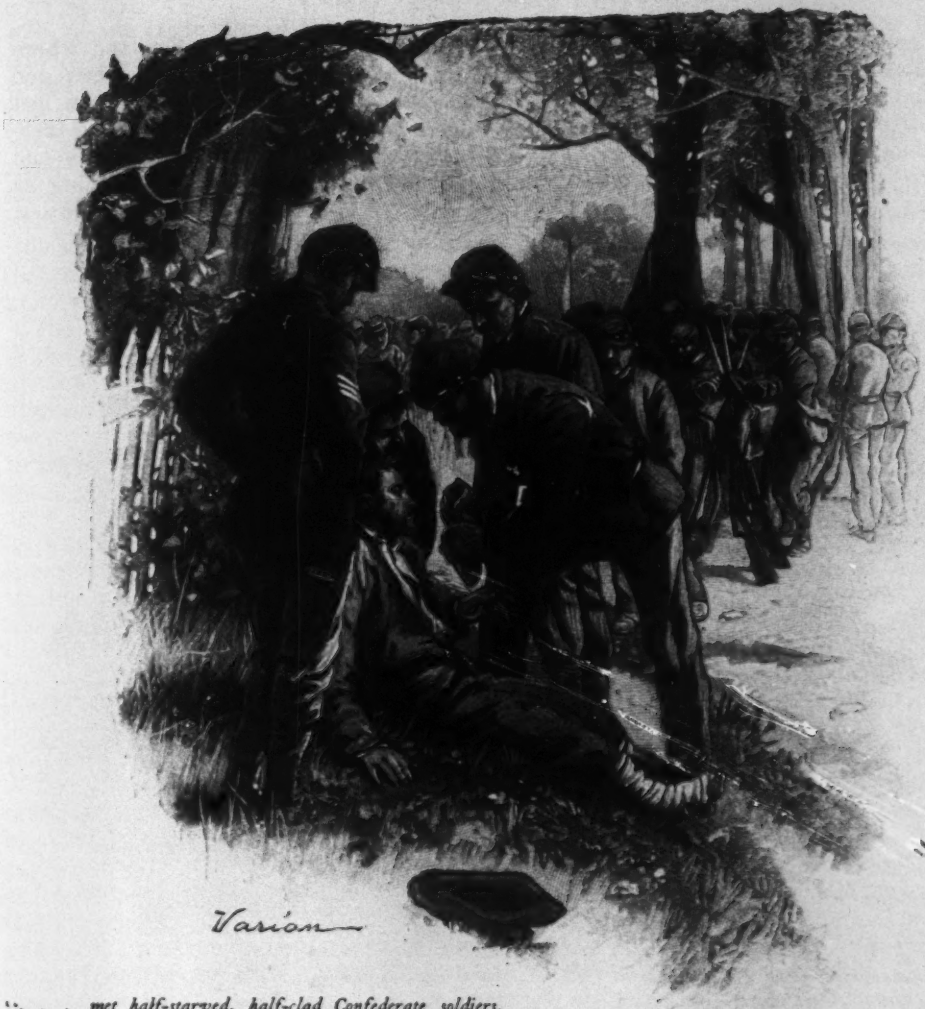
But it was not only the sense of being thrown adrift which affected the soldiers when the order for disbandment was first received. Four years of fighting, of defeat and victory, had hardened many of them into warriors, and they loved their trade. They might grumble at times, but the passion for danger and adventure had its hold upon them, and no man who has once learned to love war steps back to a civilian's life with a whole heart. Great numbers of them had gone into the army boys and had been made men by danger and suffering. Here they had for the first time faced big things—for the first time felt great emotions. They clung, as all men do, to that which has awakened their natures. It was not strange, then, that they at first should have felt something like regret.

But this wave of regret was everywhere brief. As soon as the men's faces were set for the North there was a blaze of joyous emotion. They were going home. With every step, the old associations, the old scenes refilled their minds. Under the influence of this new phase of feeling, the armies marched to their rendezvous in incredibly short periods. Thus, Sherman's army made the march of 156 miles from Raleigh to Richmond in five and one-half days. "It seems as if the men cannot go fast enough," was the general comment.



Punished for stealing

Considering the exuberance of the feeling, the marches were orderly. Rigid orders had been given the men concerning pillaging. Hitherto they had confiscated as a right of war, but the war was over now, and no soldier hereafter had a right to a chicken or a loaf of bread for which he did not pay. This restriction came particularly hard on those troops who had been "living off the country." It was, perhaps, requiring too much of human nature to expect they should not now and then break ranks and have a riot of chicken-stealing and house-breaking. Their punishment, if caught, was always severe

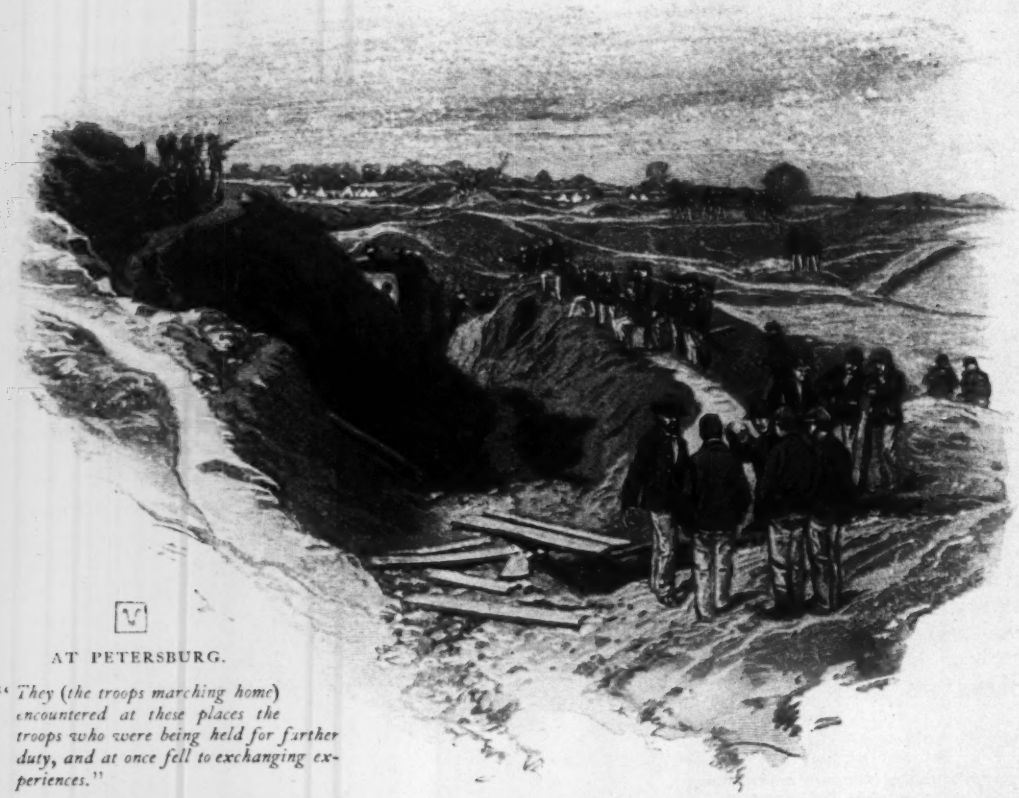


". . . met half-starved, half-clad Confederate soldiers, painfully making their way to their homes. . . . With these men the Federal troops fraternized in the most kindly way. . . ."

and humiliating. They were labeled "pillagers," and tied to a fence by which the whole army marched, jeering and deriding. Happily there were but rare outbreaks of this kind, and none of them very grave. The occasional disorders were more than compensated for by the real sympathy the men showed for the poverty and suffering they found all along their march. They constantly met half-starved, half-clad Confederate soldiers, painfully making their way to their homes—sometimes alone, often in groups of two or three. Not infrequently they found a worn-out man dying by the roadside. With these men the Federal troops fraternized in the most kindly way, sharing their rations with them, bespeaking horses for them from the quartermaster, often taking their addresses, and promising them help when they returned north.

As the troops reached the centers around which the hardest and longest struggles had been waged—Vicksburg, Chattanooga, Richmond—their excitement and interest arose to the highest pitch. They encountered at these places the troops who were being held for further duty, and at once fell to exchanging experiences. For a full account of the march to the sea, the soldier of the Army of the Potomac, left at Richmond, conducted his comrade from Sherman's troops over the fortifications of Petersburg, through the shell-battered town, to the crater, and down to City Point, so long Grant's headquarters. When Sherman's army started from Richmond it marched out by the Hanover Court House road, but there divided into four columns, one

taking a route by Chilesburg, another by Culpeper and Manassas, a third by Chancellorsville, and the fourth by Fredericksburg. By this distribution the army covered almost every battlefield of Northern Virginia. The entire force was completely engrossed in sight-seeing, the interest beginning with



V

AT PETERSBURG.

"They (the troops marching home) encountered at these places the troops who were being held for further duty, and at once fell to exchanging experiences."

General Sherman himself, who, in his eager desire to see and know all possible of the campaign of the Army of the Potomac, shifted from column to column, visiting, *en route*, Spottsylvania, Fredericksburg, Dumfries, and other fields. The war was over, and already the day of reminiscences had opened.

The first large bodies of troops to reach a rendezvous were Meade's and Sherman's armies, both of which, by May 20th, were encamped along the Potomac, opposite Washington, most of them within sight of the dome of the capitol. In all the two armies numbered 200,000 men, brought from the field since the surrender of Lee.

The second step in the disbandment was the preparation of muster-out and pay-rolls. Just what this entailed only those who have examined the rolls can realize. On them every man's army history had to be registered; his rank and age, when and where and by whom he was enrolled, when and where and by whom mustered in, when last paid and to what time, how far he had traveled, what subsistence and forage he had furnished, what equipment and clothing he had received, his absences, special duties, promotions, wounds, illnesses—an array of figures, dates, and facts upon whose accuracy all the future relations of that man with the War Department must be regulated. The mere printing of the blanks of these rolls and of the discharge papers for the men was keeping the government printing-presses busy night and day, while filling them meant work for hundreds of officers and clerks. Everything was ready for this work when Sherman and Meade reached their rendezvous, and headquarters were at once established and the rolls started.

The delay necessary to making out the rolls caused everywhere a percentage of trouble. Why he could not be disbanded at once many a volunteer could not understand. The war was over and he wanted to go home. Why not let him go there from Vicksburg, Louisville, Washington? Why all this "fuss and feathers"? The "free-born American,"

who, at the beginning of the war, could not understand why one should not say "hello" to the colonel, now refused to see any reason why ranks should not be broken on the spot. This spirit showed itself now and then in small mutinies. Castle Thunder, in Richmond, and Old Capitol Prison, in Washington, were full most of the summer of 1865, of men who had made up their minds to do their own disbanding, but had been restrained at the point of the bayonet.

The men were kept in order by regular drilling and by many reviews. The greatest of these was a Grand Review ordered by Mr. Stanton while Sherman and Meade's armies were waiting around Washington. The Secretary of War wished the President, the Cabinet, Congress, the country, to see what an army meant, and ordered that Meade's army on May 23d and Sherman's on the 24th pass in review before the members of the administration. The pageant was by far the noblest this land has ever seen. It was not the glitter of the thousands of bayonets and sabres and polished brass cannon which made it so, not the hundreds of battle-flags and banners in line, not the splendid gathering of generals who had distinguished themselves in the war —Meade, Sherman, Custer, Crooks, Hartranft, Miles, Howard, Logan, Blair, Buell; it was the men in ranks who, for six hours on one day, seven on the other, passed sixty abreast in "cadence step" through the wide Washington avenues. The great throng which had gathered in Washington to witness the review sat as if spell-bound watching hour after hour these great blue masses passing as steadily and rhythmically as an ocean tide. Now and then men turned wondering dazed eyes to each other and asked, "Where did they all come from? Have we sent so many men to the front? Is it true that this is but one-fifth of the army?" With this surprise at the numbers came a deeper surprise—that an army looked like this. For four years they had been seeing soldiers daily—bouyant lads, marching with shining eyes to the front, or crippled men crawling home to die—but soldiers like these they did not know. These men were bronzed and stern and indifferent. The spectators felt almost a terror in watching the ranks, so irresistible seemed their power, so mighty their will. This, then, was what Lincoln meant when he talked to them of "veterans." This was the kind of men war made of their bright-faced boys.

The effect of the Grand Review on the people of the country was deeper than Mr. Stanton ever had dreamed. They saw at last the quality of the men the war had called out, and, though they shuddered at what the tattered banners recalled, and wept as they realized how often the serried regiments had been cut to fragments and refilled, they carried away a great thankfulness. They saw now why the young Republic had been able to grapple successfully with the most dangerous enemy a country can have—an evil within. If the belief that a great principle was in danger could raise up such a body of men as this, then government by the people was no longer an experiment. For the North the Grand Review was a benediction on the Civil War.

In the interval after the order for disbandment came, and while the troops were marching to their rendezvous, transportation by river and rail had been preparing to take the men to their State camps. All the steamers, cars, engines of the North were at the service of the government for this task. Indeed, from now on the transportation service of the North existed first for the soldier. Everything was ready then, when, on May 29th, the first body of Sherman's and Meade's soldiers was marched to the station at Washington to lead in the northward flow of the armies. So perfect were the plans, so complete the preparation, that in the next forty days the one little railway which then led from Washington to the Relay House, a junction north of the city, carried away 233,200 men, 12,838 horses, and 4,300,850 pounds of baggage. All the States of the North were represented in the two armies, so that at the Relay House the solid stream which had flowed from the capital divided for east and west. At Baltimore and Parkersburg these branches divided again. The troops for New England, New York, and portions of the Middle West were taken by rail to New York City. Here they were reassorted, and sent to their several States. Those for the Northwest were transferred to steamers at Parkersburg and carried down the Ohio to Cincinnati, Louisville, Lawrenceville (Ind.), and St. Louis, and again divided and forwarded. Soon every railroad of the North; the Ohio, the Mississippi, the Lakes, were carrying a ceaseless stream of men. To join the troops from Washington there soon came those who had been mustered out at Louisville, Charleston, Savannah, Mobile, Vicksburg, St. Louis, Nashville; and the whole country north of the Ohio was criss-crossed with lines of living blue. Throughout the summer and fall this kept up, until the tramp of soldiers became one of the sounds of every street, blue coats

a part of the general coloring of every town.

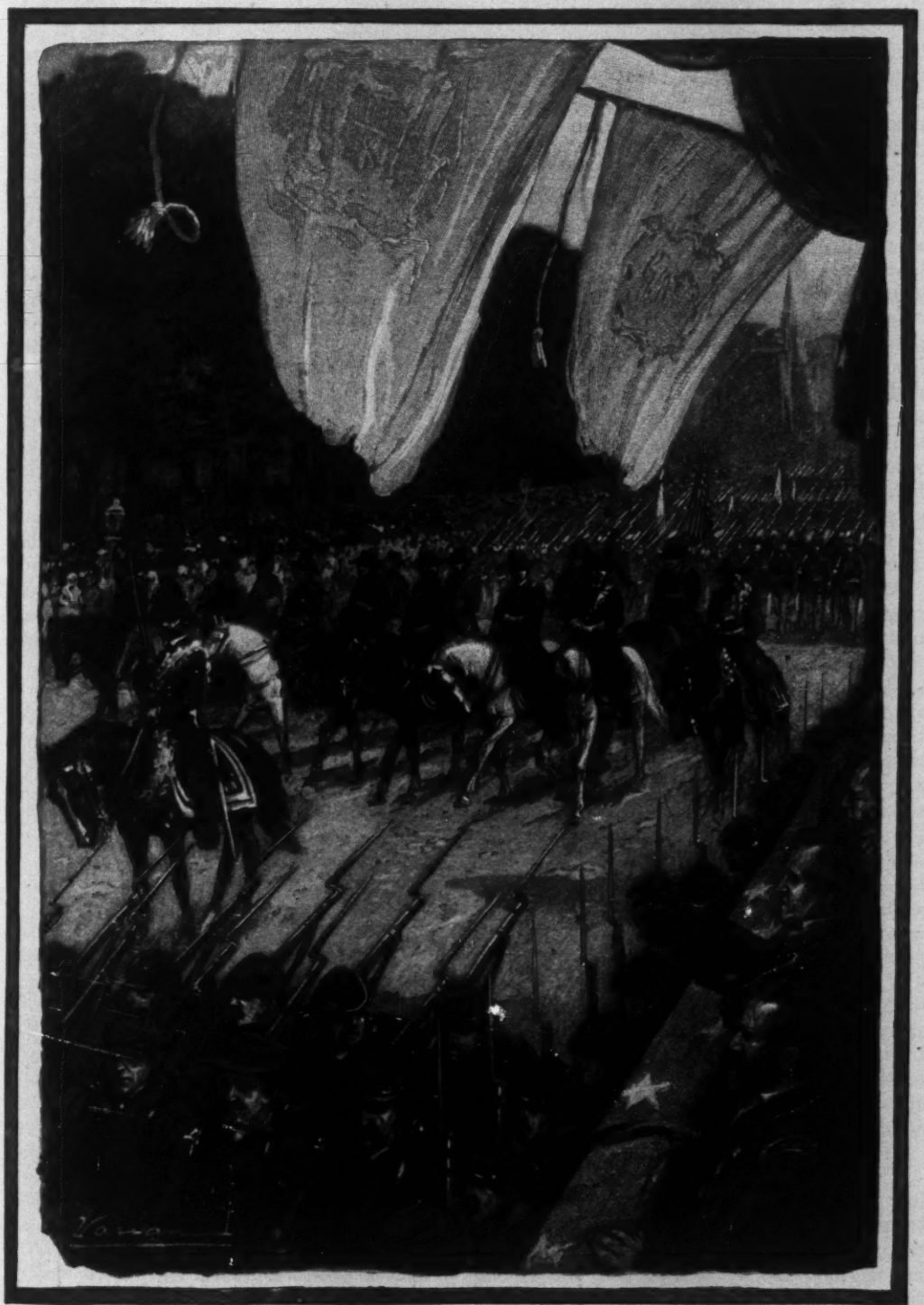
As soon as the soldiers were north of the Potomac and Ohio they began to rejoice over the change from the want and desolation of the South to the order, thrift, and plenty of the North. They hung from the car windows and crowded the decks of the boats, admiring and exulting. The farmers were at work in the fields, gardens were green, apple-trees in blossom. The ways of doing things, the style of house and barn, the white meeting-house, the country school—all the familiar things they had grown up with—were before them. It was "God's country," they said, and they would never leave it again. At every station they swarmed forth to shake hands with the crowds, which seemed all the summer and fall to be always on hand to cheer them, to offer them hot coffee or cool drinks, to fill their pockets with fruit and cakes. When, as sometimes happened at stations, there were delays, they fell to playing ball, chuck-a-luck, or leap-frog, with the abandon of boys.

There was great care taken that the delays at stations where changes were made should not be long; nevertheless, at great terminals like New York, Cleveland, or Chicago, it was inevitable there should be frequent congestions of soldiers. In New York, permanent barracks were erected on Howard Street and at the Battery, to which the regiments were marched as soon as they came into town. Their coming was so continuous that a standing head in the city papers came to be "The Returning Soldiers." It was the merest enumeration of the regiments arriving—the names of their officers, and the list of the battles in which they had fought, and sometimes the numbers of men they had lost. So common a sight did the soldiers become in New York and other great centers that after a few weeks they passed almost unheeded in the streets. This indifference so shocked the "Evening Post" that, as early as June 7th, it protested energetically against the coldness of the populace and begged that henceforth the soldiers be cheered as they marched through.

It was intended that each company, in reaching its State, be sent immediately to the camp where it had been mustered in, if possible. Several camps existed in each State. Thus those in New York State were at Poughkeepsie, Newburg, Albany, Plattsburg, Ogdensburg, Sackett's Harbor, Auburn, Syracuse, Rochester, Buffalo, Elmira, Binghamton, and Norwich. It was here in these encampments that many of the most touching reunions after the war took place. Each returning company found, already in camp, companies from the same district, which had been doing service in fields far distant from its own. Men from Sherman's army here found comrades who had been serving with Thomas, with Canby, with Meade. For months, perhaps years, the men had known nothing of each other. They had enlisted together—one was sent east, another west; scores of their fellows had been killed, they knew. "Is Bill still alive?" the man asked himself sometimes at night, when alone on picket he thought of home. The silence was ominous. Probably Bill was dead. And now here, the first man to greet him as he entered was his boyhood friend. It was these reunions, with the exchange of experiences, the stories of battle, and the endless discussions of the merits of their favorite generals—of Grant, Sherman, "Old Pap Thomas," or "Little Phil"—that made the few last days of army life and discipline, here at the very threshold of their homes, tolerable to the men. They could not, and probably would not, have endured it long. Nor were they obliged to. Ahead of them in camp were the officers with their discharge papers and their pay, and as rapidly as it could be done each man was dismissed.

It was characteristic of the foresight with which the entire business of disbandment was managed that it was arranged that the soldiers should not be paid until they were within the restraining and protecting influence of their own homes. The soldiers, their pay in their pockets, would certainly have deserted in shoals in the delays at rendezvous and camps, and most of them would have been easy prey for the crowds of sharpers which gathered at every point, hoping that pay-day would put the men in their power. This disorganization was prevented by making pay-day the last day in the process of disbandment. The matter was the more important because the sum to be distributed was so large. The Army of the Potomac had not been paid since December 31, 1864, Sherman's and Thomas's armies not since August, 1864. There were bounties coming to many men and officers. The aggregate amount of money paid out to 800,000 men discharged by November 15th was about $270,000,000.

Thus it was that though a man reached his State camp penniless he found himself free a few days later with a comfortable sum in his pocket. The first use he made of his money in most cases was to buy the arms he



THE GRAND REVIEW.

General Sherman is passing the reviewing stand, in which are seen General Grant, President Johnson, and Secretary Stanton.

had carried through his service. These arms belonged to the government and were to be deposited in the State arsenals unless bought by the men. Many preferred to do this, and so, with knapsack on his back, musket in hand, the soldier presented himself at last at his own home door.

It was on May 29th, as has been stated, that the first soldiers left their rendezvous. By August 7th, General Vincent was able to report 640,806 volunteers mustered out; by September 14th, 741,107; by November 15th, 800,963; by February 15, 1866, 952,452.

In nine months practically the whole force of volunteers had been returned to their homes. The disbandment had been accomplished so easily, so quickly, that the country had hardly realized what was going on. General Grant did not say too much when, in October, he wrote Mr. Stanton that 800,000 men had passed from the army to civil life so quietly that it was scarcely known "save by the welcome to their homes received by them."

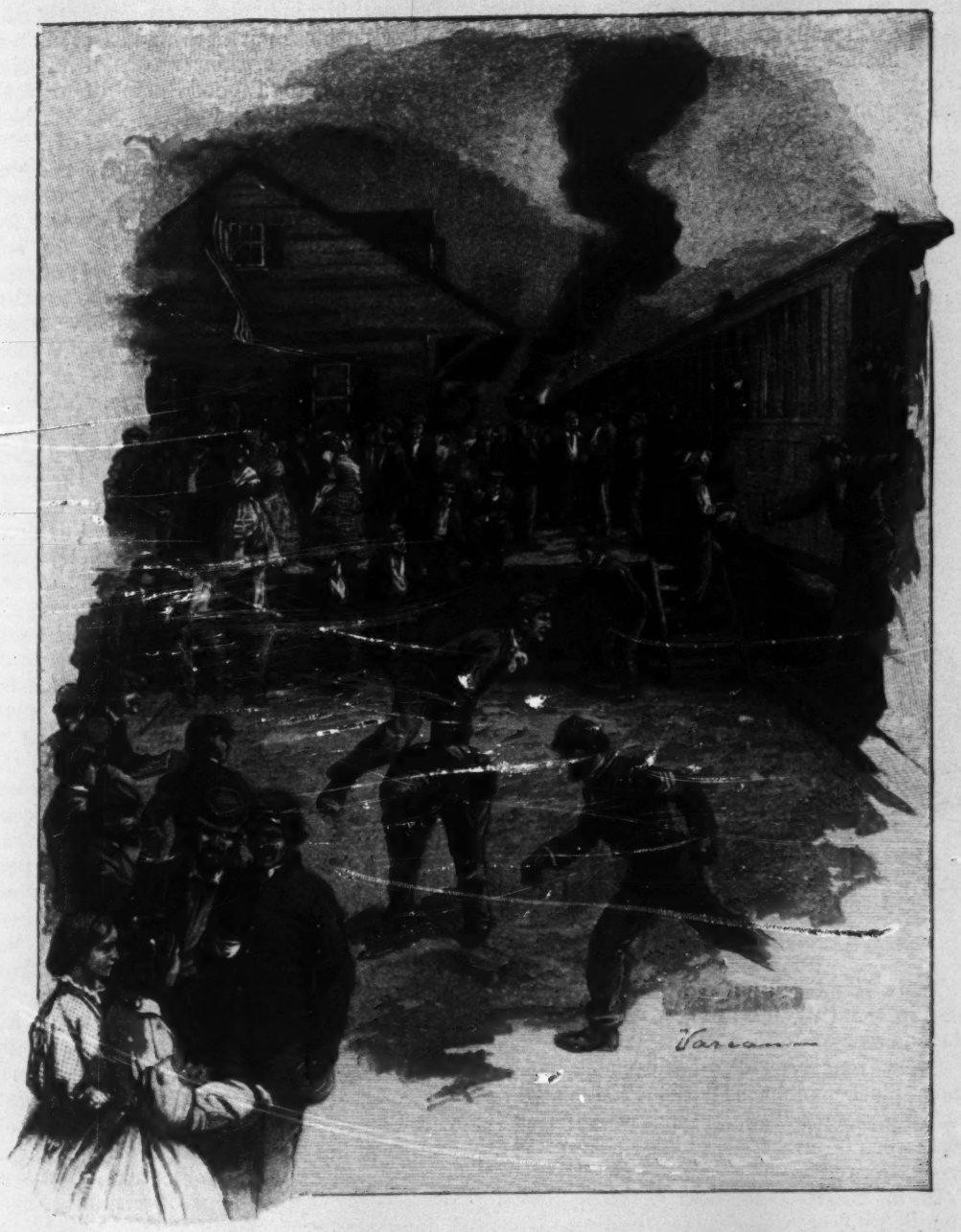
And yet this feat, which at the time passed unheeded, was the greatest feat in handling men which this or any government has ever performed. Its success was due primarily to the fact that the administration, instead of organizing a new bureau for the work and filling it with inexperienced men, used the trained men it had on hand in the department which had been mustering men into the army; secondly, to the fact that the reversing of the great engines of the mustering-in bureau took place at once, and from the beginning to the end of disbandment the great Napoleonic war rule—time is everything—was vigorously enforced. A simple business proposition carried out in a business-like way, men say. And this is true, but that it should have been considered such by the army and the government, and so carried through, was, at the time, the wonder of every foreign civilized government, and it remains one of the most splendid achievements of the country.

What followed was even more wonderful. The soldier was at home, and now, according to all prophets, the country must see trouble. As soon as the order to disband the volunteers had gone forth, the North had begun to ask itself what they were going to do with the million men about to inundate them. Those of the country who took forethought, who knew the history of peoples, who had studied the phenomena of population, looked with foreboding on the coming deluge. They recalled that after the Napoleonic wars France was alive with beggars and cripples, that the end of the Thirty Years' War filled Germany with marauding bands of musketeers, that the close of the Italian wars made Italy unsafe for travel, so thick were her hills and valleys with brigands—the off-scouring of Naples and the Papal States. The newspapers began to warn and advise. Police departments increased their force. The governors of many States asked the War Department for troops to keep the disbanded soldiers in order. Yet by November 800,000 men had been disbanded, and nothing had happened. The men seemed to disappear: what had become of them?

As a matter of fact, the men had gone to work. The soldier of 1865 did not ask to be coddled. He was a manly, matter-of-fact individual, who, having done his best at fighting, and having enjoyed it for the most part, came home, the job done, with one idea in his mind—to get another. He had not begun to estimate how much the country owed him, he had no stomach for sentiment, and he wanted work. He took off his blue coat, hung up his knapsack and musket, and went out to "hunt a job."

In his dignified task he had the country with him. From the time that the order for disbandment was made public, the North had been discussing its own duty to the returned soldiers. Gradually the people had made up their minds to certain things: the soldier must never be allowed to become a pauper. If disabled, he must have a pension. If he could work, he must do so, and work must be provided for him in preference to other men. This was to be the country's reward to him—to see that he got work, steady work, and at once. To the carrying out of these principles it gave its whole mind. The disabled were already in the care of the Pension Office, the roll in the summer of 1865 being about 86,000, 34,000 of whom were soldiers. The appropriation for these 86,000 pensions amounted to over $8,000,000, and the "Tribune," in commenting on the figures, estimated that when all the pensions arising from the war should have been paid the amount would be about $13,000,000 annually. In 1898 it was $145,748,865.

The invalids disposed of, there was a nice task in finding work for the semi-invalids. From the first the government departments were looked to as appropriate places for the returned soldiers. The attitude of the departments in 1865 was shown in a notice put out by the Treasury Depart-



"When, . . . at stations, there were delays, they fell to playing . . . leap-frog, with the abandon of boys."

ment. Some fifty applications a day, said the authorities, were being received from disabled soldiers, but no applications could be considered at all, as no vacancies existed. Such a reason for not receiving applications from "old soldiers," if made a few years later, would have been enough to oust a Secretary and shake the foundations of an administration.

Great numbers of half-disabled men found employments through the bureau established by the Sanitary Commission, and many others worked themselves into places. Not an unusual advertisement in the prints of those days was such as the following, copied from the "Tribune":

"Mr. J. H. S——, a disabled soldier, has established an office at No. 124 Fulton Street,

where he will receive orders for carrying messages, small packages, and parcels and other business in the nature of a city and Brooklyn express business. We commend him to public favor."

Home again!

There is more than one prosperous business in the United States to-day started in the summer of 1865 in this small way.

Great numbers of men found awaiting them places which had been kept open—carpenters, painters, trades people of all sorts were offered their old positions in hundreds, even thousands of cases. Sir Samuel Peto, an Englishman, who published a volume in 1866 on "American Resources," records that soon after the close of the war he was in Chicago, and there visited a printing establishment. The proprietor pointed out forty-seven compositors who had been soldiers. "This man was a major," he told Sir Samuel. "The next to him a captain, the third a lieutenant, another a sergeant. . . . They were only too happy to return to situations which I had given them an understanding, when they left me, that I would retain open for them."

Officers in particular were in great demand as business partners and as promoters of new enterprises, their names being considered equal to a good lump of capital. "One of our military leaders," said a New York paper, in the fall of 1865, "is now in charge of a machine for a patent pumping; another is building a railway through the oil country; one of the first soldiers of the Army of the Potomac is in the pistol business; another keeps a retail grocery store, while one of Sherman's most trusted lieutenants is a claim agent. One major-general prints a weekly paper in Baltimore. These starred and battered gentlemen go down from the command of colonels to become agents and partners and dealers, perhaps with the orderly who stood before their tents, or the private who held their stirrups."

A widespread and healthy sentiment which the soldier encountered on his return regarded his savings, those snug little sums that most of the men found in their pockets as the result of the long delay in paying the armies. The men must not be fleeced out of these, so everybody had decided,— they must be persuaded to invest them. A favorite investment with many soldiers was the seven-thirties, a national loan issued in sums from $50 upward, and bearing interest at 7½ per cent. The seven-thirties were advertised in every town and at every country corner. Agents for them traveled the North over, subscriptions were taken at night, every device possible was practised for putting them in the way of workingmen and soldiers. Many soldiers did take advantage of the loan, though a greater number used their money more boldly. They sought the oil regions of Pennsylvania, the silver mines of Colorado, the gold mines of Idaho, the cornfields of Kansas, the scenes of any one of the tremendous developments of national resources which had taken place in the four years they had been fighting, hoping there to "make a strike" which would give them wealth.

These then were the outlets into which the returning legions flowed. That they disappeared so promptly and quietly was

due primarily to the manliness of the men themselves, their sturdy independence, their unconsciousness of their own deserts, their healthy desire for work. But there was another factor in their assimilation which should not be forgotten. It never could have taken place without the coöperation of the people at home. It was they who had by gigantic sacrifices furnished the money for the war. It was their energy which had, at the same time, developed the West, increased imports, opened new industries. It was they who foresaw the danger in the floods of men which the disbanding of the volunteers would cause, and prepared for them, opening to them their old positions, calling them to new enterprises. It was they who said to every civilian, You must step aside until the soldier is served; to the soldier, You must work, and here is a place. The citizens of the North deserve, indeed, as much credit for the rapid assimilation of the volunteer army in 1865 as the War Department for its orderly disbandment.

Manliness, vigor, foresight, efficiency explain the success of the gigantic undertak-

A blessed reunion.

ing, but behind these great qualities—their motive power—was the hallowing flood of solemn and tender emotions which swept over the country at the sight of the returning soldiers. Men remembered them as they had gone forth—gay, fresh, and youthful. They saw them now stern, bronzed, mature. Every one of these returning men recalled, too, others that had gone out with him, but would never return—recalled terrible days after great battles, defeats, slaughter, long waiting for victory. With the bitter memories came the deep thankfulness that now finally it was all over. There would be no more battles, no more prisons, no more lists of dead and wounded. The war was over; the cause won. There was too great and too reverent thanksgiving in the North in 1865 for men to neglect the interests of the boys in blue.

The men were quick to feel the spirit of the welcome. They realized the sincerity of the enthusiasm and the helpfulness which met them on every hand. They saw themselves the honored guests of the North, and their pride and self-respect were aroused. They came at once, too, under the sanctifying influence of reunion with friends and families.

As they marched into a town they saw again and again a woman rush from a cheering crowd to cling sobbing to a husband, a child bound out crying, "Father! father!" a comrade spring from the ranks to clasp a mother. It was the sight of wives weeping with joy, of mothers thanking God for their sons, which all the summer and fall stirred the hearts of the returning soldiers. For the sake of these sweet things more than all else, these men, in whom love of danger and adventure had become a strong and compelling passion, hung up their guns and cheerfully took up the steady grind of earning their daily bread.

THE UBIQUITOUS MOLLIE.

By Mary M. Mears.

IT was a little after one o'clock, and the barn and the house cast short, black triangles of shadow. The yard was full of white butterflies. Had it been two months earlier, they would have been mistaken for blowing apple- and cherry-blossoms. Norman Elwood's handsome, flushed face wore a look of utter bewilderment, as he slowly let his eyes travel from the ancient mare, with down-stretched neck, nibbling at a bed of nasturtiums, to the equally antique vehicle to which she was harnessed.

"You don't propose to go in this rig?" he gasped.

Winnefred Penn nodded, though she flushed pink as one of the hollyhocks growing against her grandmother's barn. Indeed, in her green muslin dress, she had the look of one of those flowers, plucked stalk and all.

"And drive *her?*" and he made a gesture

towards the horse, who was foundered and had not been harnessed for years. Her foretop, mane, and tail were white with age. Now, with a nasturtium trailing from her mouth, she looked around, reproachfully, at her mistress. Winnefred avoided that mild, old eye. "I thought, of course, we'd row down," he continued, "otherwise I'd have brought my horse. I'll get him now."

For answer she gathered up the reins.

"But why won't you let me get him?" he exploded.

She turned full upon him. It was as if the petals of the hollyhock fell wider apart. "Because I want to drive Mollie—that's why!"

"Lord!" he exclaimed, under his breath; but he got into the buggy, which sank perceptibly under his sturdy weight. He leaned back, his large, well-kept hands resting half-open on his knees. The fingers twitched, and he swallowed once or twice. He had made his money in a lumbering camp, but now that the necessity for such a life no longer existed, and he could afford to dress well and drive good horses, he did both with conscientious thoroughness. He had a fierce pride in appearances.

"Get up, Mollie," chirruped Winnefred, stealing a glance at the house, but she was obliged to reach for the whip before she was heeded. Then, with a strange preliminary movement, in which every leg shot out at a different angle, the mare gathered herself together. The buggy responded; it lifted a very shriek of age and decrepitude, which so startled the horse that, with neck stretched like a racer's, ears back and tail flying, she went down the driveway in leaps.

Elwood reached for the reins, but he was too late. They went curveting into the main street. Unmindful of the jeers that followed them, on went Mollie. The stiff side curtains of the buggy stood out in the wind like ears. It swayed from side to side like a drunken thing, it dogged her closely, and Winnefred's laughter but tended to increase her excitement. But, as they neared the outskirts of the village, the conviction grew upon Mollie that she could not get away from her pursuer. She gradually came to a standstill, trembling in every limb.

Winnefred covered her face. "And you thought she couldn't go."

Her companion stared straight ahead.

She leaned towards him. It was as if a very wind of penitence swayed her. "Please forgive me," she whispered, "I never dreamed of her attracting so much attention. But if we'd gone the other way, grandma would have seen us from her window. You see, she's threatened to have Mollie shot, and I couldn't leave her home."

"She ought to be shot."

It was as if a counter-current swept the girl in the opposite direction. "Oh," she cried, "you're barbarous. You should have heard Mr. Wharton's last sermon."

Harry Wharton was a young theological student, who carried himself in innocent imitation of a Catholic priest. During the summer he had been reading the service in the Episcopal Church and introducing the full ritual. He was popular among the girls of the village, but Norman Elwood disliked him fiercely on account of his attentions to Winnefred. Now her shot told.

"Well, when I go and listen to that idiot, you'll know it."

"Oh, you can't go now. Didn't you know that he was sick?"

The note of anxiety, real or assumed, was by no means lost upon Elwood. He relapsed into an angry silence. Having passed the outposts of fear, and found it but a delusion, Mollie's pace, this time, was scarcely more than a crawl. Teams passed them constantly, and the shouts that rolled back seemed to settle on Norman as visibly as the dust. An hour's laborious plodding brought them in sight of the shrine, which was on the summit of a hill.

The scene was a picturesque one. The bleak, wind-swept little building was filled to the doors. Most of the people were Poles from the neighboring farms, but there were a few Irish, and Winnefred saw her grandmother's hired man. "Why, I could have left Mollie home as well as not," she thought. Mike O'Neal was quite an old man, with a long upper lip and a pair of gentle, wide-apart, blue eyes. Winnefred watched him with growing satisfaction. "He certainly is a very good Catholic," she told herself.

In the immediate vicinity of the shrine was a spring, which was said to have been blessed by Father Marquette, and at the conclusion of the service the people moved off in groups towards it. "They're going to get bottles of the holy water," she explained. Mike had to be back in time for the milking, and she waited only for him to be gone. Then: "I'm going down there," she announced. "I want to see if any crutches and canes are thrown away."

The young man watched her, scowlingly. He disapproved of her ritualistic tendencies

solely because they emanated from young Mr. Wharton; though he was too practical to have much comprehension of anything that required imagination. Now he began to ask himself why she had been so strenuous about coming to-day. Presently he saw her returning, and a jealous suspicion flashed across his brain. He put off down the hill. Mollie had been pulling at the branches above her, and little sticks and dry leaves were tangled in her mane. Her eyes held humorous lights, as she looked around at the young people. Norman helped Winnefred into the buggy, and then stood back.

"Oh, I understand," cried the girl; "you prefer to *walk*."

Elwood flushed. "Yes, I *do* prefer to walk," he returned, "and when you want to get any more holy water for your sick Catholic priest, you can get some one else to go with you. I won't. You *did* get a bottle of the stuff, didn't you?" he finished, quickly.

But he got no answer. Driving off, she invested the old buggy with as much state as a Roman chariot.

Hers was a sweet nature, which heretofore had accommodated itself readily to her lover's stronger, more dictatorial one. She had never quarreled with him before. She wept most of the night, and Mollie's danger was forgotten. The next day, however, the sight of a boy with a rifle, speeding down the lane which led to the pasture, caused her to rush to the door. Her rheumatic old grandmother was asleep in the next room, but she never lowered her voice.

"*Stop, Tommy Watkins!*" she called loudly. "*Stop, I say!*"

The boy wheeled about, and Winnefred went panting up to him.

"Where are you going with that gun?" she demanded.

He stole a keen glance at her. "Oh, I ain't goin' far."

She caught hold of his sleeve. "Did Mike send you for the gun?" she asked. "Has he got Mollie down there?"

"No, Mike didn't send me for the gun."

"Who did, then?"

"Mr. Elwood. He said Mike's old flintlock wa'n't no good; that I was to run up to the hotel and get his. I must go 'long, now," and he twisted away from her.

"Give it to me," she commanded, but he shook his head.

"I wouldn't come, Miss Penn, if I was you," he panted. "You can't do nothin'."

But Winnefred, with a strange look on her face, was close at his side. They sped down the lane together.

In the pasture, three boys stood near Mike O'Neal and the old horse. Mike had broken Mollie as a colt. His mild face wore a look of unwonted sternness. He looked steadily at the horizon. The boys, however, were bright with that curiosity which is so often mistaken for cruelty. The pasture ran through to a back street, and Norman Elwood leaned against the fence. He gave a great start and a flush when he turned and saw Winnefred.

She walked straight up to the mare, and her flashing eyes swept the group. "Come on, Mollie," she said, in a loud, clear voice. She caught hold of the dangling halter.

Mike had been in Mrs. Allen's service forty years, and it had never occurred to him to disobey an order. He turned and looked at Norman appealingly.

The young man strode forward. The mingled fury and misery in the girl's face touched him. He completely forgot his anger towards her.

"Look here, Winnefred," he said gently, "I wouldn't interfere if I were you. It's by far the most humane way when a horse is in the condition she is. But it's no place for you, dear."

"And is it your place?" she interrupted. "Since when has the killing of old horses been your business, Norman Elwood?"

He reddened. "You're right. It isn't my affair. But I was passing and I happened to notice Mike's gun. It's an old flintlock; it might explode. And, hang it, Winnefred, I knew how much you cared for the horse, and so I sent for my rifle and was going to show him how to put the poor beast out of her misery in an instant. Heavens!" he finished, "I hope you don't think I'd mix up in an affair of this kind from choice."

But Winnefred did not seem to hear. She put her arms around Mollie's neck and began talking to her. He looked at her a moment, then turned on his heel.

"Take your rifle with you," she called, but he swung on unheeding and vaulted the fence. "Take it to him, Tommy," she ordered, and the boy started to obey. But at the fence, he faced around on Mike.

"Ain't you goin' to want it?" he asked in a protesting voice.

The old man stared from one to the other, helplessly. Tommy flung himself over the fence, and the two other boys followed, but

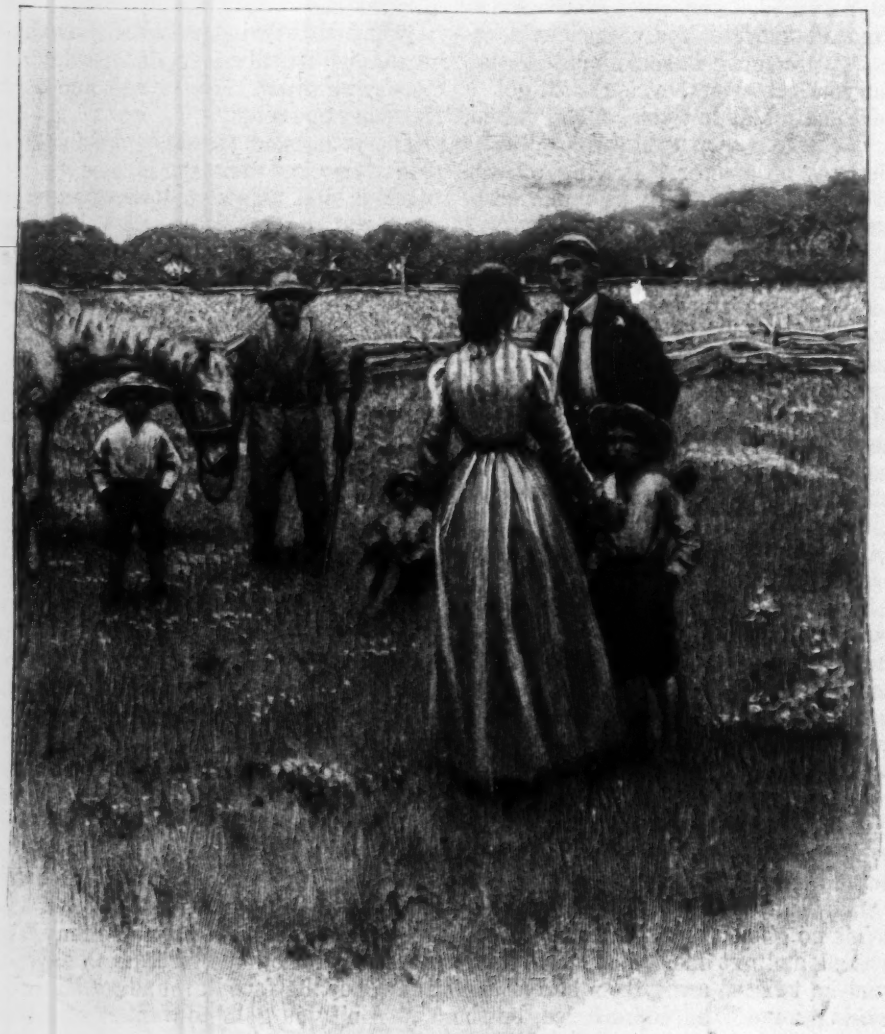
once on the other side, their disdain found expression. "'*Fore I'd be such a ninnyhead as to be scart out by a woman!*" they yelled.

But Mike feared a sterner disapproval than theirs. "What'll I be after sayin' to Mrs. Allen?" he quavered. "Jest tell me that."

Winnefred looked at him in a strained way, as if she did not fairly see him. "Don't say anything," she said dully. "I'm the one to blame. Don't say anything." Then suddenly she dropped her head against the mare's neck.

Mike tried to protest, but he had been keyed to a pitch of stern resolution, absolutely abnormal. Now the tears began to roll down his cheeks. He stood weeping against his crook'd arm. Then, catching up the gun, he went shambling down the lane, leaving the girl and the wistful old horse alone on the field of victory.

Mollie whinnied softly and Winnefred gathered the long head closer. "Nice horsie," she murmured, heartbrokenly, "they shouldn't hurt you, no, they shouldn't." She might have been embracing a child, and, indeed, there was in the whole aspect of the outworn old animal the same absolute helplessness and trust. The thought that this confidence had almost been betrayed was unbearable to the girl. As a little orphan child brought to her grandmother's to live, she had played with Mollie and ridden astride



"'*Since when has the killing of old horses been your business, Norman Elwood?*'"

her. She felt for the age and weakness and very brutehood of the other a protective tenderness stronger than love itself.

She was unconscious of the sympathy in a pair of boyish eyes peering at her over the fence, and not until Tommy Watkins touched her arm was she aware that he had returned.

"Say, Miss Penn," he began, "I'm glad the nag ain't hurt. All aggravated me was the way Mr. Elwood and Mike acted. You've got a good deal more grit than they have. They're duffers."

Winnefred lifted her head for an instant. "Mr. Elwood's not a duffer," she cried, "and don't you dare tell a word of this, Tommy Atkins."

He promised, with scared eyes on her face. "I don't see what you're feeling so bad about," he remonstrated finally. He felt uncomfortably like crying himself. "Mollie's a real handsome old horse," he added with a flash of inspiration.

His companion burst into hysterical laughter.

"She is," he persisted. "What are you goin' to do with her, Miss Penn?"

Winnefred smoothed the hair out of her eyes. She stared at the boy. "I don't know," said she. "What shall I do with her?"

He glanced around, then approached his lips close to her ear. "How about the tool-house?" he whispered. "Yer grandma doesn't use the tool-house, does she?"

She shook her head.

"You see," he continued, running to the fence and returning with the rifle, which he had laid in the grass, "Mr. Elwood told me to take this back to the hotel, but before I do, I'm goin' to fire it off. Mollie'll be dead, d'y' see? We'll both swear up and down that she is—and then the tool-house."

"But the tool-house won't hold her," objected the other; "the floor'll break through. It's most falling down anyway."

"Well, there's a kind of a cellar under it, ain't there?"

"Y-e-s. Mike used to put the winter potatoes down there sometimes. He hasn't late years."

"That's all right. We'll put Mollie down there instead of the winter potatoes. Then me slipping in mornin's and nights to feed her, and there you are."

Winnefred stared at him. Suddenly she stooped and kissed him on his freckled cheek.

The tool-house was an isolated building, further back than the barn, and had the additional advantage of being out of the range of Mrs. Allen's windows. It was not built to accommodate a horse, however, and Mollie exhibited strong signs of disapproval. A martial look came into her eyes and she capered stiffly when they tried to force her upon the planks which Tommy placed over the stairway. At last he flung himself on the ground and Winnefred stood back with tears in her eyes. "She knows you won't let me touch her and that's what makes her act so darned mean," he grumbled.

But Winnefred had started for the house. She returned presently with some sugar, and, standing in the basement, offered it to Mollie, who instantly capitulated. With nose thrust out, she came slipping and sliding down into her retreat. It was perfectly dry down there, and when the window at the end had been opened, it possessed possibilities of comfort which were not at first evident. But through this window, which suggested a port-hole, Mollie at once put her head. The meadow grass rippled like a sea, and she looked not unlike one of the animals of the ark taking a peep at the weather.

"Oh, if she's going to do *that!*" exclaimed Winnefred.

The boy shook his head. "Mike won't come 'round back here," he said comfortably.

Thus began Mollie's life in the tool-house—a life which endured successfully for three weeks, and might have continued much longer had it not been for Mollie herself. The dry air in the little bricked basement had a beneficial effect on her stiffened joints. Tommy, who derived quite a revenue thereby, fed and groomed her regularly, exercising the greatest ingenuity in purloining hay and oats from the barn, and Winnefred gave her the necessary exercise. Every evening in the early darkness a shadowy girl and a horse walked in the lane. Once the Irishman returned for something he had forgotten, and she thought she descried him peering at her; but if he suspected Mollie's continued existence, he said nothing about it, and Tommy zealously spread the report of the shooting. He himself had shot her, he said.

But early in September Mollie brought about her own discovery. It was the evening that Winnefred received a note from Elwood. Harry Wharton had called very often of late, but Elwood had not been to the house since their quarrel. Winnefred had grown pale and dispirited. Often, when walking with Mollie, she had wept miserably, but she had never thought of writing to Elwood or even trying to see him. To her mind, a choice was involved between her

lover with his sturdy common sense, and devotion to this helpless, altogether useless old animal. She made the choice unhesitatingly, though she wept with the pain of it. When the note was handed to her, however, the color came rushing back into her cheeks. Smiling and dimpling, she put on her prettiest dress and sat herself down in the parlor—but no aged horse walked in the procession of her thoughts.

For a time Mollie gazed patiently into the gathering dusk; but these nocturnal constitutionals with her mistress were the one break in her otherwise eventless life, and presently she turned her attention to the door. She pushed it several times, and when it yielded she made a hesitating exit. Then she stood looking towards the house. A wind blew across the meadow, sweet and cool, and just above the horizon swung the red disk of the moon. Against it tree arms were etched distinctly, and in its shining the old horse suddenly loomed forth, the very embodiment of peace and rest and evening.

"'Whoever yer be, git out of here!'"

The sense of freedom was not unpleasant, and presently, as a leaf is waked to a brief stirring—an activity which is in itself a deeper rest—she cantered off down the driveway. Outside the fence she stopped to browse, but her movements gained a certain guilty nimbleness. Starting at every sound, she strayed at length into a neighbor's barn. The neighbor, Mrs. White, was a widow. Naturally indolent, she had taken to the study of occultism as a means of subsistence. The young people went to her to have their fortunes told, but she was not looked upon with favor by their elders, and Mrs. Allen especially disapproved of her. She never allowed Winnefred to go over there. But Mollie made no such distinctions. In at the door of Mrs. White's leaning gray barn she drifted. The widow did not keep a horse, but a bag of oats stood against the wall, and these Mollie instantly discovered. She thrust her nose into them with the delight of a tippler attacking a full cask. Some time later, Mrs. White, returning from the grocery, was startled by a sound proceeding from her unoccupied barn. She caught up a lamp and scuttled out there. She held the flaring light above her head and peered around the door.

"Whoever yer be, git out of here!" she called shrilly.

Mollie, in the further darkness, stood with head up.

"I don't want yer in my barn," screamed the woman.

Mollie saw her quite plainly, and startled by the sudden radiance and by the grotesque shadow, with a wild snort she charged out of the barn. The light went out in the gust of her passing, but her stiff gait had betrayed her. Mrs. White gasped. Her knees bent under her.

Filled with fright and oats Mollie raced through the moonlight like a green-hearted colt, though she was by no means as clear-sighted as one. Some children had barely time to scurry out of her way, and at the entrance to Mrs. Allen's lawn she lunged blindly against Norman Elwood and carried him off his feet. The attack was so unexpected that for an instant the discomfited lover stared about him in a daze. A few paces away, cut like a cameo against the moonlight, Mollie stood regarding him alertly, and at sight of her he leaped to his feet. But with that strange preliminary movement which there was no mistaking she sped away towards the barn.

Again the day when he had gone with Winnefred in the old buggy, behind the old

horse, on that pilgrimage of wrath and humiliation, rose before him ; then the quarrel in the field, with the mare as the hypocritical cause, and, finally, this onslaught when he had supposed her dead and had brought himself to take the first step towards a reconciliation. She had come back from the grave, as it were, to defeat his purpose. She had not only knocked him down—she had destroyed his faith in Winnefred. Winnefred had spread the report of the shooting—she had deceived him.

As this realization grew upon him he started on a run for the house. His hand was fairly on the bell, when the light from the transom revealed the grass stains on the knees of his light trousers, the flower gone from his coat, the fact that he was without cane or gloves. For a moment his fierce anger struggled with his fiercer pride. Then, with a suppressed cry, he turned and strode off through the night—ridiculous in his own imagining, dishevelled, and defeated. In every grotesque shadow he saw Mollie, and in every light night sound he heard Winnefred. They were laughing at him.

Mrs. Allen's dead mare had returned as frisky as a colt. Mrs. White listened greedily to the children who came to her the next morning with an account of the apparition. Then she put on her bonnet triumphantly. That Mrs. Allen—thrifty, practical old matron—disapproved of her and her spiritualistic theories Mrs. White knew. Now the information which she had to give was a sweet morsel to her. She was quite pale when she pushed by the wondering hired girl into Mrs. Allen's room.

Mrs. Allen sat in a wheel chair. She was a large old lady, but her rheumatic limbs were helpless, and all the animation that would otherwise have sufficed for her entire frame was concentrated in her face. It was made up of querulous lines, a pointed chin, and a pair of snapping black eyes. Mrs. White, in her rusty bonnet and untidy gown, shrank a little, then her gaze met the other's with a curious boldness. "I hope you'll excuse me, Mis' Allen," she began, "but I thought you'd ought to know. Folks'll say it was because her death wa'n't natural that she came back."

The other was frightened, but even through her fright she was scornful. "Who came back?" she demanded. "If all my aches and pains don't kill me, I guess what you saw won't."

Mrs. White drew herself up. "There's more'n me saw the apparition," she said, with a little accession of dignity. "The James children saw it, and, for that matter, there's the tracks. And the oats in my barn half gone and your geranium bed all trampled down."

"But what *was* the apparition?" screamed the old lady.

Mrs. White bent towards her and lowered her voice. Her lips seemed loath to give up their secret, there was a gleam of joy in her eye. "Tell me one thing," she said. "Didn't you have your old gray mare shot last month? Well, last night there was a moon that means murder, and she came back. *Your old gray mare came back and was gallopin' round in the moonlight.*"

She drew herself up to observe the effect of her words. The other sat very still. Several expressions passed over her face, and when she spoke it was in a peculiar voice.

"I'd like to see those tracks," she said. "Perhaps you'd be kind enough to roll me out there. I guess you're some stronger than you thought," she added, as Mrs. White eagerly complied.

The dew had been heavy and they had no difficulty in following Mollie's trail. At the geranium bed the old lady's face grew dark. All the plants were broken down and there was a suspicious hollow in the mould.

"It looks jest as though she'd laid down and rolled over, doesn't it?" said Mrs. White.

"Oats," returned the other, dryly. As they neared the barn, she discerned Mike's frightened face peering at her around the door. She signified that she wished to stop, but Mrs. White pushed rapidly on. "The tracks don't go in there, Mis' Allen. They lead to where she's buried ; you'll see."

But at the tool-house the tracks stopped abruptly. The little building had a tightly-closed, non-committal air. The door was locked. The woman stood staring at it. "Perhaps she jest vanished into thin air," ventured Mrs. White. But her companion had hitched her chair until she was in view of the rear of the building.

"Thin air, fiddlesticks!" she cried, sharply. "Come here, Jane White," and she extended a finger shaking with rage and scorn.

There, thrust forth into the sunshine, like an ungainly sprout from a plant in a cellar, were the head and neck of Mollie. Mollie, infinitely dejected, with eyes half-closed and a stream of blood meandering down her nose.

"The *bullet-hole!*" shrieked Mrs. White. She was darting away, when Mrs. Allen caught her dress.

"You fool, it's *oats!*"

"It's a *manifestation.* Oh, le' me go, Mis' Allen!"

But the other held on to the dress. "Manifestation! It's a manifestation that the oats made her sick and she's been banging herself around. It's a manifestation that she was never shot; that I've been tricked by a man I've had in my employ forty years, and by my own granddaughter." Suddenly she released Mrs. White, who almost fell. "Winnefred hid her away," she continued wrathfully. "She thought she ought to be allowed to live, and perhaps she had, she does appear to enjoy it so," and she turned contemptuously to Mollie, who rolled weary, dissipated-looking eyes towards them, but otherwise was as motionless as though she were in truth rooted in the earth.

Mrs. White's sallow face and neck were a fierce red. "Well!" exclaimed Mrs. Allen, "have you anything to say? You see yourself now just as every sensible person in this village has been seeing you for the last ten years. And I'll tell you one thing," she continued, "if after this I hear of your filling the minds of young people with such wicked foolishness, I'll publish what's happened this morning. I'll tell the whole thing, so that even the silly people who have been in the habit of coming to you, shall know that you are an impostor. Now take me into the house; I'm sick."

Crestfallen and subdued, the other obeyed. But there was something besides shame in her eyes—a miserable comprehension that she could no longer dupe her own soul. To a certain point she had believed in those carefully-nurtured fancies. But now they had toppled and all that had become weakly individual in her toppled also. She slunk off towards her own home, and the very angle of her bonnet had lost character.

Mrs. Allen was not accustomed to having her orders set aside; moreover, the unwonted exertion had caused her rheumatic limbs to ache, and she was particularly incensed over the destruction of the geranium bed. After Mrs. White had gone, she called her granddaughter. Crouched at her window, Winnefred had watched with dull eyes the descent upon the tool-house. Elwood had not come and she had scarcely moved since going to her room late the evening before. She rose and went down-stairs. But there was no defiance in her attitude, neither was there any pleading. She looked almost stupid. The grandmother felt her anger dwindle, but she spoke out sharply:

"What do you mean by keeping that poor beast alive?"

Winnefred was silent.

"Why don't you speak?" demanded the grandmother. "I suppose you never dreamed of my finding her—you nor Mike."

"Mike didn't know a thing about it," returned the girl. "He supposed Tommy Watkins shot her. I'm the one to blame, and I'm the one that's kept her hidden in the tool-house."

"Tool-house! Nice place for a horse, isn't it? Well, why did you do it?"

"Because I couldn't bear to have her shot."

Had Winnefred burst into tears, the other would have relented, for she was not oblivious to the pathos of the attempt. But the girl's answer was very low, and to the grandmother it sounded sulky. Her anger flamed out anew. "Well, she'll be shot now," she cried. "She got into the oats last night over in Jane White's barn and she's as sick as she can be. She's old and stiff-jointed. I ought to know something how she feels, and I'd be glad enough if any one would put an end to my suffering. Now I want to see Mike."

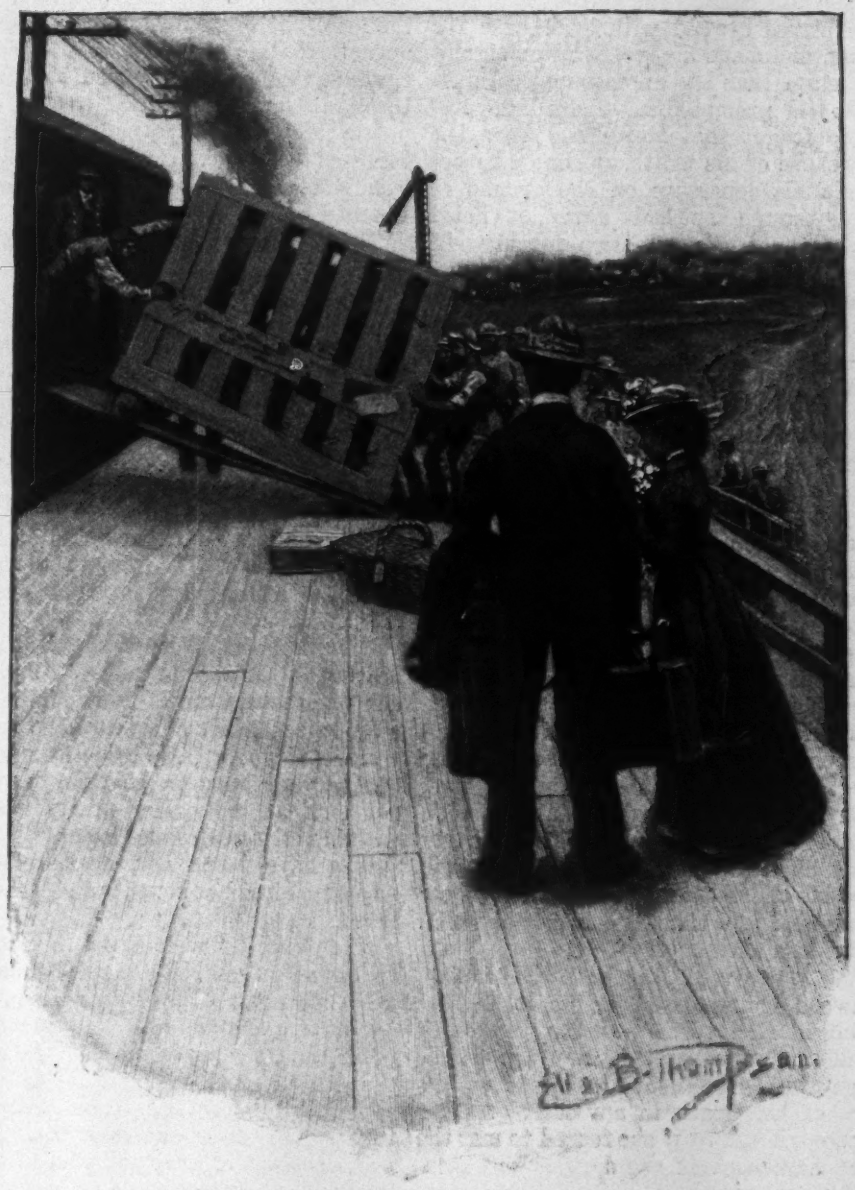
Her interview with the hired man occupied but a few minutes, and Winnefred had time for only the briefest visit to the tool-house. "I forgot it before, and I suppose it won't do any good, anyway," she whispered, when she once more gained her room. Yet when the report came, she thrust her arms straight upward. "Oh, how could they?" she cried. "How could they?" All through the night she had not shed a tear, yet now, weeping the passing of Mollie, she wept also the subtler passing of her own hope. She did not go down stairs until tea-time.

In spite of the fact that she had been threatening the execution of the mare for years, Mrs. Allen regretted the course she had taken. It was a relief to her when, after the meal, the girl slipped from the room. Winnefred was standing by the kitchen window when Mike entered.

"Better go light on the oats the night, hadn't I?" he whispered.

She turned swiftly, then sprang towards him. "Didn't you do it, Mike?"

He lapsed into sudden sulkiness. "Faith, would she be afther needin' any supper at all, if I had?" he demanded. "Oh, it was a foine idea of yours, foine; for I'd a done it this time sure, but when I see that bottle of holy wather gleaming against the neck of her, the gun dropped from me hand. And I won't niver do it, naither," he concluded. "I'll laive the place first."



"'I—I think it's a horse,' faltered his wife."

Thus Mollie's day continued, with the difference that she was kept even a closer prisoner than before, though there was little danger of a second discovery. Mrs. Allen had not been so well since her trip to the tool-house. Every precaution was taken, however.

As the summer waned, Winnefred grew more and more listless. Her grandmother, attributing the change to Mollie's death, reproached herself, in spite of the fact that her common sense rejected such an explanation. One day, however, Winnefred burst into tears at a casual inquiry about Elwood. She did not know where he was, and he had been unreasonably jealous of young Mr. Wharton, who that week had gone home to marry a girl in his own village.

"And you knew of the engagement all along and didn't speak of it?" chuckled the old lady. "Then what's happened serves you right. But don't you worry," she added; "he'll hear of the wedding and come back fast enough."

And she was right. The theologue's marriage furnished Elwood with an excuse for returning, and made his going away significant of more than the unreasoning indignation that had prompted it. Indeed, he preferred to forget that Mollie had been the primary cause of his wrath, and chose rather to explain his departure on the ground of jealousy, though he had never at heart doubted Winnefred's affection for himself, or accepted Wharton as a serious rival. There was about him a look of boyish embarrassment when he called, and this deepened when Mrs. Allen received him. Winnefred was not well, she told him, and though she attributed this to Mollie's discovery and execution, he was conscious all the time that she eyed him with shrewd disapproval.

"Is—she too ill to see me ?" he asked.

The grandmother fixed upon him a searching glance, which brought the blood to his face, though he stared back at her bravely. Apprehension seemed to charge the silence. Suddenly the door burst open, and there, flushing and paling like a guilty child, and yet instinct with protest, stood Winnefred. She had plainly been listening, and her eyes sought first Elwood's, then her grandmother's, in a swift glance of appeal. She half put out her hand, and the young man, with an exclamation, was at her side in an instant. He took her in his arms, paying not the slightest heed to Mrs. Allen, and pressed his cheek against her hair. The old lady laughed. "I think, perhaps, she's well enough," said she.

Winnefred revived like a refreshed flower, but Elwood could not forgive himself for the suffering he had caused. He never referred to Mollie, though respect for Winnefred's feelings would have kept him silent on the subject of her death, in any case. As for Winnefred, it was as if she feared to mar the perfect happiness of the days by any mention of a past subject of disagreement.

There was no reason for delay, and early in October they were married. It was a simple country wedding ; and after it they started for their new home in the small Northern town where Norman had lumber interests. The journey would occupy the greater part of a day, and was regarded by Winnefred, who had never been forty miles from her native village, as quite an extended tour. But in spite of her girlish anticipations of the trip, and her pride before the crowd of young people who came to see them off, as the moment of starting drew near she grew strangely distraught. She talked and laughed irresponsibly, holding the attention of the whole party, and it was only when Mike appeared at the door of the car that this tension seemed to relax. All through the journey she was a constant puzzle to Norman. Her recurrent high spirits, followed by a quick depression in which there was something of appeal, bewildered and touched him.

They reached their destination late in the day, and alighted on the gray, bleak platform. Winnefred stood quite still. An enormous crate was being hoisted, amid great laughter and swearing, from one of the freight cars, but she made no attempt to divert Norman's attention.

"Wonder what they've got down there that they're having such a time to unload?" he said, wrinkling his forehead.

"I—I think it's a horse," faltered his wife.

"A horse ! Who ever heard of sending a horse in that way? Though there's Blake from the livery. It's probably some choice racer."

"No, it isn't," Winnefred tried to speak bravely. "It isn't a racer. Oh, Norman, don't you understand? It's—Mollie."

In spite of her effort to keep it firm, the voice of the poor little bride suddenly broke. She put her hand on his arm, but she could not look at him. Her pretty head, in its wedding bonnet, drooped lower. "Grandma'd surely have found her, as she did before. And so—I had her boxed—and—and brought here."

The young fellow looked at her, and a realizing sense of marriage engulfed him. Amazement, incredulity, anger struggled in his face.

Snorting and puffing, the train was delayed while the train-hands watched the opening of the crate. A loud shout of astonishment and derision went up, when Mollie stepped forth. He turned and saw her. There she was, unsteady of knee and mild of eye, but as invincible as ever—the old mare who had beset his path with all the persistency of a rival. An overpowering sense of the humor of the situation swept every other emotion aside, but struggling with his mirth came a finer comprehension. For the first time he recognized her as some subtle evidence of Winnefred made manifest in independent form—the undaunted will and the outreaching protectiveness. At least between the two, the girl he loved and the old creature before him, existed a tie which was unbreakable. If he took one, he must accept the other—that was apparent. Striding forward, and at the same time away from his customary

vanity, he laid hold of Mollie's halter. "It's an old horse that my wife thinks a great deal of," he said with good-natured dignity.

Winnefred hurried to his side. She clasped her hands around his arm in blushing disregard of the others, smiling tremulously, radiantly, up into his face. A perceptible breath was wafted from her wedding bouquet.

The roughest man there made a movement towards his hat. They signified eagerly that they understood. "She comes of good stock all right," said the liveryman. "I didn't need O'Neal's letter to know that. Now if you'll just give me your checks, Mr. Elwood."

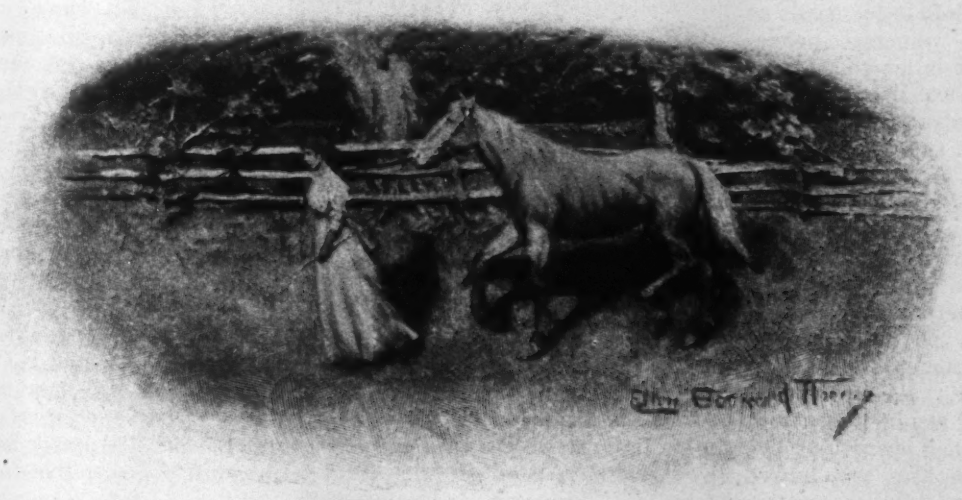
He bustled off to collect their baggage, and the platform was soon deserted, except for the young couple and the incongruous old horse. It had been slightly cloudy all the afternoon, but just before the sun sank out of sight there was a burst of light. The three stood blinking in the sudden glory. Norman glanced at his wife. She had a hand on Mollie's neck and the mare's nose was almost against her cheek. And he had tried to beat down that divine pity. A mist rose before his eyes. Laughing to hide his feelings, he leaned over her. "How on earth did you manage it a second time?" he whispered.

Winnefred lifted a lock of the white mane. There, fastened to the halter, was the bottle of holy water. "I knew Mike wouldn't shoot her if she wore that."

Norman glanced around, then drew her swiftly against his shoulder. "And you didn't do it for Wharton?" he murmured.

She shook her head. "For Mollie."

It was only a short drive to the new home. The newly wedded pair sat in the carriage, their hands clasped. But louder even than the noise of the wheels, and set to the throbbing of their hearts—the key-note in the harmony—sounded the beat of Mollie's hoofs, as she ambled along behind.



DAN McCARTHY, CAPTAIN OF POLICE.

By J. Lincoln Steffens.

NO one on or off the police force was ever long in doubt as to who was boss of Captain Dan McCarthy's precinct. Dan McCarthy was the man. Politicians control some precincts; some captains are weak and a strong sergeant commands; others are lazy and let their wardmen rule; and there are precincts which run themselves. Captain McCarthy had all the faults which all police officers have, and he had some besides of his own. But he used to say:

"'Me precinct is mine. I made it. And if you don't like it, get out or I'll put you out.''

This he would say to thief or shopkeeper, to property owner or tenant or sub-tenant. And politicians were as soft in his hands as the youngest policeman in his command.

Tim Delaney knew all about it. When he was the collector for the Tenderloin he used to admire "the great, the small, the only Dan McCarthy." Tim was more genial and generous than Dan, but he was inclined himself to rule with an iron hand, and his captain, "old man Sparks," having grown rich and drunken in the fatness of his bailiwick, turned everything over to his favorite wardman, Tim, who looked, lived, and gave commands like a captain of police. But now that Delaney had set out to be a captain by title as well as by income and control, and in the brief period of his sergeantcy was placed under McCarthy, the stout little czar of the Fifteenth did not seem so amusing.

"'ME PRECINCT IS MINE. I MADE IT.'"

McCarthy seemed from the very first to be bent on humiliating "Sparks' wardman." Then he heard (he heard everything, somehow) that Delaney had made some bright Irish comments on him. That made the captain angry, and he spoke of it to Tim. But now that Tim had dared to set the other sergeants against him, McCarthy addressed him again, especially on the matter of a captain's right to all a precinct was worth; and he chose for the time Tim's tour at the desk, when the new sergeant sat cocked up uncomfortably in his stiff new uniform.

"You might a been big potatoes compared to Sparks," said Dan, shaking his stubby finger in Tim's face. "But I'll show you what you're up against when you get next to Dan McCarthy. You're a loafin', no-good fakir. That's what you are. I'll get ye; I'll get ye right for fair. And meanwhile you don't get nothin' here—not a shoestring. See?"

"I don't want the stuff for myself," Delaney answered. "It don't amount to ten dollars a night on the average. But in every other precinct it's th' sergeants' 'graft,' and it's pretty hard digging for a sergeant of police to live down to his salary."

McCarthy had stood still to be "answered back." It was so amazingly new to him. He crouched when Tim had spoken, and he crept at him like a wild thing.

"You come down here telling me how to

run a precinct?" he muttered. "You?" he cried. And he sprang upon the railing, shaking it. "You?"

Captain McCarthy laughed, and the wild peal of that laugh pained Delaney, who gripped the arms of his chair to keep from throwing his great body on the little one before him. McCarthy dropped and went raging up and down.

"You come down here from Sparks to tell me, Daniel McCarthy, about police business? I know how you run the Tenderloin. You didn't take ten thousand a month out of it, and it's worth twenty. That's what it is. Why Sparks let you go on, I don't see, 'cept that he's a loafer and a bum himself. If I'd known I'd never a let you come here, not even as a sergeant, and you'd a been pounding the sidewalk to-day if you'd a started with me."

Delaney recovered for a moment his old, amusing view of McCarthy, "the greatest man in the business." But the captain diverted him again.

"And one thing more, Mr. Sergeant Delaney. There's prisoners been kicking they didn't get their dough back in the morning. Drunks; I know it."

"Well," said Delaney; "do you want that, too?"

"I want it all turned in, see, every red cent."

McCarthy waited long enough for his will to carry home. Then he went into his room and slammed the door, hard. Delaney's face set. His eyes fixed on that closed door while the heat and the cold raced up and down through his body.

When the six o'clock roll was called that evening and Sergeant Simpson took the desk, Delaney did not go home. He waited about the room while Simpson received the reports of the men returning from their posts. Then a prisoner was brought in, and several citizens called to make inquiries and complaints. It was nearly an hour before all was quiet again, and Simpson, having his books in shape, slammed the last one shut and looked up at Delaney, who was hanging over the railing in his favorite attitude of rest.

Simpson was a blue-eyed, gray-haired man of fifty, spare, reserved, but always cheerful; and a good officer. He smiled when he turned to the younger man.

"Simpson," said Delaney, seriously, "is a sergeant dirt?"

"Well," said Simpson, "you were a bigger man when you were with Sparks, Delaney, than you are as sergeant of police here—or in any other precinct."

"And you yourself, Mr. Simpson?"

"I? Oh, I'm dirt, Tim, me boy; I'm dirt like all the rest down here."

Delaney stepped around behind the desk, took the chair beside Simpson, and whispered in his ear a long time.

"Will you?" he said at last. "Will you stand by me?"

Simpson had been nodding and smiling while he listened. Now his face sobered. He looked Delaney straight in the eye, and said with fine decision:

"No, Tim, I won't. The old man is too much for you, too much for the whole four sergeants together. He'd know in a day what we were doing."

Delaney got up, kicked his trousers down, and strode off toward the door.

"And, Tim," Simpson called, "he knows now what you are trying to do."

Delaney walked lightly to hear this, but he did not stop. He went out and home.

The moment he was gone the captain came out of his room. He grinned like a fiend at Simpson; he stood at his door, and the gaslight brought out the sardonic expression on his face. The sergeant gazed at the little boss steadily, without defiance, without fear, without a smile, and at last the captain raised his hand, bent

SERGEANT GINN.

"He started at the slightest creak, . . . and his eyes watched the captain's door."

far forward, and snapped his fingers at him. Then he laughed and began pacing the floor.

Sergeant Simpson was following with his eyes—and with his thoughts—this rampant brute of a man, when the station-house door opened. The captain stopped in his tracks under the chandelier, the sergeant sat up straight; it was an unpropitious moment for a citizen to call on the police. And it was a citizen, a little, weazened old man, in part of a Grand Army uniform. He, too, stopped short. He looked at the captain and shrank, then at the sergeant, whose face invited him to speak.

"Is—is Captain Delaney in?" the old soldier asked, addressing the sergeant.

"Captain who?" McCarthy asked the question.

The visitor quailed. He backed against the door, closing it on himself, saw what he had done, and as if in despair faced the captain.

"Captain Delaney, sir," he said. "Captain Delaney. Is he here, sir?"

"*Captain* Delaney? Captain, eh? Already, is he?"

McCarthy lifted his outspread hands above his head, looked up, and laughed. His hands gripped convulsively, then he was suddenly silent, and his eyes and arms fell, his fists balled up. He advanced slowly, and thrusting his jaw and fists in his victim's terrified face, he bawled:

"There *is* no Captain Delaney here. There is *no* Captain Delaney at all, at all. There never will be a Captain Delaney. Get out of here."

"Why, I—you see. I meant Tim Delaney. He was my captain in the war. I'm a Grand Army man. Captain Delaney commanded my company in the——"

"There is no Captain Delaney here. There is only one captain here—and that is Captain Dan'l McCarthy. Me. Get out."

"But——"

"Get out."

The veteran was pulling at the knob, but he trembled so he could hardly open the door. When it gave way, he nearly fell, but the captain hit him, straightening him up, then kicked him down the steps, and the old man ran as for his life up the street.

Simpson saw him disappearing around a corner. The sergeant had jumped down from his desk to the door, and now when he turned back at the captain, McCarthy was reeling into his room. His arms waved and his body doubled with laughter. "Captain!" he yelled, "Captain Delaney!" Then the laughter. The door slammed, and Sergeant Simpson returned to his chair, but for half an hour he heard at intervals the shout, "Captain," followed by the laughter.

At midnight that night Simpson called the three other sergeants about him and told them what had happened. Ginn fidgeted, and the fourth sergeant, Vogel, a German, was stolid. But all were very attentive.

"Poor old fellow," said Delaney. "Poor old Billy."

That was all. But when Simpson put out his hand to him and said, "I'm with you, Tim," Delaney grasped the hand with both his.

"Thanks, Simpson. I'll set the pace fast enough."

Then he and Simpson looked to the others.

"I stand by you," Vogel said, giving his hand. And Ginn gave his. But the manner of Ginn's compact made Simpson smile.

"Never mind," said Delaney, as he saw Simpson out of the door. "I'll take care of Ginn. He isn't only afraid of the captain; he's afraid of everybody."

Delaney returned to Ginn, who was on the desk again, and sitting beside him he talked to him, nay, he wrestled with him. Ginn beseeched, prayed, refused, became dumb and sullen, but Delaney talked, explained, showed him the rules and regulations, and by one o'clock, when the city outside was purring in sleep, and the station house was dead, Delaney stepped down to the railing satisfied that he had won. Ginn tried to work at his books, but he could not. He was nervous. He started at the slightest creak in the building, and his eyes watched the captain's door. The old man was in his room, he might have gone to bed. How Ginn hoped he had!

But he hadn't. Soon after half-past one they heard him kick a chair or something, and the next minute he appeared in the old pea jacket he wore when not in uniform. He hardly noticed the two sergeants. A glance back into his room and he closed the door and started for the street door.

Delaney looked up at Ginn. The sergeant's great, round face was as pale as the clock. He was in agony, but he felt Delaney's eye and he swallowed and spoke.

"Captain," he said, "where you—won't you——"

The captain halted, stared astonished, his mouth open.

"What?" he asked.

"You've got—you must—don't you want to——"

"THE SCUM OF A BAD PRECINCT."

The fat sergeant was in an apoplectic state. Delaney did not dare see him. He watched the captain, who was ready to burst; he was swelling with rage, of course, but amazement and a passion of curiosity held him. And he came back at poor Ginn to hear what he was saying.

"What is it?" he asked again.

"Of course—it ain't my—I don't care, but the rules, you know, the rules, they——"

Now McCarthy broke loose. He was climbing the railing and he cursed. Ginn faded white again.

"Out with it, out with it now," McCarthy cried, "or I'll come over there and trample you to death. Speak, you slobbering idiot; speak, I say."

"Enter yourself in the blotter."

The order came like a pistol shot. Ginn collapsed when he had fired it, his face was bathed in sweat, and he moved his tongue around in his mouth to moisten it. The captain could not move. He knew the rule, dead long ago in his precinct, but he did not know the sensation of discipline. That, too, had died in him long ago. But it was a crisis in his affairs. He turned on Delaney, and was clear on that point. Very slowly, very coolly he got down, walked around behind the desk, and quietly pulling off his glove, he took up the pen which Ginn dropped aghast, and entered his name on the blank line Delaney had prepared for him.

"Now, then," said Captain McCarthy to Delaney, "there is another rule in the book. It says that the sergeant not on desk duty shall go out on patrol. You get out and do your duty."

This rule is revived now and then, but it has no life in it, and the sergeants on outside duty always go home or loaf in pleasant places about the precinct. Most captains prefer that their sergeants shall not be "snooping around."

Delaney came to attention instantly and he saluted the captain.

"You are quite sure you want me to go on patrol and (quoting the rule) 'to remain out during the time in the vigilant performance of duty'?"

"That's what I said."

Delaney went.

McCarthy watched him go.

"Captain, I—" Ginn began.

"Shut up, you——"

"I couldn't—I told you it was coming—and I——"

"Shut up, I say."

Ginn was quiet, and the captain slipped down to the floor to walk. Up and down he paced, up and down, slowly at first, then more and more rapidly, till with a sudden oath he leaped to the door and threw it open. Curses came in out of the darkness, then two prisoners, each held by a policeman, and a crowd of men, some dressed like touts, others in swallow-tails. The first prisoner was the proprietor of a Broadway hotel, the second was his barkeeper, the crowd was of guests and hangers-on of the place.

"How's this, Mac?" asked the fuming hotel keeper.

The captain did not reply. He was a very dangerous-looking man as he stood there holding the door open. Two reporters came in, then two more, then one, soon every paper in town had a man there.

"What's up?" they asked of McCarthy, of Ginn, of one another. The captain did not answer; Ginn did not hear; no one seemed to know.

"'YOU RE DONE FOR, TIM,' SAID HIS ONE FRIEND."

"Well, I want a bondsman anyhow," said the hotel man. The captain rang the messenger call box.

Ginn was asking the formal questions and writing down the answers in his blotter. The complaints were violation of the excise law given by the patrolmen, who alone acted as if the mysterious proceedings were quite as usual. Captain McCarthy had lighted a cigar, and was standing on the doorstep looking up the street expectantly. Pretty soon he heard more curses, and another crowd came down the street. This time the leading prisoner was fighting. His hat was gone, half his coat had been torn off, his shirt was ripped, and his face was bruised. He was Dan McCarthy's most intimate friend and reputed partner, a saloon and dive-keeper, McGloin by name. Two big policemen hauled him up to the steps, where at sight of McCarthy he swung back free; the officers hesitated. Everybody turned to the captain, the first prisoners and the policemen, the reporters, the crowd, and back of all and high above, Ginn, his eyes spread wide open at the sight. What would McCarthy do?

"Well?" said McGloin.

"Bring him in," the Captain ordered, and the policemen obeyed.

McGloin, amazed, ceased to oppose. He marched in with his barkeepers, and, back of them, two policemen bearing gambling implements.

Back of them again trooped other policemen with other prisoners, men, women, whites, blacks, gamblers, saloon-keepers, well-dressed creatures, drabs, the scum of a bad precinct. The station house filled up.

"Clear the crowd out," said McCarthy, and this done, you could breathe; but more prisoners came, more men, more women, more touts, more dudish gamblers. Some cursed, some wept, some were dignified. There was indignation, wrath, injured innocence, fright, prayer; and all these signs were directed

at the little captain, who showed no feeling at all. He rang for messengers, and the boys came panting in, eager to see a scene the noise of which had spread as rumor up and down and across the town. The bondsmen arrived running and in carriages, all perplexed and astonished. Heads wagged, eyes rolled up, hands uplifted. Ginn was tired, writing down "pedigrees." The bell rang every minute, and he had to go every other minute to the telegraph dial to spell out, for all who asked questions by wire, his one answer, that he didn't know what the hell was up. Yes, Captain McCarthy was there, but the captain was busy.

By three o'clock arrests practically ceased. Now and then a policeman came in with one more woman or a few negroes, but the alarm had spread, and the precinct was closed up tight. The laws were vigilantly obeyed during that tour. But it was daylight before the prisoners all were disposed of, most of them out on bail; some in the few cells, which were filled; the rest in the back room.

Captain McCarthy leaned against the railing around the sergeant's desk. He was left alone, for no one dared approach him. His unwonted stillness betokened a storm of rage which, in a man given to violence at slight provocation, might in these really trying circumstances break out in some awful form of devastation. But as the hours passed and he did not move, his two wardmen gathered courage enough for one. The one went up to the captain.

"Don't you think we'd better go to bed, all of us?" he said. "There's nothing to be done to-night."

The captain nodded slowly; then, while every one watched with open mouths, the little czar walked quietly off to his room. He did not go to court the next morning. His wardmen watched the disposition of the cases, and they had no instructions. They simply whispered in the ear of each patrolman with a complaint, and the result was that most of the officers had "no evidence," and the prisoners were discharged. A few were held. But these were all persons against whom Sergeant Delaney appeared personally. Even he made no great efforts to have prisoners held, however. It was enough to have raided the precinct, frightened the criminals, and set them wondering about the functions of a captain and the relations of his powers to those of a sergeant of police.

Besides, he was in a hurry. The moment the cases were disposed of he jumped into a cab and was driven rapidly up-town to the Hotel Matteawan, where the boss lived. A crowd was there before him—old friends of his, politicians, city officials, police commissioners, and police officers of high rank, all come to see what would be done about the scandal in the Fifteenth; and there was buzzing, buzzing, humming when Delaney entered. Then silence fell.

One man, of all Delaney knew, came forward to meet him. The others watched him a moment, then went on talking with only half an eye for the man they were discussing.

"You're done for, Tim," said his one friend, a district leader, near the boss.

"What! How's that, Nicoll?"

"McCarthy's been here, and seen the old man."

"Well?"

"You got to retire."

"Did the old man say that?"

"That's what he said."

"And you, and—the others?"

"We spoke up, but the whole gang's against you, every gambler, liquor-dealer—Ah, say, Tim, what were you thinking about, anyhow?"

"Doing up that——"

"You picked out the wrong man to tackle, and you picked the worst way to go about it. That's all I got to say."

"Well, I'm not beaten yet," said Tim. "Can I see——?"

He nodded upward toward the room of the boss.

"No; he left word that he wouldn't see you—never."

Delaney was hit. He was an outsider. He looked around vaguely for something to take hold of, somebody to speak up. There was nothing, nobody. He turned away, and went out to his cab again. Other friends he had, and he drove to them—to the banker he had served, to his railroad president, to the mayor, to a certain well-known lawyer, not known, however, to be on that side, to a clergyman, to a theater-manager, to all he could think of.

"Help him? Help Tim Delaney? Indeed, they would and gladly."

Then they heard the story,—half.

"Captain McCarthy! Why, Tim, you're crazy."

But they heard the other half.

"Oh, I can't interfere with that. No. Impossible."

Delaney was dazed. He sped back to the station and found (he realized what it meant

now to find) Simpson, Jerry Simpson, on desk duty. Simpson stepped down to give his hand.

"Sit down, Tim."

Tim fell into the chair beside Jerry.

"It's a big contract, eh?" Jerry asked.

Tim heard remotely, but he heard, and gradually the sense came to him. He nodded.

"You knew," he said softly. His interest awakened, and with it amazement. "How did you know?"

"Because I've always been half outside—always, as I preferred."

Delaney made one fist of his clasped hands, and striking the desk, he swore:

"It is fierce, fierce, but I will not be beaten."

"Um, what'll you do?"

Delaney sank back, crushed again.

"I don't know. I don't see. I don't see at all."

"Well, Tim, there is one thing left, just one. There's a certain crank in this town, a preacher, who is interested in the police. He's trying to find out for himself. It's funny, you remember, to watch him try."

"Well?" Delaney stared.

"Well, there's him," said Simpson quietly.

"Him?"

"Well, him and you might rip things up some."

Delaney stared and stared. But by and by he got up and moved off, dazed. Then he nodded, and was going faster.

"But don't act rash, Tim," Simpson said in a very low voice. "Think it over, all, and—you've got time—decide, deliberate and cool."

Delaney paused. Somebody came in, but neither sergeant noticed.

"Is Sergeant Ginn here?" the person asked.

"Yes," said Simpson.

Ginn came out of the captain's room. Delaney started and looked at the visitor, a young clerk, at Simpson, at Ginn. Ginn was sheepish, though he tried to be at ease, and he went up to the clerk.

"The president told me to give you this for the sergeants, the Christmas present from the bank, you know. He said you wrote to put it into your hands personally."

Ginn reddened. "Yes," he said, "yes, I know. All right. I'll 'tend to it."

The clerk went away and left the sergeants very still. Simpson was smiling. Delaney gazed at Ginn, whose head hung over the envelope which he twirled and twisted.

"What's this?" asked Delaney at last.

"The captain told me to," said Ginn.

"Told you to what?"

"Take it and keep it for him."

"He did, did he?" Delaney advanced upon Ginn.

"Don't you hit me," Ginn cried, retreating. "I'm, I'm—acting captain here."

Delaney stopped. He looked at Simpson, who nodded.

"That's right," Simpson said. "Cap's on a vacation."

Delaney understood a great many things.

"You low-down, cowardly traitor," he muttered at Ginn.

Fights are very rare between sergeants; they never happen, like this, in the station house; and for a sergeant to thrash a sergeant in command with the men peering out of the back room—that will never be again. When Delaney stood satisfied over the prostrate, weeping Ginn, he realized all this. Simpson had done his best, and Delaney, sobered now, thanked him with a grip of the hand and quietly went out of the station.

He was depressed and bewildered. What was going to happen? Something important, something final to him. What was it now? What was it now? But there was something bright somewhere around, some recourse, some great and satisfying thought. And what was that? What? Delaney stopped.

"Oh, yes, that." He remembered. "That's what it was? What Simpson said. Yes. But——"

All that stood against it came up strong and mighty, all his past, the habits of thought and feeling of fifteen years. And the thing was impossible. Then the depression fell upon him once more, unrelieved, and he faced that. It was vague, black, but strong and mighty, too. By God, it was the same that stood out against that other.

Timothy Delaney swore a solemn oath into the air. Then he walked fast to Broadway and took a car up-town. That ride was not to be repeated in one man's life, but when Delaney jumped off the car, he marched steadily up a side street to a house where he rang the bell firmly. Three minutes later he was ushered into the study, and a tall, dark man in clerical garb rose to receive him.

"Dr. Clavering?"

The clergyman nodded.

"I am a police sergeant, Sergeant Delaney."

"Sit down, Sergeant," and Dr. Clavering motioned to a chair.

"No, let's stand. I must anyhow. I can't rest till I—I've said my say, till I've done it. You are Dr. Clavering, and I'm Tim Delaney. You want to know all about the police, and you are trying to find out. Well, you can't, not alone. But I know, and I'm going to tell you the whole business. You and I might do something."

"Sit down, Sergeant; it will be a long story." The clergyman smiled.

"No, sir. Not yet a while, not till I've set myself right. I ain't the same as you. I ain't in it with you to do good. What I'm after is to do harm—to do the gang. So maybe we can't work together. I hate 'em. Perhaps you think you do? Well, ye don't, 'cause ye don't know 'em, and I do."

Delaney panted.

"God, how I hate 'em! I want to see 'em pulled down. I've robbed with 'em, I've collected the blackmail. Say, it's fierce. Not the blackmail, not the robbing, but the gang. They're solid. I didn't know how solid they could be to the outside, till I got outside myself and beat my head against 'em. Ye can't move 'em. I couldn't. They're solid, like a—like a cell wall. Now I know it's wrong. I didn't mean to think that. I've done what all of 'em did, and I did it cheerful. I'd do it over again if I was back, I think, although now I know it's a terrible power and rotten. You see, I'm mixed. But I'll think out where I am at myself, after. Here between you and me there needn't be no rot. You're out for the right of it, I'm out to get even, and all I'm sure of is that I want to haul down the whole rotten business like a rotten old tenement, and I'll begin with myself. I'm willing to go down in the smash. I'll tell you what I've done."

Delaney paused, and leaning forward, his hand out as if to ward off a refusal, he asked:

"Now will you listen?"

"Sit down. I will listen and I will help you."

Delaney straightened up, his hands dropped.

"Then," he said, "we'll sit down."

"AND WHEN THE DAY BROKE THE TALE WAS NOT ALL TOLD."

They talked—all night long, and when the day broke the tale was not all told, but they were tired out and hungry, so they broke off. Delaney was more exhausted than the clergyman, but his face was still set. Dr. Clavering liked him.

"I don't think I'm in any doubt 'where you are at,' Mr. Delaney," he said.

"Well, I am."

"Perhaps I can help you find yourself."

"No, you can't," said Delaney irritably. "That's a job Tim Delaney's got to do for himself."

"Very well," the doctor said, "it is for you to say, and probably you are right. But there's one thing more for you to think of: proofs. We must prepare a case against some one and secure conviction."

"Of course. I've got it all laid out. We'll fix a case on Captain Dan'l McCarthy. But you must back me up. You know Commissioner Black? He's one of those independents, for reform and all that."

Dr. Clavering smiled.

"I never liked them, don't believe I ever can. But anyhow I'll tell you what to do and when."

Simpson was at the desk again when Delaney came in at five o'clock in the morning,

pale and drawn; Jerry had been doing Tim's tour and was tired out. It was an unusual service for one man to do for another, unasked, but he did not speak of it, and neither did Tim.

"You've done it," Simpson said.

"I've begun it," Delaney replied. "Where is the captain spending his vacation?"

"Around town, pulling wires, I guess."

He hung himself heavily upon the rail, a few words, then walked rapidly down the street and up the steps of a house well known to the police of the precinct. Delaney knocked on the door, which opened immediately, and a large, hard-faced woman appeared.

"Come in," she said.

"No," said Tim. "There isn't time. This is the man, and he's got the stuff. I'm off."

"'IT'S A LIE, A DIRTY LIE, A LOW-DOWN TRICK.'"

and both men were silent a while. Then Simpson spoke dryly.

"Ginn hasn't made any complaint against you on that fight. He asked me to ask you to call it square; if you will, he will."

Delaney smiled.

"How mighty unimportant that all is now, ain't it? Whether I'm broke for that, or for—something else. You better go home now. I'll finish the tour and do yours. Got the books fixed?"

They arranged the books to make them "read straight," then Simpson went home, and Delaney contrived.

One night, about ten days later—it was on the 3d of January—Delaney met a man on a corner near the station house. They spoke

The woman bade Tim good-night, and taking his companion in, she asked for the money. Then she opened a closet, and showing him a chair in behind some skirts, said:

"There's your place—all ready, you see. When he comes, you jump in and I'll half-close the door."

A sharp rapping startled them both.

"There he is now. Get in," she said, and the man hid.

She set the door right, inspected the room carefully, then admitted McCarthy's ward-man, the collector of the precinct.

"Good-evening, Mr. Diggs," she said pleasantly. "Come right in."

"Well, well, well," he said loudly, "I'm

glad to see you so chipper. Made up your mind, eh?"

"No, no," she said, pleading. "I can't do it. I can't pay more than seventy-five."

"That's what you said before. And it won't go. You might just as well pack up and git. The old man is mad, and set, so——"

"Won't you take eighty?"

"It's one hundred plunks. That's orders."

The woman wept, explaining her finances and pleading with the wardman, who lit a cigar and thrummed on the arms of his chair.

"Say," he said at last, "you can't work me that way, you know. It's one hundred or you bust. See?"

The woman sprang up, and held out the money. "Here, take it, you brute."

"Now that's business," he said, shoving the money into his pocket. "But, say, don't you call me names. I can't help it. I ain't in the business for fun, and I don't get much of the wealth that the old man is in it for. 'Night."

Diggs slammed out. The woman waited five long minutes before she moved, then she opened wide the closet door.

"Could you hear?"

"It's all right," said the spy. "We'll attend to the rest. I guess McCarthy's done for this time."

"Oh, there isn't any doubt of it, is there?" asked the woman, in a sudden fright.

"Well, what do you think?" he said, smiling. "The commissioner marked the bills himself, and to-morrow morning he'll call for them at the right place."

The next morning Delaney was "on the desk." It was snowing outside, and the red-hot stoves made the station-house air totter visibly with the heat. All was silent, except the old clock above the busy sergeant's head.

It was Simpson's day off, but he came in at nine o'clock and stood around, as if he were waiting for something.

"Ginn outside?" he asked after he had toasted his back at the stove a while.

Delaney nodded. "He won't stay out long, though, in this weather, but I think we'll get through before he comes."

Simpson rocked contentedly back- and forward on his heels and toes, twisting his hands behind his back before the stove. Then he heard a faint sound in the captain's room.

"Cap'n's up," he said.

Delaney listened, and he heard. They both looked up at the clock. It was half-past nine o'clock. Simpson stopped rocking, Delaney closed his book and turned to the street door.

"Time's up," said Simpson.

"Open that window a bit, Jerry. The heat is awful."

But there was a sound of knocking on the steps outside. Some one was kicking snow off his boots. Simpson stepped up to the desk and began writing a little. Delaney sat down.

The door opened and a short, thickset man came in. He looked like a broker.

"Good-morning, Commissioner," Delaney said, rising to salute. Simpson rose also.

The commissioner lifted his hat. "My, how hot you have it here!" he said. But he walked over to the stove and put his back to it as Simpson had done.

"Is the captain in?" he asked.

"Yes. I think he is up. Will I call him?"

"Please."

Delaney stepped down, went to the captain's door and knocked. There was no answer, and he rapped again. A curse in response made the commissioner smile.

"Commissioner Black's here, would like to see you," Delaney called, and the hustle within made Delaney smile.

"He's coming," he said to Mr. Black as he passed the commissioner to go back to his place.

A rattle, slam, and bang within, then the freshly washed little captain appeared, wonder in his damp eyes. His dirty uniform was a bit awry, and he wore slippers.

"Excuse me, Commissioner. Good-morning," he said, rushing at the commissioner. But he checked himself and stopped halfway, inquiry in his face.

"It's no matter," said the commissioner. "I'm not here on public business. I was passing, and I found myself without convenient money in my pocket, so I thought I'd see if you can make change for me."

"I guess so," the captain answered. "What do you want?"

"I'd like to have smaller money, fives and tens, for these two twenties," and the commissioner took out the money from his wallet.

"Let me see." McCarthy drew from his trousers' pocket a crumpled wad of bills.

Delaney looked anxiously at it, then settled back in his chair. Simpson also glanced sharply up, then went on writing. And both sergeants had the same expression on their faces.

The captain counted out clumsily six fives, and asked, "Now, how do you want the rest?"

"Let's see," said the commissioner, and he picked out daintily some more bills, examined them, then he held up one to the light.

"It really doesn't matter," he said. "They're all marked alike."

McCarthy looked at the commissioner perplexed; then, as Mr. Black walked to the door, the captain's little eyes followed him. The commissioner pulled open the door, and two men and a woman came in. One of the men was Dr. Clavering, the other and the woman were they that had handled the money the night before. Delaney was on his feet, Simpson had ceased writing. McCarthy, flustered, looked at the money, at the commissioner, at the visitors.

"Good-morning, Cap," the woman said, trying to be easy. She looked frightened.

"What's this?" asked McCarthy, turning sharply to the commissioner. "I want to know what all this show in my station is about."

He thrust the money into his pocket, clapped his hands together, and dropped his arms and thrust his shoulders forward like a boxer about to begin a ring fight. The captain wet his lips, chewed his stubby red mustache, and heaved his body up and down. He was ready.

The commissioner closed the front door quietly, slowly returned to the stove, hardly looking at McCarthy, who kept his face to the commissioner.

"I want to know what this is? Nobody, not even a commissioner of police—" he said very loudly.

The commissioner lifted his hand deprecatingly.

"I'm about to tell you, Captain McCarthy, what this all means."

"Well?" McCarthy was panting.

"It means, sir," the commissioner continued, slowly—"it means that this money which you offer me this morning is money marked by me, personally, before witnesses, and paid over last night by this woman as blackmail to you of this precinct."

"It's a lie, a dirty lie, a low-down trick," said McCarthy, who shook himself, raising his fists.

"A trick, yes, but not a lie," the commissioner said, smiling sarcastically. "I warn you to be careful what you say, Captain McCarthy. Dr. Clavering and I marked those bills, mind you. We gave them to my clerk here. He gave them to this woman, then hid in her closet. He heard your wardman Diggs demand them of her in your name, and saw her pay them over to Diggs. Now, then, the case seems to be complete. What have you got to say?"

"This," said McCarthy, stepping forward, and shaking his fists at the group before him, "that you haven't got me by a hell of a long way." He was about to say more, and he trembled as he held back the vituperation that was bitter in his mouth. He licked his lips, and straightened up.

"Send for Diggs," he commanded Delaney.

The sergeant was leaning far over the desk, hate and joy in his face. He and the captain saw into each other's eyes then, and they comprehended deeply. The spell of their fixed gaze was intense, and everybody was held by it.

The captain recovered first. "Send for Diggs," he commanded, and the tone was the tone of a master. Dan McCarthy never made a finer impression on his fellow-men than he did then. But Delaney did not quaver. He sneered and smiled as he straightened up and turned for orders to the commissioner.

"You have the say here, sir, I guess," he said.

"Send for Diggs," the commissioner said.

Delaney rang, the doorman came and went, —and then Diggs, who entered running. At the scene, at the sight of seven pairs of eyes turned on him, he stopped short, confounded, and he looked from one to another swiftly, pausing only at the commissioner and the woman; then, all expression passing out of his face, he settled on the captain.

"D'you send for me, sir?" he asked.

"Yes, sir." The captain hissed the words, and drawing out of his pocket the bunch of bills, he shook them at Diggs. "I sent for you because I want to know where you got these marked bills, and how you happened to pay me with them?"

The wardman went over the group again, and every face helped him to understand; Delaney's gloating, the frightened woman's, the clergyman's questioning and eager—each gave a clue. Diggs turned back to his captain, and he said very steadily, but hanging his head:

"You've got me, sir, at last. I took the stuff off'n the woman. I had to get it to pay you that debt I've owed you till I was ashamed."

The silence that followed fell like a dead

thing. It hung in the hot air and was stifling. Then a laugh broke it, the captain's laugh of joy. Everybody but Diggs started, as if they were struck and would run away, not in fear, but in horror.

Suddenly the door opened, and that shocked the circle as if a ghost had appeared. Even the captain was startled to silence, and he turned with the rest upon—poor, fat Ginn, who was fixed in his tracks by the scene. He would have fallen backward upon the stoop, had he not clung to the open door.

The captain held his eyes. The captain, quiet now and steadied, crept toward the harmless Ginn. McCarthy's hand went out at the appalled victim of his rage, his finger pointed in the yellow face.

"Yes," he shouted, "and you, you fat idiot——"

"Captain McCarthy," the commissioner called, commanding.

The captain checked, turned in his crouching attitude, and hissed at the commissioner:

"I guess I have the say here now."

He laughed again. "I guess—I command—here—now." Then he ceased, his eye on Delaney. The sergeant had collapsed in his chair, but he met the captain's look and rose at him, the hatred all afire again.

"Don't I, Mr. Delaney, Mr. ex-Wardman Delaney—Mr. ex-Sergeant Delaney? Don't I?"

The captain whirled on Ginn.

"Don't I, you idiot, you—ex-acting captain?" He pushed his fist into Ginn's soft face. "There was a fight in the house when I was away, when you were acting captain, wasn't there, eh?"

Ginn recoiled.

"Wasn't there?" the captain persisted, following the fat sergeant.

"Yes, sir."

"And you didn't make no complaint?"

"No, sir."

"No. Well, I will, Mr. ex-Sergeant Ginn, against you both, you and Delaney. I'll put youse two out of the business for fighting in the station house."

The captain turned to the clergyman. "You can't beat us," he said. "Nobody can, but such as you ain't in it with us. Say, that's straight."

He swung around to Delaney.

"Ain't it, Mr. Delaney?"

The sergeant's face was ashen. His rage had passed; the impotence of them all overwhelmed him, and he felt the faintness of despair. But he was not weak. He faced the fact and the captain, who was pressing for more triumph.

"Say, ain't I givin' it to 'em straight, Mr. Delaney? They can't stack up against us, can they, now?"

Delaney turned heavily to his friends.

"I guess that's right, all right," he said slowly.

The captain let out a shriek of laughter and shuffled off to his room, slamming the door; but they could hear his wild exultation behind it, and the words: "I guess—Dan McCarthy's in command here—all right."

THE LAW OF LIFE.

By Jack London.

OLD Koskoosh listened greedily. Though his sight had long since faded, his hearing was still acute, and the slightest sound penetrated to the glimmering intelligence which yet abode behind the withered forehead, but which no longer gazed forth upon the things of the world. Ah! that was Sit-cum-to-ha, shrilly anathematizing the dogs as she cuffed and beat them into the harnesses. Sit-cum-to-ha was his daughter's daughter, but she was too busy to waste a thought upon her broken grandfather, sitting alone there in the snow, forlorn and helpless. Camp must be broken. The long trail waited while the short day refused to linger. Life called her, and the duties of life, not death. And he was very close to death now.

The thought made the old man panicky for the moment, and he stretched forth a palsied hand which wandered tremblingly over the small heap of dry wood beside him. Reassured that it was indeed there, his hand returned to the shelter of his mangy furs, and he again fell to listening. The sulky crackling of half-frozen hides told him that the chief's moose-skin lodge had been struck,

and even then was being rammed and jammed into portable compass. The chief was his son, stalwart and strong, head man of the tribesmen, and a mighty hunter. As the women toiled with the camp luggage, his voice rose, chiding them for their slowness. Old Koskoosh strained his ears. It was the last time he would hear that voice. There went Geehow's lodge! And Tusken's! Seven, eight, nine; only the Shaman's could be still standing. There! They were at work upon it now. He could hear the Shaman grunt as he piled it on the sled. A child whimpered, and a woman soothed it with soft, crooning gutturals. Little Koo-tee, the old man thought, a fretful child, and not over strong. It would die soon, perhaps, and they would burn a hole through the frozen tundra and pile rocks above to keep the wolverines away. Well, what did it matter? A few years at best, and as many an empty belly as a full one. And in the end, Death waited, ever-hungry and hungriest of them all.

What was that? Oh, the men lashing the sleds and drawing tight the thongs. He listened, who would listen no more. The whip-lashes snarled and bit among the dogs. Hear them whine! How they hated the work and the trail! They were off! Sled after sled churned slowly away into the silence. They were gone. They had passed out of his life, and he faced the last bitter hour alone. No. The snow crunched beneath a moccasin; a man stood beside him; upon his head a hand rested gently. His son was good to do this thing. He remembered other old men whose sons had not waited after the tribe. But his son had. He wandered away into the past, till the young man's voice brought him back.

"Is it well with you?" he asked.

And the old man answered, "It is well."

"There be wood beside you," the younger man continued, "and the fire burns bright. The morning is gray, and the cold has broken. It will snow presently. Even now is it snowing."

"Ay, even now is it snowing."

"The tribesmen hurry. Their bales are heavy, and their bellies flat with lack of feasting. The trail is long and they travel fast. I go now. It is well?"

"It is well. I am as a last year's leaf, clinging lightly to the stem. The first breath that blows, and I fall. My voice is become like an old woman's. My eyes no longer show me the way of my feet, and my feet are heavy, and I am tired. It is well."

He bowed his head in content till the last noise of the complaining snow had died away, and he knew his son was beyond recall. Then his hand crept out in haste to the wood. It alone stood betwixt him and the eternity which yawned in upon him. At last the measure of his life was a handful of fagots. One by one they would go to feed the fire, and just so, step by step, death would creep upon him. When the last stick had surrendered up its heat, the frost would begin to gather strength. First his feet would yield, then his hands; and the numbness would travel, slowly, from the extremities to the body. His head would fall forward upon his knees, and he would rest. It was easy. All men must die.

He did not complain. It was the way of life, and it was just. He had been born close to the earth, close to the earth had he lived, and the law thereof was not new to him. It was the law of all flesh. Nature was not kindly to the flesh. She had no concern for that concrete thing called the individual. Her interest lay in the species, the race. This was the deepest abstraction old Koskoosh's barbaric mind was capable of, but he grasped it firmly. He saw it exemplified in all life. The rise of the sap, the bursting greenness of the willow bud, the fall of the yellow leaf—in this alone was told the whole history. But one task did nature set the individual. Did he not perform it, he died. Did he perform it, it was all the same, he died. Nature did not care; there were plenty who were obedient, and it was only the obedience in this matter, not the obedient, which lived and lived always. The tribe of Koskoosh was very old. The old men he had known when a boy, had known old men before them. Therefore it was true that the tribe lived, that it stood for the obedience of all its members, way down into the forgotten past, whose very resting places were unremembered. They did not count; they were episodes. They had passed away like clouds from a summer sky. He also was an episode, and would pass away. Nature did not care. To life she set one task, gave one law. To perpetuate was the task of life, its law was death. A maiden was a good creature to look upon, full-breasted and strong, with spring to her step and light in her eyes. But her task was yet before her. The light in her eyes brightened, her step quickened, she was now bold with the young men, now timid, and she gave them of her own unrest. And ever she grew fairer and yet fairer to look upon, till some hunter,

able no longer to withhold himself, took her to his lodge to cook and toil for him and to become the mother of his children. And with the coming of her offspring her looks left her. Her limbs dragged and shuffled, her eyes dimmed and bleared, and only the little children found joy against the withered cheek of the old squaw by the fire. Her task was done. But a little while, on the first pinch of famine or the first long trail, and she would be left, even as he had been left, in the snow, with a little pile of wood. Such was the law.

He placed a stick carefully upon the fire and resumed his meditations. It was the same everywhere, with all things. The mosquitos vanished with the first frost. The little tree-squirrel crawled away to die. When age settled upon the rabbit it became slow and heavy, and could no longer outfoot its enemies. Even the big bald-face grew clumsy and blind and quarrelsome, in the end to be dragged down by a handful of yelping huskies. He remembered how he had abandoned his own father on an upper reach of the Klondike one winter, the winter before the missionary came with his talk-books and his box of medicines. Many a time had Koskoosh smacked his lips over the recollection of that box, though now his mouth refused to moisten. The "painkiller" had been especially good. But the missionary was a bother after all, for he brought no meat into the camp, and he ate heartily, and the hunters grumbled. But he chilled his lungs on the divide by the Mayo, and the dogs afterwards nosed the stones away and fought over his bones.

Koskoosh placed another stick on the fire and harked back deeper into the past. There was the time of the Great Famine, when the old men crouched empty-bellied to the fire, and from their lips fell dim traditions of the ancient day when the Yukon ran wide open for three winters, and then lay frozen for three summers. He had lost his mother in that famine. In the summer the salmon run had failed, and the tribe looked forward to the winter and the coming of the caribou. Then the winter came, but with it there were no caribou. Never had the like been known, not even in the lives of the old men. But the caribou did not come, and it was the seventh year, and the rabbits had not replenished, and the dogs were naught but bundles of bones. And through the long darkness the children wailed and died, and the women, and the old men; and not one in ten of the tribe lived to meet the sun when it came back in the spring. That *was* a famine!

But he had seen times of plenty, too, when the meat spoiled on their hands, and the dogs were fat and worthless with overeating—times when they let the game go unkilled, and the women were fertile, and the lodges were cluttered with sprawling men-children and women-children. Then it was the men became high-stomached, and revived ancient quarrels, and crossed the divides to the south to kill the Pellys, and to the west that they might sit by the dead fires of the Tananas. He remembered, when a boy, during a time of plenty, when he saw a moose pulled down by the wolves. Zing-ha lay with him in the snow and watched—Zing-ha, who later became the craftiest of hunters, and who, in the end, fell through an air-hole on the Yukon. They found him, a month afterward, just as he had crawled half-way out and frozen stiff to the ice.

But the moose. Zing-ha and he had gone out that day to play at hunting after the manner of their fathers. On the bed of the creek they struck the fresh track of a moose, and with it the tracks of many wolves. "An old one," Zing-ha, who was quicker at reading the sign, said—"an old one who cannot keep up with the herd. The wolves have cut him out from his brothers, and they will never leave him." And it was so. It was their way. By day and by night, never resting, snarling on his heels, snapping at his nose, they would stay by him to the end. How Zing-ha and he felt the blood-lust quicken! The finish would be a sight to see!

Eager-footed, they took the trail, and even he, Koskoosh, slow of sight and an unversed tracker, could have followed it blind, it was so wide. Hot were they on the heels of the chase, reading the grim tragedy, fresh-written, at every step. Now they came to where the moose had made a stand. Thrice the length of a grown man's body, in every direction, had the snow been stamped about and uptossed. In the midst were the deep impressions of the splay-hoofed game, and all about, everywhere, were the lighter foot-marks of the wolves. Some, while their brothers harried the kill, had lain to one side and rested. The full-stretched impress of their bodies in the snow was as perfect as though made the moment before. One wolf had been caught in a wild lunge of the maddened victim and trampled to death. A few bones, well picked, bore witness.

Again, they ceased the uplift of their

snowshoes at a second stand. Here the great animal had fought desperately. Twice had he been dragged down, as the snow attested, and twice had he shaken his assailants clear and gained footing once more. He had done his task long since, but none the less was life dear to him. Zing-ha said it was a strange thing, a moose once down to get free again; but this one certainly had. The Shaman would see signs and wonders in this when they told him.

And yet again, they came to where the moose had made to mount the bank and gain the timber. But his foes had laid on from behind, till he reared and fell back upon them, crushing two deep into the snow. It was plain the kill was at hand, for their brothers had left them untouched. Two more stands were hurried past, brief in time-length and very close together. The trail was red now, and the clean stride of the great beast had grown short and slovenly. Then they heard the first sounds of the battle—not the full-throated chorus of the chase, but the short, snappy bark which spoke of close quarters and teeth to flesh. Crawling up the wind, Zing-ha bellied it through the snow, and with him crept he, Koskoosh, who was to be chief of the tribesmen in the years to come. Together they shoved aside the under branches of a young spruce and peered forth. It was the end they saw.

The picture, like all of youth's impressions, was still strong with him, and his dim eyes watched the end played out as vividly as in that far-off time. Koskoosh marveled at this, for in the days which followed, when he was a leader of men and a head of councilors, he had done great deeds and made his name a curse in the mouths of the Pellys, to say naught of the strange white man he had killed, knife to knife, in open fight.

For long he pondered on the days of his youth, till the fire died down and the frost bit deeper. He replenished it with two sticks this time, and gauged his grip on life by what remained. If Sit-cum-to-ha had only remembered her grandfather, and gathered a larger armful, his hours would have been longer. It would have been easy. But she was ever a careless child, and honored not her ancestors from the time the Beaver, son of the son of Zing-ha, first cast eyes upon her. Well, what mattered it? Had he not done likewise in his own quick youth? For a while he listened to the silence. Perhaps the heart of his son might soften, and he would come back with the dogs to take his old father on with the tribe to where the caribou ran thick and the fat hung heavy upon them.

He strained his ears, his restless brain for the moment stilled. Not a stir, nothing. He alone took breath in the midst of the great silence. It was very lonely, Hark! What was that? A chill passed over his body. The familiar, long-drawn howl broke the void, and it was close at hand. Then on his darkened eyes was projected the vision of the moose—the old bull moose—the torn flanks and bloody sides, the riddled mane, and the great branching horns, down low and tossing to the last. He saw the flashing forms of gray, the gleaming eyes, the lolling tongues, the slavered fangs. And he saw the inexorable circle close in till it became a dark point in the midst of the stamped snow.

A cold muzzle thrust against his cheek, and at its touch his soul leaped back to the present. His hand shot into the fire and dragged out a burning faggot. Overcome for the nonce by his hereditary fear of man, the brute retreated, raising a prolonged call to his brothers; and greedily they answered, till a ring of crouching, jaw-slobbered gray was stretched round about. The old man listened to the drawing in of this circle. He waved his brand wildly, and sniffs turned to snarls; but the panting brutes refused to scatter. Now one wormed his chest forward, dragging his haunches after, now a second, now a third; but never a one drew back. Why should he cling to life? he asked, and dropped the blazing stick into the snow. It sizzled and went out. The circle grunted uneasily, but held its own. Again he saw the last stand of the old bull moose, and Koskoosh dropped his head wearily upon his knees. What did it matter after all? Was it not the law of life?

WHAT WE KNOW ABOUT MARS.

By Edward S. Holden,

Formerly Director of the Lick Observatory.

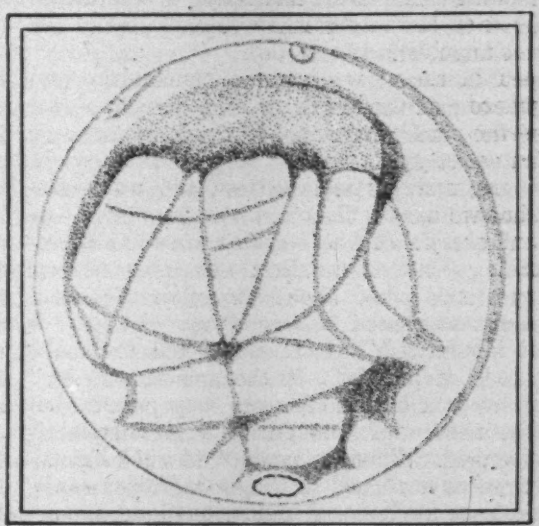
ASTRONOMY has done so many wonderful things in the past, and is accomplishing such marvels in the present, that it is sometimes difficult to realize its limitations. If, by merely examining the spectrum of a star, astronomers can determine the velocity with which the earth, and the whole solar system, is now approaching that star, why should it be so difficult to say whether it is, or is not, likely that the planets are fitted to sustain human life? If the spectroscope can do so much, how is it that our greatest telescopes can do so very little towards settling a question that seems to be comparatively simple? At first sight, the problem appears to be a mere matter of observation, and the solution to be close at hand and obvious.

Let us see what the obstacles really are. When the planet Mars is nearest to the earth its distance is never less than 35,000,000 miles. Usually it is much greater. The moon's distance is about 240,000 miles, so that Mars is always 146 times more distant than the moon. It is seldom possible to use a magnifying power of more than 600 diameters to examine Mars, even with the largest telescopes. We see Mars, under such conditions, no better than the moon can be seen in a field-glass magnifying about four times. If any one will examine the moon with a common opera-glass he will appreciate the difficulty of making out an answer to so far-reaching a question by mere gazing.

Under ordinary circumstances a square patch on the planet with sides of twenty miles would go entirely unnoticed. The very best telescopes can never show us markings of the size of most of the great cities on the earth. Direct evidence of human life is not to be expected.

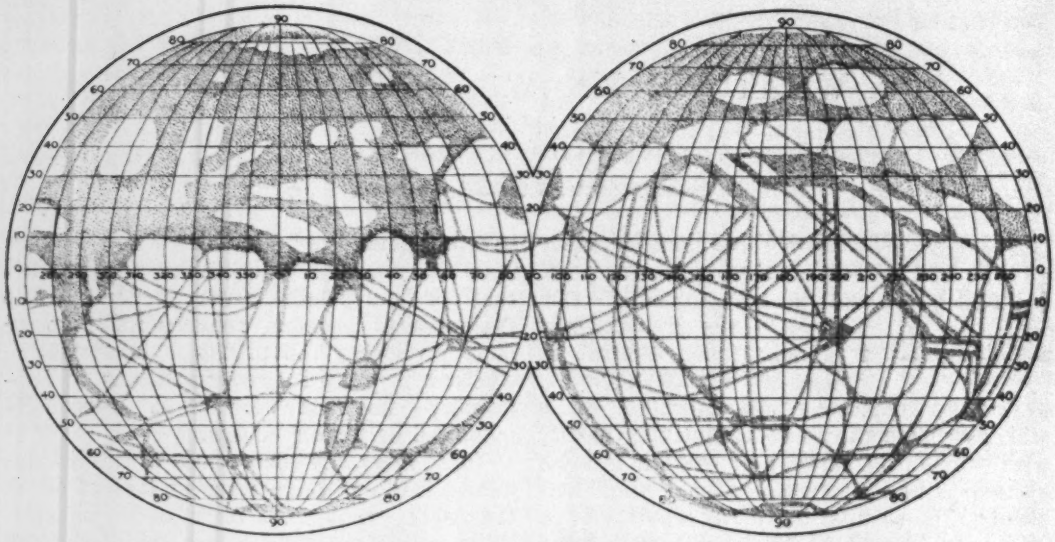
All such evidence must be indirect. We must ask what is the climate of Mars. If it is very much colder than the Arctic regions (as it is), human life (that is, of the kind we know about) cannot exist there. Is there an atmosphere about the planet, with sufficient air, and air of the right kind, to sustain human life? Is there water? It is upon the answers to questions of this kind that our final judgment must depend. The fundamental problem reduces itself to an inquiry whether the planet is *inhabitable*—whether it presents the conditions of habitability—and not whether it is actually inhabited by human beings.

There are many other kinds of life besides human life. If there were no land at all on the earth—if it were all a single ocean—there might be a vigorous population of fishes. Or, if there were not enough air surrounding it for men to breathe, still there might be animals which could exist and multiply. Or, if the terrestrial temperature were too high for human beings, it might be perfectly suitable for reptiles. Or, again, if all conditions were unfavorable for animals, a vigorous plant life might still exist.



DRAWING OF THE PLANET MARS MADE BY PROFESSOR SCHIAPARELLI.

A complete account of the appearances observed on the planet Mars would fill volumes. During a single opposition many hundreds of drawings and sketches are secured, to say nothing of measures, etc. The illustrations presented here will serve to show the kind of evidence afforded by good drawings made at the telescope. No thoroughgoing discussion of the material available



MAP OF MARS, ACCORDING TO OBSERVATIONS MADE AT THE LOWELL OBSERVATORY, FLAGSTAFF, ARIZONA.

Reproduced from "Das Weltgebäude," by Dr. Wilhelm Meyer.

has yet been printed. Mr. Percival Lowell has published a volume dealing with his recent work at Flagstaff, in Arizona, and M. Camille Flammarion has issued a very useful book on Mars; but many valuable series are yet unpublished.

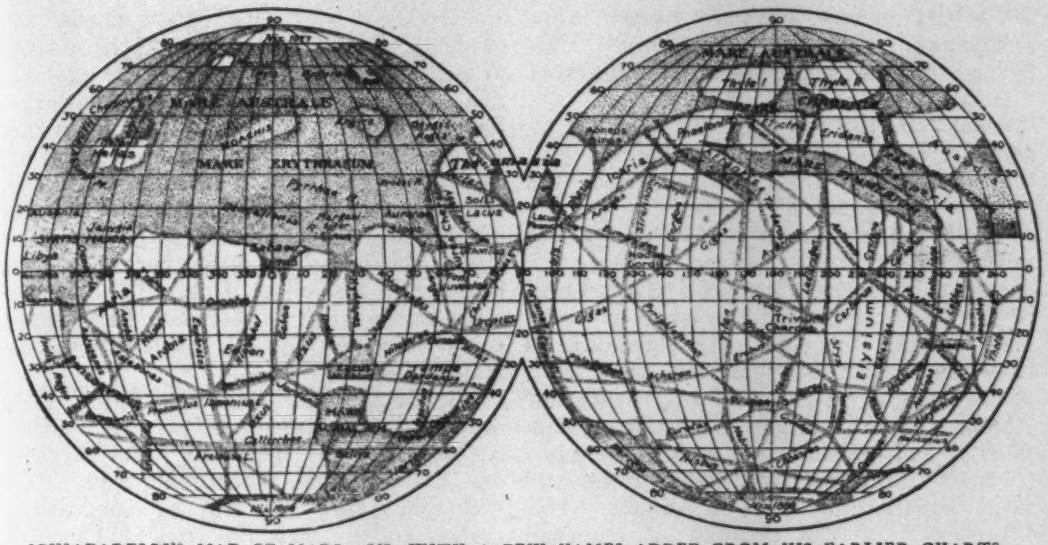
The instant we imagine human life anywhere—on the earth or on a distant planet—the place where this life may be takes on an entirely new relation to us. Love can be there, and joy and sorrow; and we realize that we have a deep and new interest in any and every spot where such human life is possible. One of the first and most natural questions asked about the moon, or about a distant planet, is, and always will be, "Is it inhabited?" or, "Is it fitted to be the abode of men?" If the answer is "no," a lively scientific curiosity may remain, but the nature of this curiosity is completely changed. There is no lack of such inquisitiveness in regard to the moon, for example, and yet the general public has long ago accepted the fact that the moon is to be studied like a specimen in a museum; that it has no life now, and that, in all probability, it never had any.

The case is not the same for Mars. For one reason and another, the general reader has come to the conclusion that human life may exist, and probably does exist, on this planet as well as on our own earth. Hence the extraordinary attention that has been paid to quite extravagant and baseless publications regarding it.

Let us turn to the moon for a moment and see what is the basis of the general belief that the moon is not fit to sustain life. In the first place, geologists tell us that the surface of the moon is simply a cooled lava-bed. Astronomers have looked at every spot on the part of the moon presented to us thousands of times without once detecting any signs of the existence of living beings. It is a certainty that no human life now exists there, because the lunar temperature is so low that no such life could withstand it. There is no water and no air; certainly not enough air to sustain human life. If there is no water, there can be no life. For thousands of years there has been no considerable action of water on the lunar mountain chains; and for thousands of years there has been no human life there. In all likelihood there never has been any.

Our interest in the moon is then a scientific interest only; we have no feeling of brotherhood as to the satellite of the earth. It is intensely interesting as an object of study and in its way. But this way is devoid of all human interest. In Kepler's time it was reputed to be peopled, and excited a very different feeling.

Mars is now thought of by the general reading public somewhat as the moon was in the days of Kepler. Its "continents," "seas," "lakes," "oases," "canals;" its "intelligent inhabitants," its "engineers," etc., have been so often referred to in popular writings that they have been more or less generally accepted, except by those whose business it is to study the planet telescopi-



SCHIAPARELLI'S MAP OF MARS, 1868, WITH A FEW NAMES ADDED FROM HIS EARLIER CHARTS.

Reproduced from "Astronomy and Astro-Physics."

cally. It is safe to say that only a very few professional astronomers accept these names without reserve. It is worth while to recite how this popular acceptance of doubtful matters came about.

The earliest observers of the planet Mars (in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries) recorded markings on its surface that were permanent in position, just as the seas and oceans of the earth are permanent. A large part of the surface of the planet was reddish, and the general opinion came to be that the red areas were land. There was absolutely no scientific reason whatever for this belief. This opinion was widespread before the time of Sir John Herschel, but the publication of his famous "Outlines of Astronomy"—the first elementary exposition of the science—fixed it in the popular mind. If the red areas were "land," then the dark markings were "water"—the larger ones "seas," the lesser "lakes," and so on. The dark regions on Mars were often bluish in color. For that reason, and for that reason alone, they were called "oceans." The mischief began with this nomenclature. It assumed as true that which was utterly without proof. The observing astronomers knew, and always have known, just how little positive proof was forthcoming; but some nomenclature was necessary, and the words "lakes," "canals," etc., were convenient, provided they were not misunderstood. And they certainly have been misunderstood. From this mistaken nomenclature a host of errors has arisen.

When Professor Roentgen discovered the action of his wonderful "rays," he was in doubt about their nature. In a truly scientific fashion he named them "X-rays;" that is to say, "rays whose nature we do not yet comprehend." He committed himself to no hypothesis. Not only were scientific men left free to choose a suitable explanation and an appropriate name at leisure, but the popular intelligence was informed, by their very designation, that scientific certainty had not yet been attained. If the astronomers of Herschel's day had called the red areas of Mars Y, and the dark ones Z, many errors would have been avoided.

It is curious to remark how one error has led to another and another in a regular implication. For example, the large dark areas on Mars were called "seas," the smaller ones "lakes." Narrow streaks connecting "lakes" with "seas" would naturally have been called "rivers." But rivers on the earth are sinuous; and no winding, meandering, narrow streaks have yet been discovered on Mars. Hence, as the narrow dark streaks on the planet were straight they were called "canals." A "canal" implies "commerce" and "intelligent engineers" and so forth. Again, it has been maintained (why I do not know) that rivers on Mars were straight because the land was flat. On the earth rivers in flat countries are very far from straight. So that it became a commonplace that the surface of Mars was quite flat, until the observers at Mount Hamilton discovered mountain chains on its surface.

The dark, narrow, straight "canals" were at first only seen in the "continents." But by and by the same observers discovered "canals" in the midst of the "seas." A "canal" in the midst of a "sea" is an anomaly, but the *name* still constrained opinion. One would think that the idea—the opinion—could not long persist.

These "canals" are never less than twenty miles wide. To dig the network of "canals" shown on Schiaparelli's chart would require, it has been calculated, the labor of every man, woman, and child of a population as dense as that of Belgium; and their labor would have to be extended over centuries. At times these "canals" are (apparently) filled up and vanish. In a region where one "canal" formerly existed two new ones appear, hundreds of miles in length. This "process" of the creation of extended "double canals" may only last a few hours. Changes of this sort have been referred to "irrigation" experiments on the planet. The latest book on the subject assumes the planet to need an extensive system of irrigating ditches. The south polar snows melt, it is there said, and irrigate the southern hemisphere and much of the northern. The northern polar snows melt and irrigate the northern hemisphere and much of the southern.

"The corresponding problem on the earth would be to irrigate San Francisco, Chicago, New York, Rome, and Tokyo from the snow melting at the *south* pole, and to irrigate Valparaiso, the Cape of Good Hope, and Australia from the snow melting at the *north* pole; all the irrigated land lying between New York, etc., on the north and the Cape of Good Hope, etc., on the south, to be irrigated alike (through the same canals) from the north and south poles."

It is not necessary to pursue these fanciful expositions any further. They all flow from the mistaken nomenclature of "land" and "water" adopted long ago and followed with persistency. Sir William Herschel's dictum of 1783 that "the analogy between Mars and the earth is perhaps by far the greatest in the solar system," evidently needs a closer examination.

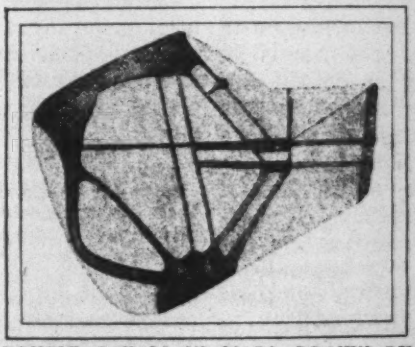
The point upon which he founded his conclusion was, at the time (1783), well taken. He observed that the poles of Mars were sometimes covered with polar caps of a white material that he assumed to be snow. The "snow" was greatest in amount when the poles were coldest, just as happens on the earth. As the amount of solar heat increased the "snow-caps" grew smaller and gradually disappeared. He supposed them to melt and to become water. The explanation was correct, so far as his knowledge then went. We now know two facts that make it impossible. In the first place, according to the best knowledge attainable, the temperature of Mars is *always* far below the freezing point. Water can never melt on Mars. In the second place there is, in fact, little or no water on Mars. The observations at the Lick Observatory have shown this conclusively and this result is now generally accepted.

The "polar caps" exist, however. What are they? The answer is that it is not (yet) certainly known. They are X for the present, like Professor Roentgen's rays. It is very likely that they may be composed of carbon dioxid. This vaporizes (and becomes invisible) at —109° of Fahrenheit's thermometer. At a lower temperature than this it is deposited as a white "snow." A layer an inch thick (or less) would account for all the observed phenomena. This explanation may not be correct, but it is worthy of serious examination. Whether it is correct or not, it is certain that the polar caps of Mars are not composed of "snow." Snow is water, and there is no water to speak of on the planet. Moreover, the polar caps "melt," and the temperature of the Arctic regions of Mars is always below the melting temperature of water. The polar caps of Mars are not "snow"; they may be carbon dioxid; they certainly are composed of some substance that acts very much as carbon dioxid would act, if it were exposed to such conditions as exist at the poles of Mars—let us call it X for the present, after the safe and scientific fashion of Professor Roentgen.

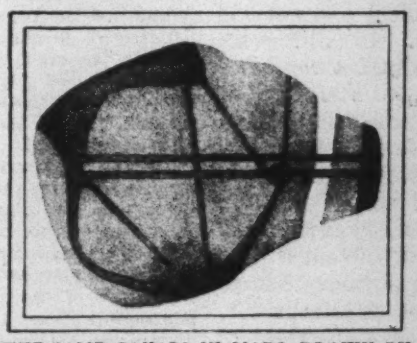
Not only is there no water on Mars, but there is no air, or very little. Spectroscopic observations at the Lick Observatory, far more complete and thorough-going than those made at other stations, lead to the conclusion that the atmosphere on Mars is certainly less in amount than that surrounding the summits of the highest Himalayan peaks. It is probably much less than this; at any rate there is not sufficient air to sustain human life. It is by no means certain that what air there is, is of the right kind for human beings to breathe. All telescopic observation leads to the conclusion that there are no clouds on Mars. If there were air and water, clouds would certainly form. In thousands of observations clouds have not been seen. The sky of Mars is absolutely

sunny. Clouds have only been suspected on two or three occasions. It is safe to say that, speaking generally, Mars is a planet without water, without air in any marked quantity, and totally unfit for the abode of human beings. Its nearest analogue in the solar system is our own moon, as was pointed out years ago by George Bond, the Director of the Harvard College Observatory.

The same conclusion was also reached early in the history of the observations of Mars made at the Lick Observatory, and the later observations made there have reënforced it with new proofs. Several observers, notably M. Flammarion, in France, and Mr. Lowell, in America, have taken a different view, which has been widely spread through their scientific and through their popular writings. The daily press of the United States and elsewhere has found "Human Life on Mars" to be a taking headline, and it has been often employed. The general reader, hearing only one side, and having the unfortunate nomenclature of "seas" and "canals" before his eyes, has, very naturally, accepted results that appealed to his imagination and that he had no way of testing for himself. In the light of what has gone before, it is clear that a change of popular opinion must be made. Popular opinion has no other desire than to be well founded, and is entirely ready to be guided by the judgment of experts. We may appeal to them. Professor Young, of Princeton, has this to say on the matter of the temperature of Mars: "Recalling the fact that the solar radiation is less than half as intense as here, the inference is almost irresistible that the temperature must be appallingly low—so low that water, if it exists at all, can exist only in the form of ice." Professor Newcomb, of Washington, remarks in a recent paper: "Mars has little or no atmosphere." "There are few or no clouds on Mars." It is by no means certain, he says, that the polar ice-caps are ice at all. Other judgments of the same sort, from astronomers of equal authority could be quoted. These will suffice.



DOUBLE CANALS IN MARS, DRAWN BY SCHIAPARELLI, 1883-84.



THE SAME CANALS IN MARS, DRAWN BY SCHIAPARELLI IN 1886.

These cuts are reproduced from "Das Weltgebäude," by Dr. M. Wilhelm Mayer.

A confirmation of the views held by the leading American astronomers has lately come from an unexpected source. The planet Mars has been assiduously studied in recent years in the observatory of M. Flammarion, near Paris, by his colleague, M. Antionadi. There, as elsewhere, the "canals" on the planet have been seen, usually as long, narrow, dark lines lying on the arcs of great circles of the surface. The experiments of M. Daubrée have shown that if a planet is composed of an exterior layer of crust over an interior nucleus that is shrinking a series of rugations, like mountain chains, will be produced. If, on the other hand, the nucleus is expanding, a series of long cracks, crevasses, and cañons will result. The "canals" on Mars are probably merely long crevasses in its outer crust, produced in this way.

The "doubling" of the Martian canals has been studied by M. Antionadi also. He describes the phenomena very graphically. If, he says, the Seine should suddenly disappear, and if two new rivers should be created, one running from Nantes to Marseilles, the other from Dunkirk to Strassburg, we should have a precise terrestrial analogue to the appearance of a "double canal" on Mars. (What a problem in "engineering" this would be!) To arrive at an explanation of such appearances, M. Antionadi has made a careful study of the optical illusions that attend prolonged and strained vision of delicate markings of this nature, and he has come unreservedly to the conclusion that the doubling of the canals on Mars arises from defective focusing of some kind, either of the telescope or of the observer's eye (through fatigue). One of his experiments may be tried by any one who will take the trouble

to rule a fine line on a visiting card and to look at it from a distance through an opera-glass. A very slight disturbance of the focal adjustment of the glass, or a slight fatigue of the eye, will always produce a double image of the single line. These experiments throw a flood of light on the appearances observed on Mars. They explain why the double canals are only to be seen after prolonged and strained vision, why they are more often seen in short than in long telescopes, etc.

The experiments of M. Antionadi seem to prove that the doubling of the canals on Mars is always the result of an optical illusion. His conclusions are noteworthy in themselves, and also as a sign of a return to rationality in the explanation of the physical appearances presented by the surface of Mars. These are to be explained by physical laws and not by the intervention of "human beings like ourselves," "engineers" engaged in "irrigation works" or in "commerce," and possessed of a burning desire to communicate with their brothers on the earth by "signal lights." The whole apparatus of the sensational astronomical journalist is made useless in an instant. It is interesting to note that these experiments were conducted by an assistant to M. Flammarion, who has long been the high-priest (in France) of the doctrine of human life on Mars.

In the foregoing no attempt has been made to discuss technical points. These are matters for the scientific journals and for professional astronomers. What is here set down is so simple and obvious that no special knowledge is required to interpret it. It is plain to all that we have the right to conclude that there is not the slightest reason to believe that human life can exist on the planet Mars. If by some miracle a man were suddenly transported to that planet, he would undoubtedly freeze solid in an exceedingly short time. He would find no water there nor sufficient air to breathe. It is more than likely that what air there may be is of a kind fatal to human life. So far as we know, there is no likelihood that life exists on any other planet than the earth. There is not a scintilla of evidence to show that Mercury, Venus, Jupiter, Saturn, and the rest are better fitted to sustain human life than Mars.

These are not the conclusions that have been generally accepted by the readers of recent popular astronomical literature. But any one who will take the pains to examine all the evidence can come to no other judgment.

Since the foregoing article was written, Mr. Nikola Tesla has announced that he is "almost confident" that certain disturbances of his apparatus arise from electric signals received from some source beyond the earth. They do not come from the sun, he says; hence they must be of planetary origin, he thinks; probably from Mars, he guesses. It is a rule of sound philosophizing to examine all probable causes for an unexplained phenomenon before invoking improbable ones. Every experimenter will say that it is "almost" certain that Mr. Tesla has made an error and that the disturbances in question come from currents in our air or in the earth. How can any one possibly know that unexplained currents do *not* come from the sun? The physics of the sun is all but unknown as yet. At any rate, why call the currents "planetary," if one is not quite certain? Why fasten the disturbances of Mr. Tesla's instruments on Mars? Are there no comets that will serve the purpose? May not the instruments have been disturbed by the Great Bear—or the Milky Way—or the Zodiacal Light?

There is always a possibility that great discoveries in Mars and elsewhere, are at hand. The triumphs of the science of the past century are a striking proof. But there is always a strong probability that new phenomena are explicable by old laws. Until Mr. Tesla has shown his apparatus to other experimenters and convinced them as well as himself, it may safely be taken for granted that his signals do not come from Mars.

E. S. H.

A MATTER OF AUTHORITY.

By Henry Wallace Phillips.

HOW? Oh, yes! There's allus more or less queer cusses in a cow-camp (said Billy the cook), an' I usually get more of a chancet to look at their works than most fellers, bein' that I'm a kind of boss, you might say; an' besides that every man's got a tender feelin' for his stummick, which puts the i-dee into his head to square himself with the flapjack artist—that's only a word, you know. I give my boys good raised bread; still, flapjacks is good for breakfast, with surup. Surup? Sure! I wouldn't cook for an outfit that wouldn't furnish surup.

Oncet there was a "supe" sent out from the East—Indianny, I think he hailed from—by the Eastern people that bought the "Circle

Ranch"—'twas a stock company, you understand—an' he just messed an' meddled with everybuddy's business till he had the outfit, from sheep herder to champeen bronc' buster, so durned hawstyle they'd like to bit an ear off him.

"No surup," says he to me; "they don't need it."

"No," I says, "they don't need it no more'n you do horse sense," says I; "but they're goin' to have it if *I* spile the vittles for 'em."

"You're too darn sassy altogether," says he; "you're discharged."

With that, I reached out an' grabbed him by his long nose—he had a beak on him like a pet elephant—an' I give her a twist, one blame good satisfyin' twist, an' I says to him:

"No you don't, old son!" says I. "You don't discharge me once in a million times. I've been twice sheriff of Tula County, an' I've cooked under bosses that had more man in their toe-nails than you've got in your hull body, an' I'll discharge you right now. If I ketch you monkeyin' around this mess wagin' I'll boot you till you'll have a hump on your back like a camel, too, quick. Now you run away, like a sensible little man, before I do somethin' that you'll be sorry for," says I.

He backed off a piece, just tremblin' with fury. "Well, you won't get a cent of salary—not a gol-dinged cent!" says he, shakin' his fist at me.

"Don't make anythin' but small bets on that, pardner," I says. "There's durn few cinches on this earth; an' if I should happen around some night with a shot-gun an' collect in spite of you, you'd feel mean for havin' talked so loud."

An' then I gave him the grand laugh, just as overbearin' an' dirty as I knew how, for I hated the sight of him.

Holy smoke! Wasn't he mad! He fair foamed at the mouth. He tried to say so many things to oncet that they got jammed in his throat. At last he got a clear way on, an' begun to read my pedigree.

Well, all he knew was a lot of old-fashioned cusses an' bad names, with no particler ginger in 'em, an' I'm always willin' to give an excited man room enough to "pitch" in, so I just laughed an' quirted him up with a word or two, until, b'gosh! he gave me the surprise of my life.

From somewheres in that measly carkass of his he raked up nerve enough to yank his gun an' fire. He didn't miss me by such an awful lot either, judgin' by the whistle that went by my ear.

The minute he heard the crack of the gun he was scairt to death. He looked at me, then he chucked the gun away an' flew for home an' mother.

Well, I wasn't goin' to let him get away with that, so I put after him an' nailed him by the scruff of the neck.

As I lugged him back to the wagin I put on a face like Bold Bill, the Terror of Bloody Bones an' Thunder Gulch—gritted my teeth, pulled down my eyebrows, an' crinkled my nose up like a fightin' dawg.

When I slid my eye around on him he just wilted; his phiz got yaller an' shrunk four sizes.

"Are you goin' to kill me?" says he.

"That'll be the least of your troubles," says I, roarin' like a bull; then I raked my jaw sideways till my teeth creaked, an' threw another crimp into him.

He swallered hard, an' shrunk up more yet; his head flopped over like a sick hen's.

"Tell my wife—write her," says he in a voice not louder than a mice's squeak.

I near bust out when I looked at him; but enough of a thing is a plenty, an' I see that I'd carried that part of the joke about far enough, if I didn't want him to drop dead on my hands, so I jams his head down on the bread-board of the wagin an' reached out for a surup can.

"Now, you darned stingy little cuss," I says, "I'll give *you* surup enough anyhow," an' I poured about a pint on his head an' gaumed it all over with a bacon-rind. "Yes, an' more'n enough, too," says I, pullin' out his collar an' pourin' the rest of the can down his back.

Then I gave him a brace of kicks an' cut him loose.

"Da-day, son!" says I, "an' don't you never shoot at me ag'in, or you'll have bad luck!"

Off he lopes for home to wash the surup off, not lovin' me like a brother any part of the time.

The boss didn't stand very high after that. Whenever the boys looked at him they'd see me pourin' surup down his back, an' that ain't dignified for a sup'rintendent.

He an' I got along by his leavin' me strickly alone. You see, he'd tumbled to the fact that there wasn't anybody to help him out, an' he dropped some of his little ways. He quit bully-raggin' the boys, an' acted quite decent.

Now I've got to come to the part of the yarn I don't like pretty much. The play came up like this:

We had a bufferler calf in camp that was

a great pet. Well, Buffy turned up lost one mornin', an' as all the boys were busy, I said I'd take a scout for him after the breakfus' things was cleaned up.

I had an i-dee Mr. Buff had taken to the timber, so in I went, too, followin' the line of the river for easy travelin' until I came to a little slough that headed me off.

I knew it might be miles around it, an' as it wasn't over twenty foot wide I thought I'd try to cross. In the middle was a sand-bar.

I picked up a pole, took a short run, an' jumped for the bar. I landed on it—right up to my middle!

The sand shook like jelly, an' long waves rolled out away from me; where it looked dry before turned wet an' greasy, an' I knew I was elected.

The quicksands on our river were the worst in the country. I remembered that, now that I was in the middle of one of them.

I want to tell you that I never liked bein' smothered. Even when I was a kid, I couldn't stand the covers over my face, an' one of the worst fights I ever had was with a feller that ducked me in swimmin'. Well, sir, now that I was face to face with thinkin' how it would feel to have the cold sand creep up—creep up—me with my head r'ared back to keep goin' as long as possible; then the line gettin' up to my nose spite of all I could do; then breathin' in sand an' water an' chokin'; then no air at all—well, I'll tell the truth. I went crazy an' thrashed an' floundered aroun' like a cat in a fit.

Of course I only got sucked down deeper for that; that's one of the real beauties of a quicksand—the harder you fight the quicker you go down.

Then I come to, all a-sweat an' a-shake; an' I says to myself: "Come, Billy! You're a grown man—this ain't no way for you to act." An' I took stock of my chances to get out.

It didn't take long to figure 'em. I thought of everything a man could think of, an' all it come to was this: Unless somebuddy showed up I had about an hour's dyin' ahead of me, with as low-down an' miserable a finish as a man that stands six-foot in his socks could expect.

Then I hollered for help, you bet; an' anybuddy that heard me would know by the sound that I'd got myself into pretty serious trouble. There's somethin' in the voice of man or animile that's been slammed up ag'in the worst of it that you can't mistake.

Pardner, I laid back my ears an' yelled for fair, though I didn't believe there was the least use in it, as no one had any business within five miles of where I was.

I could fancy I heard my call go wanderin' through the woods, echoin' an' lonesome, not findin' a livin' thing, an' it fair chucked a freeze into me.

I looked up at the sun, which was shinin' warm an' pleasant, an' I says out loud: "You're the only thing that sees me—*me*, Bill Hendricks—dyin' here by inches, an' you don't care a damn, do you?" If I'd had a gun I'd have pulled up an' shot at it, it riled me so.

Well, sir, I'd got so cast with the i-dee that it had come my time to pass in, that when I heard an answerin' whoop I thought my ear sight was workin' a game on me.

Then it popped into my head that some Injuns useter hunt in the brush; so I looked to where the sound come from, expectin' to see a buck heave into sight.

The bushes crackled an' parted—an' there stood that dod-gasted, shrivelled-up, hide-bound little supe! "Sure!" I thinks to myself. "Sure! Of course! Anybuddy might have known you'd be where you didn't have no business to be!" But all I said was "Hello!"

"Hello!" says he; an' he took a step forrud.

"Keep back! Blast yer skin, keep back!" I yells.

"Why, what's the matter?" says he.

Now when I first see him I felt so God-forsaken that I was almost glad, but in a minute it come over me how foul I was fixed, an' for a man as proud an' sassy as I'd allus been to take help from a galoot I'd made a long-eared jackass of was a hard pill, an' my dander riz. So help me Bob! I felt like sayin', "Nothin' is the matter; run on about your business!" an' goin' down like a gentleman. But before I could say that I got madder yet at the hull shootin' match; I lost what little sense I ever had an' cussed that feller red, black, an' blue.

"Matter!" I winds up. "Why, I'm stuck in this four-ply, forty-times-be-damned-to hell-an'-back-ag'in quicksand. What of it?" says I, which was a pretty poor play for a man in my circumstances.

At the word "quicksand" he stepped back—it ain't a pleasant sound—but he looked at me steady.

"I ain't much of a man from your standpoint, Bill," says he; "but I'm altogether too much of a man not to try my little darnedest

to get you out of this, even if you have done me dirt," he says. "What's the first act?" or words to that effeck.

I looked at him, an' he at me. Then I thinks, "I wonder if you have got the right stuff in you?" So I says: "Perhaps you could feel a way out to me—it's risky, but you might make it."

"I'll try it, anyhow," says he, though he got blue around the gills.

"Hold!" says I. "Have you got a rope with you?" For the first question was only to try his sand—there wasn't any sense in it.

"No!" says he.

Then I see he had an ax.

"Can you drop that tree so it'll fall near me?" I asks.

He lit into the tree without answerin'—an' say! he could swing an ax! He knocked out chips three inches thick, an' felled the tree so true that it come down right over my head, but, of course, too high up for me to reach.

Then he crawled out on it an' stretched his arms down to me.

"Shake, pardner," says I, as I grabbed his hands, for the thing sure did have a funny side to it.

Well, the tussle began, for I wasn't out of the hole yet by a durn sight. Each inch I'd gain that sand would go "Su-oop!" like it was growlin' at my gettin' away; but slow an' steady done it, an' at last I was on top of the tree so plumb tuckered-out that I shook like a quakin' asp.

The supe started bindin' up one of his wrists that got pretty badly scratched ag'in the tree.

When he'd finished, "Come with me," says I.

"Why," says he, "I wanted to——"

"You come with me!" I says in a voice that showed there wa'n't no foolin' about it.

"All right," he says, "I'll come, because I've got to; but I'll say this, Bill Hendricks, you might at least said 'thankee' an' not started crowdin' me right away ag'in."

"It ain't your turn to talk," says I. "Come along!"

So back we went to the mess wagin, neither of us sayin' a word the hull distance.

When we got in sight, we see the boys standin' around wonderin' what in Sam Hill had become of the cook an' dinner; then, when they spotted me all covered with mud comin' along with the supe, their eyes bunged out so you could hang your hat on 'em—they thought the Devil was out on the bum, sure.

Well, I hauled up an' addressed the meetin'.

"My friends," says I, "I'll ask you all—if I ain't allus tried to do the square thing?"

"Why, yes," says they. "You're all right, Billy. What's eatin' you now?"

"You know what's happened between this little man an' me," I says, laying my hand down on the supe's shoulder. "Well, he's just quit savin' my life this minute; now we're goin' to fix things even."

With that I marches him over to the mess wagin.

"There's your can of surup, pardner," I says; "pour it in my hair."

He began to argue an' make a fuss.

"I suppose you know who you're foolin' with?" says I. "Now you do it, an' blame quick."

So he done it.

I handed him a piece of bacon-rind. "Gaum her around," I says.

An' he done that, too.

"Now down my back."

An' down she went. Holy Sufferin'! Didn't it feel nasty!

When the ceremonies was over I kicked the can in the creek an' stuck out my fin.

"Shake ag'in, old man," says I. "We're square with the board."

He shook fair an' hearty, kinder grinnin' in spite of himself, while the boys was fair bustin' at the pretty picter I made.

"An' moreover," says I, "I'll admit that I'm discharged." So I picked up my saddle an' started for my old cayuse; but the supe run after me an' grabbed me by the arm.

"Now don't you be a fool, Bill," says he. "Let's drop the whole dod-ratted business."

So we let it go at that. An' do you know, he was as white a little man as you ever see as long as he was with us! When he left we give him a gold watch with "from his lovin' friends of the Chantay Ranch" marked on it—we made a man of that feller.

The only onpleasant part of the business was that I had to listen to Old Man Thompson say about twicet to each meal: "Humph! psh! Before I'd let any man on two legs pour surup in my hair!—Well, if I was ten year younger——"

But about that time all the boys would begin to holler like a herd of tom-cats, so we never found out what might have happened.

REFORM THROUGH SOCIAL WORK.

SOME FORCES THAT TELL FOR DECENCY IN NEW YORK CITY.

By Theodore Roosevelt.

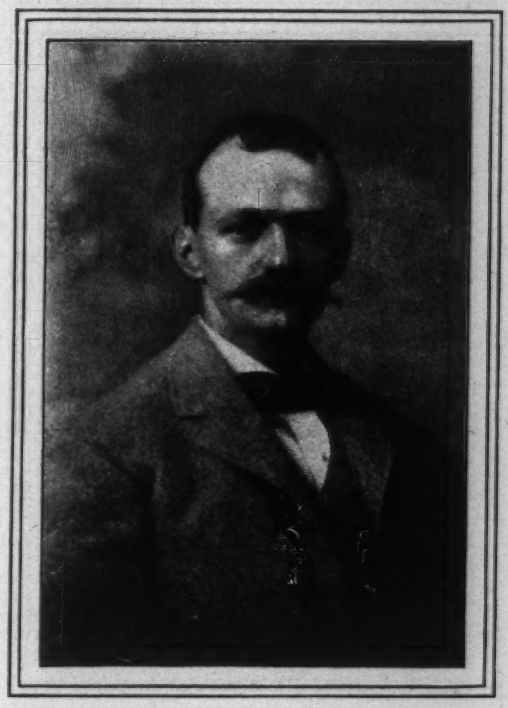
ANY one who has a serious appreciation of the immensely complex problems of our present-day life, and of those kinds of benevolent effort which for lack of a better term we group under the name of philanthropy, must realize the infinite diversity there is in the field of social work. Each man can, of course, do best if he takes up that branch of work to which his tastes and his interests lead him, and the field is of such large size that there is more than ample room for every variety of workman. Of course there are certain attributes which must be possessed in common by all who want to do well. The worker must possess not only resolution, firmness of purpose, broad charity, and great-hearted sympathy, but he must also possess common-sense sanity, and a wholesome aversion alike to the merely sentimental and the merely spectacular. The soup-kitchen style of philanthropy is worse than useless, for in philanthropy as everywhere else in life almost as much harm is done by soft-headedness as by hard-heartedness. The highest type of philanthropy is that which springs from the feeling of brotherhood, and which, therefore, rests on the self-respecting, healthy basis of mutual obligation and common effort. The best way to raise any one is to join with him in an effort whereby both you and he are raised by each helping the other. This is what has been done in those factories in Cleveland, Dayton, Pittsburg, and elsewhere, in which the betterment of working life has been aimed at, and partially achieved, through measures beneficial alike to employer and employed.

Any man who takes an active part in the varied, hurried, and interesting life of New York must be struck, not only by the number of the forces which tell for evil, but by the number of the forces which tell for good. Of course most of these are not, in the narrow sense of the term, philanthropic forces at all; but many of them are, and among these there is the widest variety. In this paper it is only possible to touch upon a very few of the ways in which philanthropic work of worth is being done in New York City. It is necessary to speak of individuals, because otherwise it would be impossible to emphasize the widely different kinds of work which can thus be done. These individuals are mentioned simply as typifying certain phases, certain methods. There are countless others who could be mentioned; it merely happens that these particular men have occupied to advantage certain widely different parts of the great field of usefulness.

Much can be done in downright charitable work, and there are great fragments of our social life in which the work must be in part or in whole charitable. The charity workers do an amount of good which in some cases is literally inestimable. Yet, on the whole, it becomes ever increasingly evident that the largest opportunity for work along the lines of social and civic betterment lie with the independent classes of the community—the classes which have not yielded to the many kinds of downward pressure always so strong in city life. Sometimes this work may take the form of an organized effort to secure greater equality of opportunity. Sometimes the best way to work is the oldest and simplest; that is, by trying the effect of character upon character.

Political and social conditions are often closely interwoven, and always tend to act and react upon one another. It is impossible to have a high standard of political life in a community sunk in sodden misery and ignorance; and where there is industrial well-being there is at least a chance of its going hand in hand with the moral and intellectual uplifting which will secure cleanliness and efficiency in the public service. Politics have been entered by a good many different doors, but in New York City Mr. F. Norton Goddard is probably the only man who ever entered on the career of a district leader by the door of philanthropy. Mr. Goddard, feeling he ought to do something serious in life, chose a quarter on the East Side for his experiment, and he entered upon

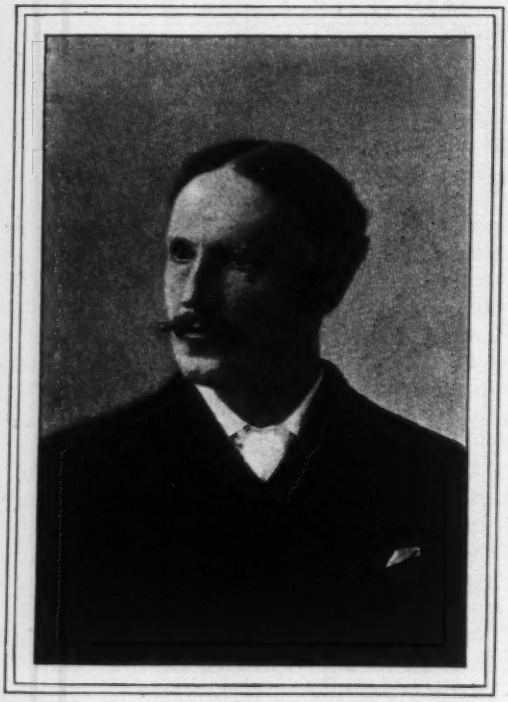
it without the slightest thought of going into politics, simply taking a room in a tenement house with the idea of testing his own capacities and to find out if he was fit to do what has grown to be known as "settlement work." He speedily became very much interested in the men with whom he was thrown in contact, and also became convinced that he personally could do most by acting, not in connection with others, but for his own hand. After a few weeks he joined a small club which met at first in a single room. From this one room sprang in the course of a couple of years the Civic Club at 243 East Thirty-fourth Street, than which there exists in all New York no healthier center of energetic social and political effort. Very speedily Mr. Goddard found himself brought into hostile and embarrassing contact with that huge and highly organized system of corruption, tempered with what may be called malevolent charity, which we know as Tammany. Every foe of decency, from the policy player to the protected proprietor of a law-breaking saloon, had some connection with Tammany, and every move in any direction resulted in contact of some sort with a man or institution under Tammany's control. Mr. Goddard soon realized that organization must be met by organization; and, being a thoroughly practical man, he started in to organize the decent forces in such fashion as would enable him to check organized indecency. He made up his mind that the Republican party organization offered the best chance for the achievement of his object. As it then was, however, the Republican organization of the district in question served but little purpose save to deliver delegates in conventions, and was under the control of men who, although some degrees above the Tammany leaders, had no conception of running things on the plane which Goddard deemed necessary. There were three courses open to him: He could acquiesce helplessly; he could start an outside organization, in which case the chances were a thousand to one that it would amount to nothing; or he could make a determined effort to control for good purposes the existing Republican organization. He chose the latter alternative, and began a serious campaign to secure his object. There was at the time a fight in the Republican organization between two factions, both of which were headed by professional politicians. Both factions at the outset looked upon Goddard's methods with amused contempt, expecting that he would go the gait which they had seen so many other young men go, where they lacked either persistency or hard common sense. But Goddard was a practical man. He spent his days and evenings in perfecting his own organization, using the Civic Club as a center. He already had immense influence in the district, thanks to what he had done in the Civic Club, and at this, his first effort, he was able to make an organization which, while it could not have availed against the extraordinary drill and discipline of Tammany, was able overwhelmingly to beat the far feebler machine of the regular Republican politicians. At the primary he got more votes than both his antagonists put together. No man outside of politics can realize the paralyzed astonishment with which the result was viewed by the politicians in every other Assembly district. Here at last was a reformer whose aspirations took exceedingly efficient shape as deeds; who knew what could and what could not be done; who was never content with less than the possible best, but who never threw away that possible best because it was not the ideal best; who did not try to reform the universe, but merely his own



F. NORTON GODDARD,
District leader, philanthropist, and foe of Tammany.

district; and who understood thoroughly that though speeches and essays are good, downright hard work of the common-sense type is infinitely better.

It is more difficult to preserve the fruits of a victory than to win the victory. Mr. Goddard did both. A year later, when the old-school professional politicians attempted to oust him from his party leadership in the district association, he beat them more overwhelmingly than before; and when the Republican National Convention came around he went still further afield, beat out his opponents in the Congressional district, and sent two delegates to Philadelphia. Nor was his success confined to the primary. In both the years of his leadership he has enormously increased the Republican vote in his district, doing better relatively than any other district leader in the city. He does this by adopting the social methods of Tammany, only using them along clean lines. The Tammany leader keeps his hold by incessant watchfulness over every element, and almost every voter, in his district. Neither his objects nor his methods are good; but he does take a great deal of pains, and he is obliged to do much charitable work; although it is not benevolence of a healthy kind. Mr. Goddard was already, through the Civic Club, doing just this kind of work, on a thoroughly healthy basis. Going into politics had immensely helped with the club, for it had given a great common interest to all of the men. Of course Goddard could have done nothing if he had not approached his work in a genuine American spirit of entire respect for himself and for those with whom and for whom he labored. Any condescension, any patronizing spirit would have spoiled everything. But the spirit which exacts respect and yields it, which is anxious always to help in a mood of simple brotherhood, and which is glad to accept help in return—this is the spirit which enables men of every degree of wealth and of widely varying social conditions to work together in heartiest good will, and to the immense benefit of all. It is thus that Mr. Goddard has worked. His house is in the district and he is in close touch with every one. If a man is sick with pneumonia, some member of the Civic Club promptly comes around to consult Goddard as to what hospital he shall be taken to. If another man is down on his luck, it is Goddard who helps him along through the hard times. If a boy has been wild and got into trouble and gone to the penitentiary, it is Goddard who is appealed to to see whether anything can be done for him. The demands upon his time and patience are innumerable. The reward, it is to be supposed, must come from the consciousness of doing well work which is emphatically well worth doing. A very shrewd politician said the other day that if there were twenty such men as Goddard in twenty such districts as his, New York City would be saved from Tammany, and that in the process the Republican machine would be made heartily responsive to and representative of the best sentiment of the Republicans of the several districts.



DR. W. S. RAINSFORD,

Rector of St. George's Church, one of the most potent forces in New York City for the social uplifting of the poor.

The University Settlements do an enormous amount of work. As has been well said, they demand on the part of those who work in them infinitely more than the sacrifice of almsgiving, for they demand a helping hand in that progress which for the comfort of all must be given to all; they help people to help themselves, not only in work and self-support, but in right thinking and right living. It would be hard to mention any form of civic effort for righteous-

ness which has not received efficient aid from Mr. James B. Reynolds and his fellow-workers in the University Settlement. They have stood for the forces of good in politics, in social life, in warring against crime, in increasing the sum of material pleasures. They work hand in hand, shoulder to shoulder, with those whom they seek to benefit, and they themselves share in the benefit. They make their house the center for all robust agencies for social betterment. They have consistently endeavored to work with, rather than merely for, the community; to coöperate in honorable friendship with all who are struggling upward. Only those who know the appalling conditions of life in the swarming tenements that surround the University Settlement can appreciate what it has done. It has almost inevitably gone into politics now and then, and whenever it has done so has exercised a thoroughly healthy influence. It has offered to the people of the neighborhood educational and social opportunities ranging from a dancing academy and musical classes, to literary clubs, a library, and a children's bank—the clubs being administered on the principle of self-management and self-government. It has diligently undertaken to coöperate with all local organizations such as trade unions, benefit societies, social clubs, and the like, provided only that their purposes were decent. The Settlement has always desired to coöperate with independent forces rather than merely to lead or direct the dependent forces of society. Its work in coöperation with trade unions has been of special value both in helping them where they have done good work, and in endeavoring to check any tendency to evil in any particular union. It has, for instance, consistently labored to secure the settlement of strikes, by consultation or arbitration, before the bitterness has become so great as to prevent any chance of a settlement. All this is aside from its work of sociological investigation and its active coöperation with those public officials who, like the late Colonel Waring, desired such aid.

ARTHUR VON BRIESEN,
Founder of the Legal Aid Society.

Healthy political endeavor should, of course, be one form of social work. This truth is not recognized as it should be. Perhaps, also, there is some, though a far lesser, failure to recognize that a living church organization should, more than any other, be a potent force in social uplifting. Churches are needed for all sorts and conditions of men under every kind of circumstances; but surely the largest field of usefulness is open to that church in which the spirit of brotherhood is a living and vital force, and not a cold formula; in which the rich and poor gather together to aid one another in work for a common end. Brother can best help brother, not by almsgiving, but by joining with him in an intelligent and resolute effort for the uplifting of all. It is towards this that St. George's Church, under Dr. W. S. Rainsford, has steadily worked. The membership of St. George's Church is in a great majority composed of working people—and young working people at that. It is a free church with a membership of over 4,000, most of the members having come in by way of the Sunday-school. Large sums of money are raised, not from a few people, but from the many. An honest effort has been made to study the conditions of life in the neighborhood, and through the church to remedy those which were abnormal. One of the troubles on the East Side is the lack of opportunity for young people, boys and girls, to meet save where the surroundings are unfavorable to virtue. In St. George's Church this need is, so far as can be, met by meetings—debating societies, clubs, social entertainments,

etc., in the large parish building. Years ago the dances needed to be policed by chosen ladies and gentlemen and clergymen. Now the whole standard of conduct has been so raised that the young people conduct their own entertainments as they see fit. There is a large athletic club and industrial school, a boys' battalion and men's club; there are sewing classes, cooking classes, and a gymnasium for working girls. Dr. Rainsford's staff includes both men and women, the former living at the top of the parish house, the latter in the little deaconess-house opposite. Every effort is made to keep in close touch with wage-workers, and this not merely for their benefit, but quite as much for the benefit of those who are brought in touch with them.

The church is, of all places, that in which men should meet on the basis of their common humanity under conditions of sympathy and mutual self-respect. All must work alike in the church in order to get the full benefit from it; but it is not the less true that we have a peculiar right to expect systematic effort from men and women of education and leisure. Such people should justify by their work the conditions of society which have rendered possible their leisure, their education, and their wealth. Money can never take the place of service, and though here and there it is absolutely necessary to have the paid worker, yet normally he is not an adequate substitute for the volunteer.

Of course St. George's Church has not solved all the social problems in the immediate neighborhood which is the field of its special effort. But it has earnestly tried to solve some at least, and it has achieved a very substantial measure of success towards their solution. Perhaps, after all, the best work done has been in connection with the development of the social side of the church organization. Reasonable opportunities for social intercourse are an immense moral safeguard, and young people of good character and steady habits should be encouraged to meet under conditions which are pleasant and which also tell for decency. The work of a down-town church in New York City presents difficulties that are unique, but it also presents opportunities that are unique. In the case of St. George's Church it is only fair to say that the difficulties have been overcome, and the opportunities taken advantage of, to the utmost.

Aside from the various kinds of work outlined above, where the main element is the coming together of people for the purpose of helping one another to rise higher, there is, of course, a very large field for charitable work proper. For such work there must be thorough organization of the kind supplied, for instance, by the State Charities Aid Association. Here, again, the average outsider would be simply astounded to learn of the amount actually accomplished every year by the association.

A peculiar and exceedingly desirable form of work, originally purely charitable, although not now as exclusively so, is that of the Legal Aid Society, founded by Arthur von Briesen. It was founded to try to remedy the colossal injustice which was so often encountered by the poorest and most ignorant immigrants; it has been extended to shield every class, native and foreign. There are always among the poor and needy thousands of helpless individuals who are preyed upon by sharpers of different degrees. If very poor, they may have no means whatever of obtaining redress; and, especially if they are foreigners ignorant of the language, they may also be absolutely ignorant as to what steps should be taken in order to right the wrong that has been done them. The injuries that are done may seem trivial; but they are not trivial to the sufferers, and the aggregate amount of misery caused is enormous. The Legal Aid Society has made it its business to take up these cases and secure justice. Every conceivable variety of case is attended to. The woman who has been deserted or maltreated by her husband, the poor serving-maid who has been swindled out of her wages, the ignorant immigrant who has fallen a victim to some sharper, the man of no knowledge of our language or laws who has been arrested for doing something which he supposed was entirely proper—all these and countless others like them apply for relief, and have it granted in tens of thousands of cases every year. It should be remembered that the good done is not merely to the sufferers themselves, it is also a good done to society, for it leaves in the mind of the newcomer to our shores, not the rankling memory of wrong and injustice, but the feeling that, after all, here in the New World, where he has come to seek his fortune, there are disinterested men who endeavor to see that the right prevails.

Some men can do their best work in an organization. Some, though they occasionally work in an organization, can do best by themselves. Recently a man, well qualified to pass judgment, alluded to Mr. Jacob A.

Riis as "the most useful citizen of New York." Those fellow-citizens of Mr. Riis who best know his work will be most apt to agree with this statement. The countless evils which lurk in the dark corners of our civic institutions, which stalk abroad in the slums, and have their permanent abode in the crowded tenement houses, have met in Mr. Riis the most formidable opponent ever encountered by them in New York City. Many earnest men and earnest women have been stirred to the depths by the want and misery and foul crime which are bred in the crowded blocks of tenement rookeries. These men and women have planned and worked, intelligently and resolutely, to overcome the evils. But to Mr. Riis was given, in addition to earnestness and zeal, the great gift of expression, the great gift of making others see what he saw and feel what he felt. His book, "How the Other Half Lives," did really go a long way toward removing the ignorance in which one-half of the world of New York dwelt concerning the life of the other half. Moreover, Mr. Riis possessed the further great advantage of having himself passed through not a few of the experiences of which he had to tell. Landing here, a young Danish lad, he had for years gone through the hard struggle that so often attends even the bravest and best when they go out without money to seek their fortunes in a strange and alien land. The horror of the police lodging-houses struck deep in his soul, for he himself had lodged in them. The brutality of some of the police he had himself experienced. He had been mishandled, and had seen the stray dog which was his only friend killed for trying, in dumb friendship, to take his part. He had known what it was to sleep in door-steps and go days in succession without food. All these things he remembered, and his work as a reporter on the New York "Sun" has enabled him in the exercise of his profession to add to his knowledge. There are certain qualities the reformer must have if he is to be a real reformer and not merely a faddist; for of course every reformer is in continual danger of slipping into the mass of well-meaning people who in their advocacy of the impracticable do more harm than good. He must possess high courage, disinterested desire to do good, and sane, wholesome common sense. These qualities he must have; and it is furthermore much to his benefit if he also possesses a sound sense of humor. All four traits are possessed by Jacob Riis. No rebuff, no seeming failure, has ever caused him to lose faith. The memory of his own trials never soured him. His keen sense of the sufferings of others never clouded his judgment, never led him into hysterical or sentimental excess, the pit into which not a few men are drawn by the very keenness of their sympathies; and which some other men avoid, not because they are wise, but because they are cold-hearted. He ever advocates mercy, but he ever recognizes the need of justice. The mob leader, the bomb-thrower have no sympathy from him. No man has ever insisted more on the danger which comes to the community from the lawbreaker. He sets himself to kill the living evil, and small is his kinship with the dreamers who seek the impossible, the men who *talk* of reconstituting the entire social order, but who do not *work* to lighten the burden of mankind by so much as a feather's weight. Every man who strives, be it ever so feebly, to do good according to the light that is in him, can count on the aid of Jacob Riis if the chance comes. Whether the man is a public official, like Colonel Waring, seeking to raise some one

JACOB A. RIIS,
"The most useful citizen of New York."

branch of the city government; whether he is interested in a boys' club up in the country; or in a scheme for creating small parks in the city; or in an effort to better the conditions of tenement-house life—no matter what his work is, so long as his work is useful, he can count on the aid of the man who perhaps more than any other knows the needs of the varied people who make up the great bulk of New York's population.

Half a dozen men have been mentioned, each only as a type of those who in the seething life of the great city do, in their several ways and according to their strength and varying capacities, strive to do their duty to their neighbor. No hard-and-fast rule can be laid down as to the way in which such work must be done; but most certainly every man, whatever his position, should strive to do it in some way and to some degree. If he strives earnestly he will benefit himself probably quite as much as he benefits others, and he will inevitably learn a great deal. At first it may be an effort to him to cast off certain rigid conventions, but real work of any kind is a great educator, and soon helps any man to single out the important from the unimportant. If such a worker has the right stuff in him he soon grows to accept without effort each man on his worth as a man, and to disregard his means, and what is called his social position; to care little whether he is a Catholic or Protestant, a Jew or a Gentile; to be utterly indifferent whether he was born here or in Ireland, in Germany or in Scandinavia; provided only that he has in him the spirit of sturdy common sense and the resolute purpose to strive after the light as it is given him to see the light.

THE GOLDEN DAYS.

By Josephine Dodge Daskam.

I wonder where the Fairy-book can be,
The book from which she read to you and me,
While the warm sunlight shifted down the tree?

And the brown eyes turned downward to the leaf,
Tear-spotted by two tiny people's grief,
When Death bound one more princess in his sheaf.

I wonder where the Rocking-horse has run
Who carried us before the day was done,
To all the lands that lie beneath the sun?

And the dear lips of her we loved so well
Kissed us more sweetly than our tongue could tell,
When the too daring riders swayed and fell.

I wonder where the crimson peaches grow
We caught together when she threw them, so,
And ran with her to hide them, laughing low?

And her light feet were swifter yet than ours,
And her soft cheeks were like two rosy flowers—
Ah, Time and Death, ye too malignant powers!

BILLY'S TEARLESS WOE

BY FREDERIC REMINGTON

MR BOLETTE, ranchman, sat with me on the corral fence looking away at the yellow meadows—seeing them through our squinted eyelids, as they rolled one plain into another—growing pink and more cold, losing themselves in blue hills, until one had to squint the more to distinguish what was finally land and what was cloud form. When a mortal looks on these things he ceases to think—it does him so little good. As a mental proposition it is too exhausting. Like the ocean lying quiet at mid-day, it is only fit for brown study.

Presently our vision came back to the vicinity of the corral fence, where was passing a cow-puncher on a pony with a small basket on his arm.

"Good-by, Billy," sung out Bolette.

The individual addressed simply turned his solemn brown face to us, and broke away into a gentle lope.

"That basket is full of pie," exclaimed the ranch owner.

"Pie?"

"Yes; it's the only bait that will draw Billy off the range, 'cept medicine for a dog."

"Medicine for a dog?"

"Oh, yes; Billy's all snarled up with a Scotch stag-hound. He just is naturally in love with the beast—won't let us put out wolf poison on account of him."

The receding Billy was a handsome figure on a horse; bronzed, saturnine, silent. This might in no way distinguish him among his kind, except that it did. He was pronouncedly more so than others. His mission with the Coon Skin outfit was horse-wrangler and rider of the western fence. He lived in a tent miles away in a small horse pasture on the banks of the Little Big Horn, and only came up to the ranch buildings at long intervals to report matters, and petition for pie. One of Billy's few weaknesses lay strong on the fat pastries fabricated by the Coon Skin *chef*. He rarely stayed longer than was necessary to tell Mr. Bolette that "Brindle Legs" got cut up in some wire which had been carried down by the flood, that "Sloppy Weather" had a sore back, and to recommend the selling of "Magpie" before time set too strong against him, and to acquire the pie.

As Billy grew smaller on the rolling grass,

Mr. Bolette observed: "That puncher don't come here often, and he don't stay long, but his dog is sick now, and he can't stay at all. It beats all how that boy hooks up to that dog. He don't appear to care for anything or anybody in the world but Keno. I don't believe that Billy has a brand on anything but that pup. Most of these punchers and line-riders tie up a little to some of the Pocahontases from the agency, but I never saw one around Billy's camp. If they ever are there, they hunt brush when they see me cleaving the air. Maybe it's a good thing for me. Most of these punchers have got a bad case of the gypsies, and that dog seems to hold Billy level. Now the dog is sick. He is getting thinner and thinner—won't eat, and I don't know what's the matter with him. Dogs don't round up much in cow-outfits. Do you know anything about a dog? Can you feel a dog's pulse and figure out what is going on under his belt?"

I admitted my helplessness in the matter.

"Taps, chaps, and ladigo straps—if that dog don't get well my horses can look after themselves, and if he dies, Billy will make the Big Red Medicine. I lose anyway," and Mr. Bolette slid off the fence.

"I reckon we had better go over to Billy's pasture to-morrow, and shove some drugs into Keno. If it don't do any good it may help bring things to a head—so that's what we'll do."

On the morrow, late in the afternoon, we took down the bars in front of Billy's lonely tent on the banks of the Little Big Horn.

On a bright Navajo blanket in the tent lay a big, black, Scotch stag-hound—the sick Keno—Billy's idol. He raised his eyelids at us, but closed them again wearily.

"Don't touch him," sharply said Bolette. "I wouldn't touch him with a shovel in his grave when Billy wasn't around. He's a holy terror. When one of these Injuns about here wants to dine with Billy, he gets off on that hill and sings bass at Billy, till Billy comes out in front and rides the peace-sign; otherwise he wouldn't come into camp at all. An Injun would just as soon go against a ghost as this dog. Keno never did like anything about Injuns except the taste, and it's a good thing for a line-rider to have some safeguard on his mess-box. These Injuns calculate that a cow-puncher is a pretty close relation, and Injuns don't let little matters like grub stand between kinfolks. Then again there are white men who cut this range that need watching, and Keno never played favorites. He was always willing to hook onto anybody that showed up, and say, when that dog was in good health you wouldn't want to mix up with him much."

Over the hills from the south came a speck—a horseman—Billy himself, as the ranchman said. Slowly the figure drew on—now going out of sight in the wavy plains—moving steadily toward the tent by the river. He dismounted at the bars with the stiff drop peculiar to his species, and, coming in, began to untackle his horse.

He never bowed to us, nor did he greet us. He never cast his eyes on us sitting there so far from any other people in that world of his. In the guild of riders politeness in any form is not an essential—indeed, it is almost a sign of weakness to their minds, because it must necessarily display emotion of a rather tender sort. Odds Fish! Zounds! Away with it. It is not of us. Suffice it to Billy that he could see us for the last three miles sitting there, and equally we were seeing him. What more?

Untying two Arctic hares from his saddle, he straddled on his horseman's legs to Keno's bed and patted him on the head. Keno looked up and licked his hand, and then his face, as he bent toward him. For a little time they looked at each other, while Bolette and I pared softly at two sticks with our jack-knives.

Then Billy got up, came out, and began to skin his rabbits. As he slit one down, he said: "I had to work for these two jacks. When Keno was well he thinned them out round here. Whenever he got after a rabbit it was all day with him. I'm going to make some soup for him. He won't stand for no tin grub," said Billy, as he skinned away.

"Have you any idea what's the matter with the dog?" was asked.

"No, I don't savvy his misery. I'd give up good if there was a doctor within wagon-shot of this place. I'd bring him out here if I had to steal him. I'm afraid the dog has got 'to Chicago.'* He can't eat, and he's got to eat to live, I reckon. I've fixed up all kinds of hash for him—more kinds than Riley's Chinaman can make over to the station, and Keno won't even give it a smell. I lay out to shoot a little rabbit soup into him about once a day, but it's like fillin' ole ca'tridge shells. Been sort of hopin' he might take a notion to come again. Seen a man once that far gone that the boys built

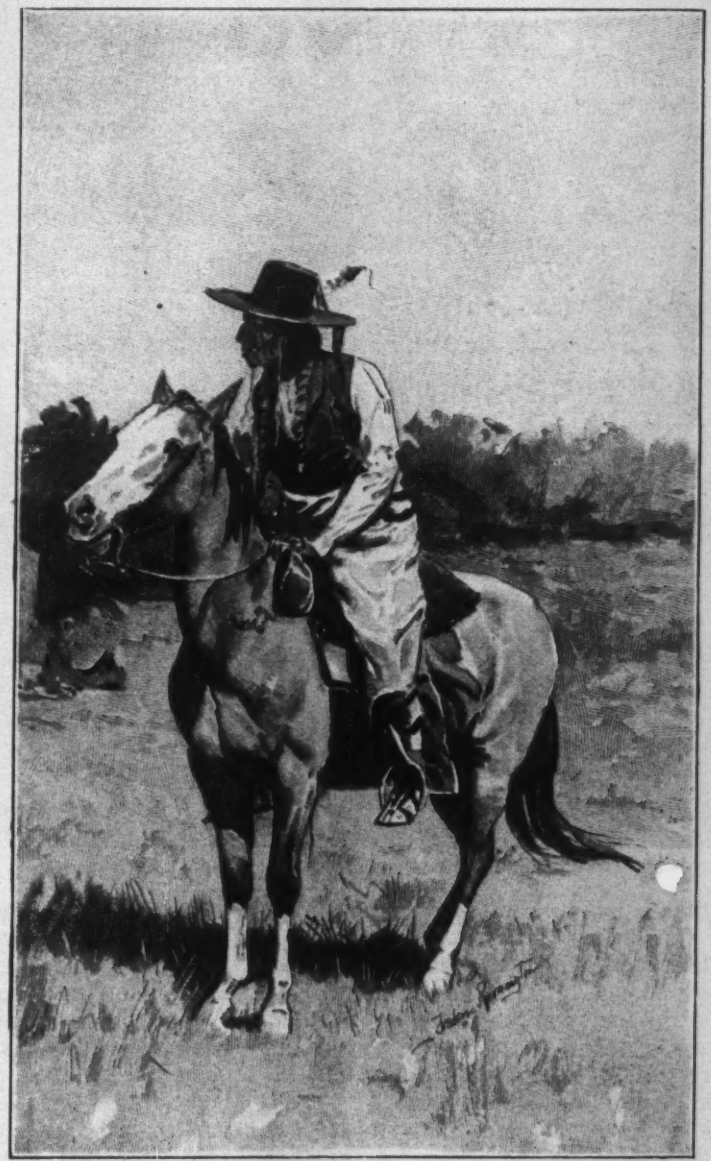
* To die.

a box for him. And that man is a-ridin' somewhere in the world to-day."

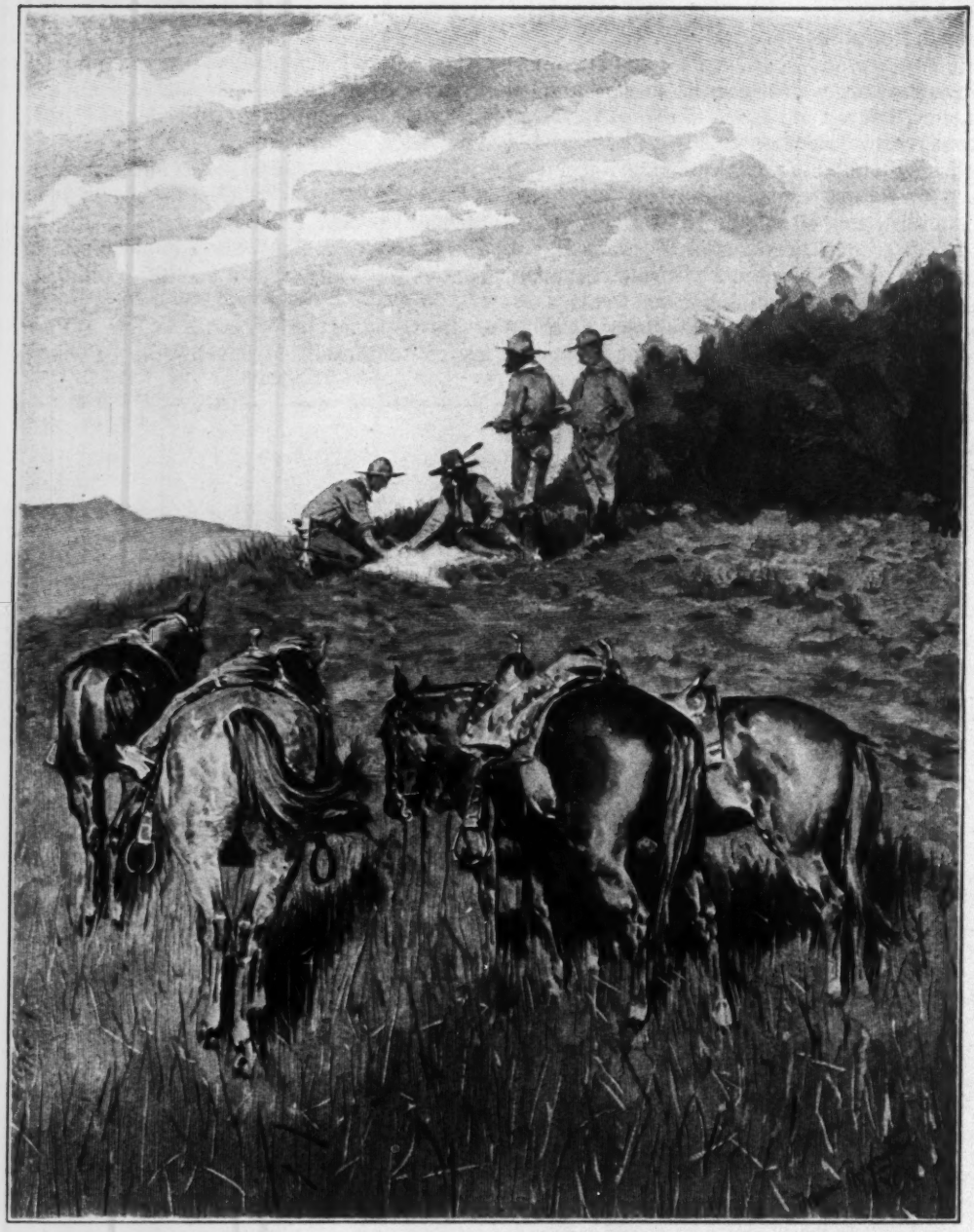
Billy made his soup, and we put aconite and cowtownie whiskey in it. The troubled puncher poured it down Keno's resisting throat with a teaspoon until the patient fell back on the blanket exhausted. After this the poor fellow went around to the far side of the tent, and, sitting down, gazed vacantly into the woods across the Big Horn. A passing word from us met with no response. The man himself would not show his emotions, though the listless melancholy was an emotion, but the puncher did not recognize it as such. The fierce and lonely mind was being chastened, but so long as we were the other side of the canvas there could be no weakness; at least he would not have permitted that—not for an instant—had he known.

Night came on, and, with supper finished, we turned into our blankets. My eyes were opened several times during the night by the flashes of a light, and I could distinguish that it was Billy with a candle, looking over his dog.

In the morning Bolette and I rode the range in pursuit of his details of business



"'BILLY, I FIND HIM DOG...'"



THE BURIAL OF KENO.

management—fences and washouts, the new Texan two-year-olds, and the sizing up of the beef steers fit for Chicago, and then back to Billy's on the second day.

As we jogged up the river, we saw several Indians trailing about in the brush by the river—weird and highly colored figures—leading their ponies and going slowly. They were looking for a lost object, a trail possibly.

"What are they doing?" I asked.

"Don't you put in your time worrying what Injuns are doing," said Bolette. "When they are doing anything, it's worse than when they ain't doing anything. An Injun is all right when he is doing nothing. I like him laying down better than standing up."

"Oh! I say, old 'One Feather,' what you do, hey?" shouted Bolette, and "One Feather," thus addressed, came slowly forward to us.

"Ugh—Billy's dog he cow-eek—he go die—get fi' dollar mabeso we find um."

Bolette turned in his saddle to me, and with a wide, open-eyed wonderment slowly told off the words, "Billy's—kettle—is full—of mud," and I savvied.

This time we approached the camp from down the river, through a brush trail, and Bolette pulled up his horse on the fringe, pointing and saying in a whisper, "Look at Billy."

Sure enough, by the tent on a box sat the bent-over form of the puncher who despised his own emotions. His head was face downward in his hands. He was drawing on the reserve of his feelings, no doubt.

We rode up, and Bolette sang out: "Hello, Billy; hear Keno's passed it up. Sorry 'bout that, Billy. Had to go, though, I suppose. That's life, Billy. We'll all go that way, sooner or later. Don't see any use of worrying."

Billy got up quickly, saying: "Sure thing. Didn't see anything of the pup, did you?" His face was dry and drawn.

"No. Why?"

"Oh, d—n him, he pulled out on me!" and Billy started for his picketed horse.

In chorus we asked, "What do you mean—he pulled out on you?"

Turning quickly, raising his chin, and with the only arm gesture I ever saw him make, he said quickly: "He left me—he went away from me—he pulled out—savvy? Now what do you suppose he wanted to do that for? To me!"

We explained that it was a habit of animals to take themselves off on the approach of death—that they seem to want to die alone; but the idea took no grip on Billy's mind, for he still stood facing us, saying: "But he shouldn't have gone away from me—I would never have deserted him. If I was going to die for it I wouldn't have left him."

Saddling his horse, he took a pan of cooked food and started away down the river, returning after some hours with the empty tin. "I put out fresh grub every day so Keno can get something to eat if he finds it. I put little *caches* of corn-beef every few rods along the river, enough to give him strength to get back to me. He may be weak, and he may be lost. It's no use to tell me that Keno wouldn't come back to me if he could get back. I don't give a d—n what dogs do when they die. Keno wouldn't do what any ordinary dog would."

We sat about under the shadow of the great trouble, knowing better than to offer weak words to one whose rugged nature would find nothing but insult in them, when an Indian trotted up, and, leaning over his horse's neck, said, "Billy, I find him dog—he in de river—drown—you follar me."

In due time we trotted in single file after the blanketed form of Know-Coose. For five miles down the Little Big Horn we wended our way, and the sun was down on the western hills when the Indian turned abruptly into some long sedge-grass and stopped his horse, pointing.

We dismounted, and, sure enough, there lay Keno—not a lovely thing to look at after two days of water and buzzards and sun.

"He must have gone to the river and fallen in from weakness," was ventured.

"No, there was water in the tent," snapped the surly cow-boy in response, for this implied a lack of attention on his part. As there was clearly no use for human comfort in Billy's case, we desisted.

The cow-puncher and the Indian went back on the dry ground, and, with their gloved hands and knives, dug a shallow grave. The puncher took a fine Navajo blanket from his saddle, and in it the carefully wrapped remains of Keno were deposited in the hole. A fifty-dollar blanket was all that Billy could render up to Keno now, excepting the interment in due form, and the rigid repression of all unseemly emotion.

"I wouldn't have pulled out on him. I don't see what he wanted to go pull out on me for," Billy said softly, as we again mounted and took up our backward march.

When we reached camp there was no Billy. After supper he did not come, and for hours there was no Billy, and in the morning there was no Billy.

"I have got it put up," soliloquized Bolette, "that Billy is making medicine over in Riley's saloon at the station, and I reckon I can get a new horse-wrangler, because if I understand the curves of that puncher's mental get-up, New Mexico or Arizona will see William Fling about ten days from now, or some country as far from Keno as he can travel on what money Riley don't get."

So it was that Keno and Billy passed without tears from the knowledge of men.

KIM.

By Rudyard Kipling.

EDITORIAL SUMMARY OF THE PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Kim is the orphan son of one Kimball O'Hara, once color-sergeant of an Irish regiment stationed in India. Kim is harbored by a half-caste woman, who has sewn his inheritance into a leather amulet-case and hung it about his neck. This property consists of three papers, O'Hara's "*ne varietur*," his clearance-certificate, and Kim's birth-certificate. The father, dying of opium, talked of how these documents would bring Kim the friendship of the regiment—the regiment whose flag is a red bull on a green field; but to the half-caste woman it seemed that he spoke of devils, whose god was a red bull, and who were to work magic for Kim, and it was thus that Kim came to conceive the matter.

So when he strikes up acquaintance with an old lama pilgriming in the footsteps of Buddha, and takes to him with boyish devotion, Kim, too, concludes to go wandering with the old man, reflecting that thus he stands the better chance of meeting the devils and the red bull.

Mahbub Ali is a horse-trader who, in the locked books of the Indian Secret Service, is registered as C.25; just now he has a report of magnitude to make regarding five native Kings, who are plotting against the Government. He has had dealings with Kim before, so he gives him a message to deliver, when, disguised as a Hindu boy, he and his lama shall reach Umballa. The message appears to concern only the pedigree of a white stallion. But when he delivers Mahbub Ali's word he manages to overhear enough to make him go forth and prophesy war. And the lama and others are moved to think his powers supernatural. Soon it appears that war is indeed at hand. Kim and the lama fall in with an old Indian lady who is also pilgriming.

CHAPTER IV.—(*Continued.*)

AT last the lama returned. A hillman walked behind him with a wadded cotton quilt and spread it carefully by the fire.

"She deserves ten thousand grandchildren," thought Kim. "None the less, but for me, these gifts would not have come."

"A virtuous woman—and a wise one." The lama slackened off, joint by joint, like a slow camel. "The world is full of charity to those who follow the Way." He flung a fair half of the quilt over Kim.

"And what said she?" Kim rolled up in his share of it.

"She asked me many questions and propounded many problems—the most of which were idle tales which she had heard from devil-serving priests who pretend to follow the Way. Some I answered, and some I said were foolish. Many wear the Robe, but few keep the Way."

"True. That is true." Kim used the thoughtful, conciliatory tone of those who wish to draw confidences.

"But by her lights she is most right-minded. She desires greatly that we should go with her to Buddh Gaya; her road being ours, as I understand, for many days' journey to the southward."

"And?"

"Patience a little. To this I said that my search came before all things. She had heard many foolish legends, but this great truth of my River she had never heard. Such are the priests of the lower hills! She knew the Abbot of Lung-Cho, but she did not know of my River—nor the tale of the Arrow."

"And?"

"I spoke therefore of the Search, and of the Way, and of matters that were profitable; she desiring only that I should accompany her and make prayer for a second son."

"Aha! 'We women' do *not* think of anything save children," said Kim sleepily.

"Now, since our roads run together for a while, I do not see that we in any way depart from our Search if so be we accompany her—at least as far as—I have forgotten the name of the city."

"Ohé!" said Kim, turning and speaking in a sharp whisper to one of the Ooryas a few yards away. "Where is your master's house?"

"A little behind Saharunpore, among the fruit gardens." He named the village.

"That was the place," said the lama. "So far, at least, we can go with her."

"Flies go to carrion," said the Oorya, in an abstracted voice.

"For the sick cow a crow; for the sick man a Brahmin." Kim breathed the proverb impersonally to the shadow-tops of the trees overhead.

The Oorya grunted and held his peace.

"So then we go with her, Holy One?"

"Is there any reason against? I can still step aside and try all the rivers that the road overpasses. She desires that I should come. She very greatly desires it."

Kim stifled a laugh in the quilt. When once that imperious old lady had recovered from her natural awe of a lama he thought

Copyright, 1900, by Rudyard Kipling. All rights reserved.

it probable that she would be worth listening to.

He was nearly asleep when the lama suddenly quoted a proverb: "The husbands of the talkative have a great reward hereafter." Then Kim heard him snuff thrice, and dozed off, still laughing.

The diamond-bright dawn woke men and crows and bullocks together. Kim sat up and yawned, shook himself, and thrilled with delight. This was seeing the world in real truth; this was life as he would have it—bustling and shouting, the buckling of belts, and beating of bullocks and creaking of wheels, lighting of fires and cooking of food, and new sights at every turn of the approving eye. The morning mist swept off in a whorl of silver, the parrots shot away to some distant river in shrieking green hosts: all the well-wheels within earshot went to work. India was awake, and Kim was in the middle of it, more awake and more excited than any one, chewing on a twig that he would presently use as a tooth-brush; for he borrowed right- and left-handedly from all the customs of the country he knew and loved. There was no need to worry about food—no need to spend a cowrie at the crowded stalls. He was the disciple of a holy man annexed by a strong-willed old lady. All things would be prepared for them, and when they were respectfully invited so to do they would sit and eat. For the rest,—Kim thought this as he cleaned his teeth,—his hostess would rather heighten the enjoyment of the road. He inspected her bullocks critically, as they came up grunting and blowing under the yokes. If they went too fast—it was not likely—there would be a pleasant seat for himself along the pole; the lama would sit beside the driver. The escort, of course, would walk. The old lady, equally of course, would talk a great deal, and by what he had heard that conversation would not lack salt. She was already ordering, haranguing, rebuking, and, it must be said, cursing her servants for delays.

"Get her her pipe. In the name of the Gods, get her her pipe and stop her ill-omened mouth," cried an Oorya, tying up his shapeless bundles of bedding. "She and the parrots are alike. They screech in the dawn."

"The lead-bullocks! Hai! Look to the lead-bullocks!" They were backing and wheeling as a grain-cart's axle caught them by the horns. "Son of an owl, where dost thou go?" This to the grinning carter.

"Ai! Yai! Yai! That within there is the Queen of Delhi going to pray for a son," the man called back over his high load. "Room for the Queen of Delhi and her prime minister the gray monkey climbing up his own sword!" Another cart loaded with bark for a down-country tannery followed close behind, and its driver added a few compliments as the *ruth*-bullocks backed and backed again.

From behind the shaking curtains came one volley of invective. It did not last long, but in kind and quality, in blistering, biting appropriateness, it was beyond anything that even Kim had heard. He could see the carter's bare chest collapse with amazement, as the man salaamed reverently to the voice, leaped from the pole, and helped the escort haul their volcano on to the main road. Here the voice told him truthfully what sort of wife he had wedded, and what she was doing in his absence.

"Oh, *shabash!*" murmured Kim, unable to contain himself, as the man slunk away.

"Well done, indeed? It is a shame and a scandal that a poor woman may not go to make prayer to her gods except she be jostled and insulted by all the refuse of Hindustan—that she must eat *gâli* (abuse) as men eat *ghi*. But I have yet a wag left to my tongue—a word or two well spoken that serves the occasion. And *still* am I without my tobacco! Who is the one-eyed and luckless son of shame who has not yet prepared my pipe?"

It was hastily thrust in by a hillman, and a trickle of thick smoke from each corner of the curtains showed that peace was restored.

If Kim had walked proudly the day before, disciple of a holy man, to-day he paced with tenfold pride in the train of a semi-royal procession, with a recognized place under the patronage of an old lady of charming manners and infinite resource. The escort, their heads tied up native fashion, fell in on either side the cart, shuffling enormous clouds of dust.

The lama and Kim walked a little to one side; Kim chewing his stick of sugar-cane, and making way for no one under the status of a priest. They could hear the old lady's tongue clack as steadily as a rice-husker. She bade the escort tell her what was going on on the road; and so soon as they were clear of the *parao* she flung back the curtains and peered out, her veil a third across her face. Her men did not eye her directly when she addressed them, and thus the proprieties were more or less observed.

"THE LAMA AND KIM WALKED A LITTLE TO ONE SIDE; KIM CHEWING HIS STICK OF SUGAR-CANE, AND MAKING WAY FOR NO ONE UNDER THE STATUS OF A PRIEST."

From the bas-relief modeled by Lockwood Kipling.

A dark, sallowish District Superintendent of Police, faultlessly uniformed, an Englishman, trotted by on a tired horse, and, seeing from her retinue what manner of person she was, chaffed her.

"O mother," he cried, "do they do this in the *zenanas?* Suppose an Englishman came by and saw that thou hadst no nose?"

"What?" she shrilled back. "Thy own mother has no nose? Why say so then on the open road?"

It was a fair counter. The Englishman threw up his hand with the gesture of a man hit at sword-play. She laughed and nodded.

"Is this a face to tempt virtue aside?" She withdrew all her veil and stared at him.

It was by no means lovely, but as the man gathered up his reins he called it a Moon of Paradise, a Disturber of Integrity, and a few other fantastic epithets which doubled her up with mirth.

"That is a *nut-cut* (rogue)," she said. "All police-constables are *nut-cuts;* but the police-wallahs are the worst. Hai, my son, thou hast never learned all that since thou camest from *Belait* (Europe). Who suckled thee?"

"A *pahareen*—a hillwoman of Dalhousie, my mother. Keep thy beauty under a shade ——, O Dispenser of Delights," and he was gone.

"These be the sort"—she took a fine judicial tone, and stuffed her mouth with *pan.* "These be the sort to oversee justice. They know the land and the customs of the land. The others, all new from Europe, suckled by white women and learning our tongues from books, are worse than the pestilence. They do harm to Kings." Then she told a long, long tale to the world at large, of an ignorant young policeman who had disturbed some small Hill Rajah, a ninth cousin of her own, in the matter of a trivial land-case, winding up with a quotation from a work by no means devotional.

Then her mood changed, and she bade one of the escort ask whether the lama would walk alongside and discuss matters of religion. So Kim dropped back into the dust and returned to his sugar-cane. For an hour or more the lama's tam-o'-shanter showed like a moon through the haze; and, from all he heard, Kim gathered that the old woman wept. One of the Ooryas half apologized for his rudeness overnight, saying that he had never known his mistress of so bland a temper, and he ascribed it to the presence of the strange priest. Personally, he believed in Brahmins, though, like all natives, he was acutely aware of their cunning and their greed. Still, when Brahmins but irritated with begging demands the mother of his master's wife, and when she sent them away so angry that they cursed the whole retinue (which was the real reason of the second off-side bullock going lame, and of the pole breaking the night before), he was prepared to accept any priest of any other denomination in or out of India. To this Kim assented with wise nods, and bade the Oorya observe that the lama took no money, and that the cost of his and Kim's food would be repaid a hundred times in the good luck that would attend the caravan henceforward. He also told stories of Lahore city, and sang a song or two which made the escort laugh. As a town-mouse well acquainted with the latest songs by the most fashionable composers,—they are women for the most part,—Kim had a distinct advantage over men from a little fruit-village behind Saharunpore, but he let that advantage be inferred.

At noon they turned aside to eat, and the meal was good, plentiful, and well-served on plates of clean leaves, in decency, out of drift of the dust. They gave the scraps to certain beggars, that all requirements might be fulfilled, and sat down to a long, luxurious smoke. The old lady had retreated behind her curtains, but mixed most freely in the talk, her servants arguing with and contradicting her as servants do throughout the East. She compared the cool and the pines of the Kangra and Kulu hills with the dust and the mangoes of the South; she told a tale of some old local Gods at the edge of her husband's territory; she roundly abused the tobacco which she was then smoking, reviled all Brahmins, and speculated without reserve on the coming of many grandsons.

CHAPTER V.

Here come I to my own again ——
Fed, forgiven, and known again——
Claimed by bone of my bone again,
And sib to flesh of my flesh!
The fatted calf is dressed for me,
But the husks have greater zest for me. . . .
I think my pigs will be best for me,
So I'm off to the styes afresh.
The Prodigal Son.

ONCE more the lazy, string-tied, shuffling procession got under way, and she slept till they reached the next halting-stage. It was a very short march, and time lacked an hour to sundown, so Kim cast about for means of amusement.

"But why not sit and rest?" said one of the escort. "Only the devils and the English walk to and fro without reason."

"Never make friends with the devil, a monkey, or a boy. No man knows what they will do next," said his fellow.

Kim turned a scornful back—he did not want to hear the old story how the devil played with the boys and repented of it—and walked idly across country.

The lama strode after him. All that day, whenever they passed a stream, he had turned aside to look at it, but in no case had he received any warning that he had found his River. Insensibly too the comfort of speaking to some one in a reasonable tongue, and of being properly considered and respected as her spiritual adviser by a well-born woman, had weaned his thoughts a little from the Search. And further, he was prepared to spend serene years in his quest; having nothing of the white man's impatience, but a great faith.

"Where goest thou?" he called after Kim.

"No whither—it was a small march, and all this"—Kim waved his hands abroad—"is new to me."

"She is beyond question a wise and a discerning woman. But it is hard to meditate when——"

"All women are thus." Kim spoke as might have Solomon.

"Before the lamassery was a broad platform," the lama muttered, looping up the well-worn rosary, "of stone. On that I have left the marks of my feet —— pacing to and fro, with these."

He clicked the beads, and began the "*Om mane pudme hum*" of his devotion; grateful for the cool, the quiet, and the absence of dust.

One thing after another drew Kim's idle eye across the plain. There was no purpose in his wanderings, except that the build of the huts near by seemed new, and he wished to investigate.

They came out on a broad tract of grazing-ground, brown and purple in the afternoon light, with a heavy clump of mangoes in the centre. It struck Kim as curious that no shrine stood in so eligible a spot: the boy was observing as any priest for these things. Far across the plain walked side by side four men, made small by the distance. He looked intently under his curved palms and caught the sheen of brass.

"Soldiers. White soldiers!" said he. "Let us see."

"It is always soldiers when thou and I go out alone together. But I have never seen the white soldiers."

"They do no harm except when they are drunk. Keep behind this tree."

They stepped behind the thick trunks in the cool dark of the mango-tope. Two little figures halted; the other two came forward uncertainly. They were the advance party of a regiment on the march, sent out, as usual, to mark the camp. They bore five-foot sticks with fluttering flags, and called to each other as they spread over the flat earth.

At last they entered the mango-grove, walking heavily.

"It's here or hereabouts—officers' tents under the trees, I take it, an' the rest of us can stay outside. Have they marked out for the baggage-wagons behind?"

They cried again to their comrades in the distance, and the rough answer came back faint and mellowed.

"Shove the flag in here, then."

"What do they prepare?" said the lama, wonder-struck. "This is a great and terrible world. What is the device on the flag?"

A soldier thrust a stave within a few feet of them, grunted discontentedly, pulled it up again, conferred with his companion, who looked up and down the shaded case of greenery, and returned it.

Kim stared with all his eyes, his breath coming short and sharp between his teeth. The soldiers stamped off into the sunshine.

"O Holy One," he gasped, "my horoscope! The drawing in the dust by the priest at Umballa! Remember what he said. First come two—*ferashes*—to make all things ready—in a dark place, as it is always at the beginning of a vision."

"But this is not vision," said the lama. "It is the world's illusion, no more."

"And after them comes the Bull—the Red Bull on the green field. Look! It is he!"

He pointed to the flag that was snap-snapping in the evening breeze not ten feet away. It was no more than an ordinary camp marking-flag; but the regiment, always punctilious in matters of millinery, had charged it with the regimental device, the Red Bull, which is the crest of the Mavericks—the great Red Bull on a background of Irish green.

"I see, and now I remember," said the lama. "Certainly it is thy Bull. Certainly, also, the two men came to make all ready."

"They are soldiers—white soldiers. What said the priest? 'The sign over against the Bull is the sign of War and armed men.' Holy One, this thing touches my Search."

"True. It is true." The lama stared fixedly at the device that flamed like a ruby in the dusk. "The priest at Umballa said that thine was the sign of War."

"What is to do now?"

"Wait. Let us wait."

"Even now the darkness clears," said Kim. It was only natural that the descending sun should at last strike through the tree-trunks, across the grove, filling it with mealy gold light for a few minutes; but to Kim it was crown of the Umballa Brahmin's prophecy.

"Hark!" said the lama. "One beats a drum—far off!"

At first the sound, carrying diluted through the still air, resembled the beating of an artery in the head. Soon a sharpness was added.

"Ah! The music," Kim explained. He knew the sound of a regimental band, but it amazed the lama.

At the far end of the plain a heavy, dusty column crawled in sight. Then the wind brought the tune:—

We crave your condescension
To tell you what we know
Of marching in the Mulligan Guards
To Sligo Port below.

Here broke in the drums and fifes:—

We shouldered arms,
We marched—we marched away
From Phœnix Park,
We marched to Dublin Bay.
The drums and the fifes,
Oh, sweetly they did play,
As we marched—marched—marched—with the
Mulligan Guards!

It was the band of the Mavericks playing the regiment to camp; for the men were route-marching with their baggage. The rippling column swung into the level—carts behind it—divided left and right, ran about like an ant-hill, and . . .

"But this is sorcery!" said the lama.

The plain dotted itself with tents that seemed to rise, all spread, from the carts. Another rush of men invaded the grove, pitched a huge tent in silence, ran up yet eight or nine more by the side of it, unearthed cooking-pots, pans, and bundles, which were taken possession of by a crowd of native servants; and behold the mango-tope turned into an orderly town as they watched!

"Let us go," said the lama, sinking back afraid, as the fires twinkled and white officers with jingling swords stalked into the mess-tent.

"Stand back in the shadow. No one can see beyond the light of a fire," said Kim, his eyes still on the flag. He had never before watched the routine of a seasoned regiment pitching camp in thirty minutes.

"Look! look! look!" clucked the lama. "Yonder comes a priest."

It was Bennett, the Church of England chaplain of the regiment, limping in dusty black. One of his flock had made some rude remarks about the chaplain's mettle; and to abash him Bennett had marched step by step with the men that day. The black dress, gold cross on the watch-chain, the hairless face, and the soft, black wideawake hat would have marked him as a holy man anywhere in all India. He dropped into a camp-chair by the door of the mess-tent and slid off his boots. Three or four officers gathered round him, laughing and joking over his exploit.

"The talk of white men is wholly lacking in dignity," said the lama, who judged only by tone. "But I have considered the countenance of that priest, and I think he is learned. Is it likely that he will understand our talk? I would talk to him of my Search."

"Never speak to a white man till he is fed," said Kim, quoting a well-known proverb. "They will eat now, and—and I do not think they are good to beg from. Let us go back to the resting-place. After we have eaten we will come again. It certainly was a Red Bull—*my* Red Bull."

They were both noticeably absent-minded when the old lady's retinue set their meal before them; so none broke their reserve, for it is not lucky to annoy guests.

"Now," said Kim, picking his teeth, "we will return to that place; but thou, O Holy One, must wait a little way off, because thy feet are heavier than mine and I am anxious to see more of that Red Bull."

"But how canst thou understand the talk? Walk slowly. The road is dark," the lama replied uneasily.

Kim put the question aside. "I marked a place near to the trees," said he, "where thou canst sit till I call. Nay," as the lama made some sort of protest, "remember this is *my* Search—the Search for my Red Bull. The sign in the stars was not for thee. I know a little of the customs of white soldiers, and I always desire to see some new things."

"What dost thou not know of this world?" The lama squatted obediently in a little hollow of the ground not a hundred yards from the hump of the mango trees dark against the star-powdered sky.

"Stay till I call." Kim flitted into the

dusk. He knew that in all probability there would be sentries round the camp, and smiled to himself as he heard the thick boots of one. A boy who can dodge over the roofs of Lahore city on a moonlight night, using every little patch and corner of darkness to discomfit his pursuer, is not likely to be checked by a line of well-trained soldiers. He paid them the compliment of crawling between a couple, and, running and halting, crouching and dropping flat, worked his way toward the lighted mess-tent where, close pressed behind the mango tree, he waited till some chance word should give him a returnable lead.

The one thing now in his mind was further information as to the Red Bull. For aught he knew, and Kim's limitations were as curious and sudden as his expansions, the men, the nine hundred thorough devils of his father's prophecy, might pray to the beast after dark, as Hindus pray to the Holy Cow. That at least would be entirely right and logical, and the padre with the gold cross would be therefore the man to consult in the matter. On the other hand, remembering sober-faced padres whom he had avoided in Lahore city, the priest might be an inquisitive nuisance who would bid him learn. But had it not been proven at Umballa that his sign in the high heavens portended war and armed men? Was he not the Friend of the Stars as well as of all the world, crammed to the teeth with dreadful secrets? Lastly, —and firstly as the undercurrent of all his quick thoughts,—this adventure, though he did not know the English word, was a stupendous lark—a delightful continuation of his old flights across the housetops, as well as the fulfilment of sublime prophecy. He lay belly-flat and wriggled towards the mess-tent door, a hand on the amulet round his neck.

It was as he suspected. The Sahibs prayed to their God; for in the center of the mess-table—its sole ornament when they were on the line of march—stood a golden bull fashioned from old-time loot of the Summer Palace at Pekin—a red-gold bull with lowered head, ramping upon a field of Irish green. To him the Sahibs held out their glasses and cried aloud confusedly.

Now the Reverend Arthur Bennett always left mess after that toast, and being rather tired by his march his movements were more abrupt than usual. Kim, with slightly raised head, was still staring at his totem on the table, when the chaplain stepped on his right shoulder-blade. Kim flinched under the leather, and, rolling sideways, brought down the chaplain, who, ever a man of action, caught him by the throat and nearly choked the life out of him. Kim then kicked him desperately in the stomach. Mr. Bennett gasped and doubled up but without relaxing his grip, rolled over again, and silently hauled Kim to his own tent. The Mavericks were incurable practical jokers; and it occurred to the Englishman that silence was best till he had made complete inquiry.

"Why, it's a boy!" he said, as he drew his prize under the light of the tent-pole lantern, then shaking him severely cried: "What were you doing? You're a thief. *Choor? Mallum?*" His Hindustanee was very limited, and the ruffled and disgusted Kim intended to keep to the character laid down for him. As he recovered his breath he was inventing a beautifully plausible tale of his relations to some mess-scullion, and at the same time keeping a keen eye on and a little under the chaplain's left arm-pit. The chance came; he ducked for the doorway, but a long arm shot out and clutched at his neck, snapping the amulet string and closing on the amulet.

"Give it me. O give it me. Is it lost? Give me the papers."

The words were in English—the tinny, saw-cut English of the native-bred, and the chaplain jumped.

"A scapular," said he, opening his hand. "No, some sort of heathen charm. Why—why, do you speak English? Little boys who steal are beaten. You know that?"

"I do not—I did not steal." Kim danced in agony like a terrier at a lifted stick. "O give it me. It is my charm. Do not thieve it from me."

The chaplain took no heed, but, going to the tent door, called aloud. A fattish, clean-shaven man appeared.

"I want your advice, Father Victor," said Bennett. "I found this boy in the dark outside the mess-tent. Ordinarily, I should have chastised him and let him go, because I believe him to be a thief. But it seems he talks English, and he attaches some sort of value to a charm round his neck. I thought perhaps you might help me."

Between himself and the Roman Catholic chaplain of the Irish contingent lay, as Bennett believed, an unbridgeable gulf; but it was noticeable that whenever the Church of England dealt with a human problem she was very likely to call in the Church of

Rome. Bennett's official abhorrence of the Scarlet Woman and all her ways was only equalled by his private respect for Father Victor.

"A thief talking English is it? Let's look at his charm. No, it is not a scapular, Bennett." He held out his hand.

"But have we any right to open it? A sound whipping——"

"I did *not* thieve," protested Kim. "You have hit me kicks all over my body. Now give me my charm and I will go away."

"Not quite so fast; we'll look first," said Father Victor, leisurely rolling out poor Kimball O'Hara's "*ne varietur*" parchment, his clearance-certificate, and Kim's baptismal certificate. On this last O'Hara—with some confused idea that he was doing wonders for his son—had scrawled scores of times: "*Look after the boy. Please look after the boy*"—signing his name and regimental number in full.

"Powers of Darkness below!" said Father Victor, passing all over to Mr. Bennett. "Do you know what these things are?"

"Yes," said Kim. "They are mine, and I want to go away."

"I do not quite understand," said Mr. Bennett. "He probably brought them on purpose. It may be a begging trick of some kind."

"I never saw a beggar less anxious to stay with his company, then. There's the makings of a gay mystery here. Ye believe in Providence, Bennett?"

"I hope so."

"Well, I believe in miracles, so it comes to the same thing. Powers of Darkness! Kimball O'Hara! And his son! But then he's a native, and I saw Kimball married myself to Annie Shott. How long have you had these things, boy?"

"Ever since I was a little baby." Father Victor stepped forward quickly and opened the front of Kim's upper garment. "You see, Bennett, he's not very black. What's your name?"

"Kim."

"Or Kimball?"

"Perhaps. Will you let me go away?"

"What other name?"

"They call me Kim Rishti ke. That is Kim of the Rishti."

"What is that—'Rishti'?"

"*Eye*—Rishti—that was the regiment—my father's."

"Irish, oh I see."

"Yess. That was how my father told me. My father, he has lived."

"Has lived where?"

"Has lived. Of *course* he is dead—gone out."

"Oh. That's your abrupt way of putting it, is it?"

Bennett interrupted. "It is possible I have done the boy an injustice. He is certainly white, though evidently neglected. I am sure I must have bruised him. I do not think spirits——"

"Get him a glass of sherry, then, and let him squat on the cot. Now, Kim," continued Father Victor, "no one is going to hurt you. Drink that down and tell us about yourself. The truth, if you've no objection."

Kim coughed a little as he put down the empty glass, and considered. This seemed a time for caution and fancy. Small boys who prowl about camps are generally turned out after a whipping. But he had received no stripes; the amulet was evidently working in his favor, and it looked as though the Umballa horoscope and the few words he could remember of his father's maunderings fitted in most miraculously. Else why did the fat padre seem so impressed, and why the glass of hot yellow wine from the lean one?

"My father, he is dead in Lahore city since I was very little. The woman, she kept *kabarri* shop near where the hire-carriages are." Kim began with a plunge, not quite sure how far the truth would serve him.

"Your mother?"

"*No*"—with a gesture of disgust. "She went out when I was born. My father, he got these papers from the Jadoo-Gher—what do you call that?" (Bennett nodded) "because he was in—good-standing. What do you call that?" (again Bennett nodded). "My father told me that. He said too, and also the Brahmin who made the drawing in the dust at Umballa two days ago, *he* said, that I shall find a Red Bull on a green field and that the Bull shall help me."

"A phenomenal little liar," muttered Bennett.

"Powers of Darkness below, what a country!" murmured Father Victor. "Go on, Kim."

"I did *not* thieve. Besides, I am just now disciple of a very holy man. He is sitting outside. We saw two men come with flags, making the place ready. That is *always* so in a dream, or on account of a—a—prophecy. So I knew it was come true. I saw the Red Bull on the green field, and my father he said: 'Nine hundred *pukka*

shaitans and the Colonel riding on a horse will look after you when you find the Red Bull!' I did not know what to do when I saw the Bull, but I went away and I came again when it was dark. I wanted to see the Bull again, and I saw the Bull again with the—the Sahibs praying to it. I think the Bull shall help me. The holy man said so, too. He is sitting outside. Will you hurt him, if I call him a shout now? He is very holy. He can witness to all the things I say, and he knows I am not a thief."

"'Officers praying to a bull!' What in the world do you make of that?" said Bennett. "'Disciple of a holy man!' Is the boy mad?"

"It's O'Hara's boy, sure enough. O'Hara's boy leagued with all the Powers of Darkness. It's very much what his father would invite done—if he was drunk. We'd better have the holy man. He may know something."

"He does not know anything," said Kim. "I will show you him if you come. He is my master. Then afterwards we can go."

"Powers of Darkness!" was all that Father Victor could say, as Bennett marched off, with a firm hand on Kim's shoulder.

They found the lama where he had dropped.

"The Search is at an end for me," shouted Kim in the vernacular. "I have found the Bull, but God knows what comes next. They will not hurt you. Come to the fat priest's tent with this thin man and see the end. It is all new, and they cannot talk Hindi. They are only uncurried donkeys."

"Then it is not well to make a jest of their ignorance," the lama returned. "I am glad if thou art rejoiced, *chela*."

Dignified and unsuspicious, he strode into the little tent, saluted the Churches as a Churchman, and sat down near the open charcoal brazier. The yellow lining of the tent reflected in the lamplight made his face red-gold.

Bennett looked at him with the triple-ringed uninterest of the creed that lumps nine-tenths of the world under the title of "heathen."

"And what was the end of the search? What gift has the Red Bull brought?" The lama addressed himself to Kim.

"'He says, 'What are you going to do?'" Bennett was staring uneasily at Father Victor, and Kim, for his own ends, took upon himself the office of interpreter.

"I do not see what concern this *faquir* has with the boy, who is probably his dupe or his confederate," Bennett began. "We cannot allow an English boy— Assuming that he is the son of a Mason, the sooner he goes to the Masonic Orphanage the better."

"Ah! That's your opinion as Secretary to the Regimental Lodge," said Father Victor; "but we might as well tell the old man what we are going to do. He doesn't look like a villain."

"My experience is that we can never fathom the Oriental mind. Now Kimball, I wish you to tell this man what I say—word for word."

Kim gathered the import of the next few sentences and began thus:

"Holy One, the thin fool who looks like a camel says that I am the son of a Sahib."

"But how?"

"Oh, it is true. I knew it since my birth, but *he* could only find it out by rending the amulet from my neck and reading all the papers. He thinks that once a Sahib is always a Sahib, and between the two of them they purpose to keep me in this regiment or to send me to a *madrissah*. It has happened before. I have always avoided it. The fat fool is of one mind and the camel-like one of another. But that is no odds. I may spend one night here and perhaps the next. It has happened before. Then I will run away and return to thee."

"But tell them that thou art my *chela*. Tell them how thou didst come to me when I was faint and bewildered. Tell them of our search, and they will surely let thee go now."

"I have already told them. They laugh, and they talk of the police."

"What are you saying?" asked Mr. Bennett.

"Oah. He only says that if you do not let me go it will stop him in his business—his ur-gent private af-fairs." This last was a reminiscence of some talk with a Eurasian clerk in the Canal Department, but it only drew a smile, which nettled him. "And if you *did* know what his business was you would not be in such a beastly hurry to interfere."

"What is it then?" said Father Victor, not without feeling, as he watched the lama's eager face.

"There is a River in this country which he wishes to find so verree much. It was put out by an arrow which—" Kim tapped his foot impatiently as he translated in his own mind from the vernacular to his clumsy English. "Oah, it was made by our Lord God Buddha you know, and if you wash

there you are washed away from all your sins and made as white as cotton-wool." (Kim had heard mission-talk in his time.) "I am his disciple, and we *must* find that River. It is so verree valuable to us."

"Say that again," said Bennett. Kim obeyed, with amplifications.

"But this is gross blasphemy," cried the Church of England.

"Tck! Tck!" said Father Victor sympathetically. "I'd give a good deal to be able to talk the vernacular. A river that washes away sin! And how long have you two been looking for it?"

"Oh, many days. Now we wish to go away and look for it again. It is not here, you see."

"I see," said Father Victor gravely. "But he can't go in that old man's company. It would be different, Kim, if you were not a soldier's son. Tell him that the regiment will take care of you and make you as good a man as your—as good a man as can be. Tell him that if he believes in miracles he must believe that——"

"There is no need to play on his credulity," Bennett interrupted.

"I'm doing no such thing. He must believe that the boy's coming here—to his own regiment—in search of his Red Bull is in the nature of a miracle. Consider the chances against it, Bennett. This one boy in all India, and our regiment of all others on the line o' march for him to meet with! It's predestined on the face of it. Yes, tell him it's *Kismet. Kismet mallum?* (do you understand?)"

He turned towards the lama, to whom he might as well have talked of Mesopotamia.

"They say,"—the old man's eye lighted at Kim's speech,—"they say that the meaning of my horoscope is now accomplished, and that being led back—though as thou knowest I went out of curiosity—to these people and their Red Bull, I must needs go to a *madrissah* and be turned into a Sahib. Now I make pretence of agreement, for at the worst it will be but a few meals eaten away from thee. Then I will slip away and follow down the road to Saharunpore. Therefore, Holy One, keep with that Kulu woman—on no account stray far from her cart till I come again. Past question, my sign is of war and of armed men. See how they have given me wine to drink and set me upon a bed of honor! My father must have been some great person. So if they raise me to honor among them, good. If not, good again. However it goes, I will run back to thee when I am tired. But stay with the Rajputni, or I shall miss thy feet. . . . Oah yess," said the boy, "I have told him everything you tell me to say."

"And I cannot see any need why he should wait," said Bennett, feeling in his trouser-pocket. "We can investigate the details later—but we cannot allow——"

"Give him time. May be he's fond of the lad," said Father Victor, half-arresting the clergyman's motion.

The lama dragged forth his rosary and pulled his huge hat-brim over his eyes.

"What can he want now?"

"He says"—Kim put up one hand. "He says: Be quiett. He wants to speak to me by himself. You see you do not know one little word of what he says, and I think if you talk he will perhaps give you very bad curses. When he takes those beads like that, you see he always wants to be quiett."

The two Englishmen sat overwhelmed, but there was a look in Bennett's eye that promised ill for Kim when he should be relaxed to the religious arm.

"A Sahib and the son of a Sahib—" The lama's voice was harsh with pain. "But no white man knows the land and the customs of the land as thou knowest. How comes it this is true?"

"What matter, Holy One: but remember it is only for a night or two. Remember, I can change swiftly. It will all be as it was when I first spoke to thee under Zam-Zammah the great gun——"

"As a boy in the dress of white men—when I first went to the Wonder House. And a second time thou wast a Hindu. What shall the third incarnation be?" He chuckled drearily. "Ah, *chela*, thou hast done a wrong to an old man because my heart went out to thee."

"And mine to thee. But how could I know that the Red Bull would bring me to *this* business?"

The lama covered his face afresh, and nervously rattled the rosary. Kim squatted beside him and laid hold upon a fold of his clothing.

"Now it is understood that the boy is a Sahib?" he went on in a muffled tone. "Such a Sahib as was he who kept the images in the Wonder House?" The lama's experience of white men was limited. He seemed to be repeating a lesson. "So then it is not seemly that he should do

other than as the Sahibs do. He must go back to his own people."

"For a day and a night and a day," Kim pleaded.

"No, ye don't!" Father Victor saw Kim edging towards the door, and interposed a strong knee.

"I do not understand the customs of white men. The Priest of the Images in the Wonder House in Lahore was more courteous than the thin one here. This boy will be taken from me. They will make a Sahib of my disciple? Woe to me, how shall I find my River? Have *they* no disciples? Ask."

"He says he is very sorry that he cannot find the River now any more. He says, Why have you no disciples, and stop bothering him? He wants to be washed of his sins."

Neither Bennett nor Father Victor found any answer ready.

Said Kim in English, distressed for the lama's agony: "I think if you will let me go now we will walk away quietly and not steal. We will look for that River like before I was caught. I wish I did not come here to find the Red Bull and all that sort of thing. I do not want it."

"It's the very best day's work you ever did for yourself, young man," said Bennett.

"Good heavens, I don't know how to console him," said Father Victor, watching the lama intently. "He can't take the boy away with him, and yet he's a good man—I'm sure he's a good man. Bennett, if you give him that rupee he'll curse you root and branch!"

They listened to each other's breathing—three—five full minutes. Then the lama raised his head, and looked forth across them into space and emptiness.

"And I am a follower of the Way," he said bitterly. "The sin is mine and the punishment is mine. I made believe to myself—for now I see it was but make-belief—that thou wast sent to me to aid in the Search. So my heart went out to thee for thy charity and thy courtesy and the wisdom of thy little years. But those who follow the Way must permit not the fire of any desire or attachment, for that is all illusion. As says . . ." He quoted an old, old Chinese text, backed it with another, and reinforced these with a third. "I stepped aside from the Way, my *chela*. It was no fault of thine. I delighted in the sight of life, the new people upon the roads, and in thy joy at seeing these things. I was pleased with thee who should have considered my Search and my Search alone. Now I am sorrowful because thou art taken away and my River is far from me. It is the Law which I have broken."

"Powers of Darkness below!" said Father Victor, who, wise in the confessional, realized the pain in every sentence.

"I see now that the sign of the Red Bull was a sign for me as well as for thee. All Desire is red—and evil. I will do penance and find my River alone."

"At least go back to the Kulu woman," said Kim, "otherwise thou wilt be lost upon the roads. She will feed thee till I run back to thee."

The lama waved a hand to show that the matter was finally settled in his mind.

"Now,"—his tone altered as he turned to Kim,—"what will they do with thee? At least I may, acquiring merit, wipe out past ill."

"Make me a Sahib—so they think. The day after to-morrow I return. Do not grieve."

"Of what sort? Such a one as this or that man?" He pointed to Father Victor. "Such an one as those I saw this evening—men wearing swords and stamping heavily?"

"May be."

"That is not well. These men follow desire and come to emptiness. Thou must not be of their sort."

"The Umballa priest said that my Star was War," Kim interjected. "I will ask these fools—but there is truly no need. I will run away this night, for all I wanted to see the new things."

Kim put two or three questions in English to Father Victor, translating the replies to the lama.

Then: "He says, 'You take him from me and you cannot say what you will make him.' He says, 'Tell me before I go, for it is not a small thing to make a child.'"

"You will be sent to a school. Later on, we shall see. Kimball, I suppose you'd like to be a soldier?"

"*Gorah-log* (white-folk). No-ah! No-ah!" Kim shook his head violently. There was nothing in his composition to which drill and routine appealed. "I will not be a soldier."

"You will be what you're told to be," said Bennett; "and you should be grateful that we're going to help you."

Kim smiled compassionately. If these men lay under the delusion that he would do anything that he did not fancy, so much the better.

Another long silence followed. Bennett

fidgeted with impatience, and suggested calling a sentry to evict the *faquir*.

"Do they give or sell learning among the Sahibs? Ask them," said the lama, and Kim interpreted.

"They say that money is paid to the teacher—but that money the regiment will give. . . . What need? It is only for a night."

"And—the more money is paid the better learning is given?" The lama disregarded Kim's plans for an early flight. "It is no wrong to pay for learning; to help the ignorant to wisdom is always a merit." The rosary clicked as furiously as an abacus. Then he faced his oppressors.

"Ask them for how much money do they give a wise and suitable teaching? and in what city is that teaching given?"

"Well," said Father Victor, in English, when Kim had translated, "that depends. The regiment would pay for you all the time you are at the Military Orphanage; or you might go on the Punjab Masonic Orphanage's list (not that he or you 'ud understand what that means); but the best schooling a boy can get in India is, of course, at St. Xavier's in Partibus at Lucknow." This took some time to interpret, for Bennett wished to cut it short.

"He wants to know how much?" said Kim placidly.

"Two or three hundred rupees a year." Father Victor was long past any sense of amazement. Bennett, impatient, did not understand.

"He says: 'Write that name and the money upon a paper and give it me.' And he says you must write your name below, because he is going to write a letter in some days to you. He says you are good man. He says the other man is a fool. He is going away."

The lama rose suddenly. "I follow my Search," he cried, and was gone.

"He'll run slap into the sentries," cried Father Victor, jumping up as the lama stalked out; "but I can't leave the boy." Kim made swift motion to follow, but checked himself. There was no sound of challenge outside. The lama had disappeared.

Kim settled himself composedly on the chaplain's cot. At least the lama had promised that he would stay with the Rajput woman from Kulu, and the rest was of the smallest importance. It pleased him that the two padres were so evidently excited. They talked long in undertones, Father Victor urging some scheme on Mr. Bennett, who seemed incredulous. All this was very new and fascinating, but Kim felt sleepy. They called men into the tent—one of them certainly was the Colonel, as his father had prophesied—and they asked him an infinity of questions, chiefly about the woman who looked after him, all of which Kim answered truthfully. They did not seem to think the woman a good guardian.

After all, this was the newest of his experiences. Sooner or later, if he chose, he could escape into the great, gray, formless India, beyond tents and padres and colonels. Meantime, if the Sahibs were to be impressed, he would do his best to impress them. He too was a white man.

After much talk that he could not comprehend, they handed him over to a sergeant, who had strict instructions not to let him escape. The regiment would go on to Umballa, and Kim would be sent up, partly at the expense of the Lodge and in part by subscription, to a place called Sanawar.

"It's miraculous past all whooping, Colonel," said Father Victor, when he had talked without a break for ten minutes. "His Buddhist friend has levanted after taking my name and address. I can't quite make out whether he'll pay for the boy's education or whether he is preparing some sort of witchcraft on his own account." Then to Kim: "You'll live to be grateful to your friend the Red Bull yet. We'll make a man of you at Sanawar—even at the price o' making you a Protestant."

"Certainly—most certainly," said Bennett.

"But you will not go to Sanawar," said Kim.

"But we will go to Sanawar, little man. That's the order of the Commander-in-Chief, who's a trifle more important than O'Hara's son."

"You will not go to Sanawar. You will go to thee war."

There was a shout of laughter from the full tent.

"When you know your own regiment a trifle better you won't confuse the line of march with line of battle, Kim. We hope to go to 'thee war' some time."

"Oah, I know all thatt." Kim drew his bow again at a venture. If they were not going to the war, at least they did not know what he knew of the talk in the veranda at Umballa. "I know you are not at thee war now; but I tell *you* that as soon as you get to Umballa you will be sent to the war—the

new war. It is a war of eight thousand men, besides the guns."

"That's explicit. D'you add prophecy to your other gifts? Take him along, Sergeant. Take up a suit for him from the Drums, an' take care he doesn't slip through your fingers. Who says the age of miracles is gone by? I think I'll go to bed. My poor mind's weakening."

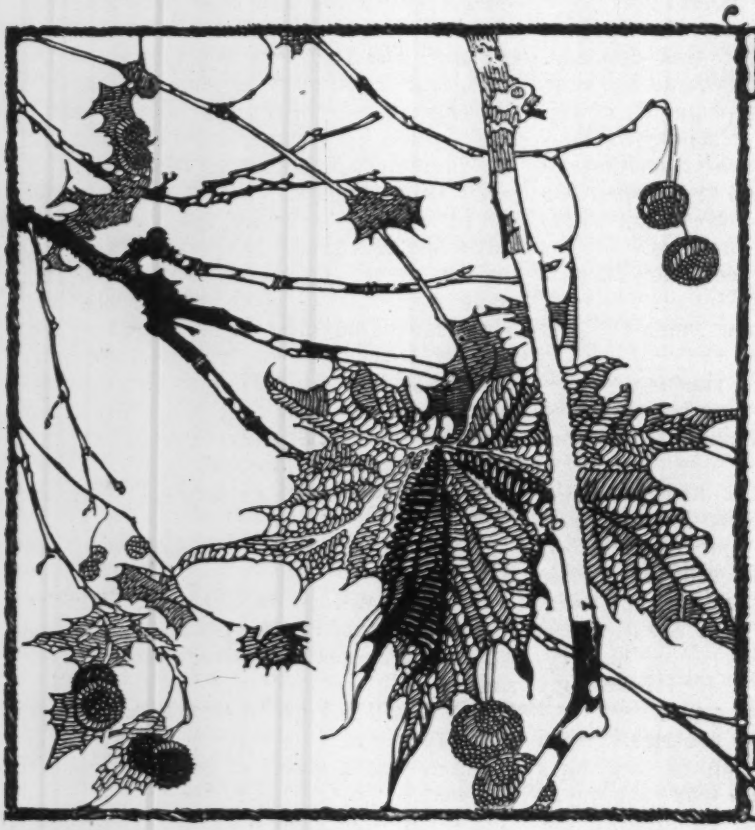
At the far end of the camp, silent as a wild animal, an hour later sat Kim, newly washed all over, in a horrible stuff suit that rasped his arms and legs.

"A most amazin' young bird," said the sergeant. "He turns up in charge of a yellow-headed buck-Brahmin priest, with his father's lodge certificates round his neck, talkin' God knows what all of a red bull. The buck-Brahmin evaporates without explanations, an' the bhoy sets cross-legged on the chaplain's bed prophesyin' bloody war to the men at large. Injia's a wild land for a God-fearin' man. I'll just tie his leg to the tent-pole in case he'll go through the roof. What did ye say about the war?"

"Eight thousand men, besides guns," said Kim. "Very soon you will see."

"You're a consolin' little imp. Lie down between the Drums an' go to bye-bye. Those two boys beside ye will watch your slumbers."

(To be continued.)



'PARDNERS'

BY ELLSWORTH KELLEY

SUNDAY morning! Sunday morning in June!

Two old men sat under the shade of the maple-trees in the front yard while the church-bells jangled and jarred and boomed over the housetops and out across the valley.

"'Pears to me like church-bells soun' purties' when you's away off from 'em, two or three miles, say," volunteered the old man with the billy-goat beard, he whom the boys affectionately called "Uncle Joe."

"Same way with a brass band," observed Uncle Billy, he of the smooth-shaven face. "You git up close an' it sort o' rasps your nerves an' breshes your fur all the wrong way. But git away off, say 'bout half a mile of a still evenin'—an' I kin shet my

eyes and imagine I hear the heavenly hosts a-twangin' on their harps an' poundin' their cymbals."

"Yes, I've noticed the same thing, Bill. Say, do you remember when we was little codgers, when we first begin to go pardners, an' heerd a church-bell the fust time? We 'magined it said, 'Come, oh come,' jest as plain as speakin'."

"Shorely, shorely! An' that reminds me! It's gittin' mighty near church time, an' I must be pokin' along. Joe, I wisht—old as you air, too—I wisht you'd go to church—oftener."

Old Uncle Joe nodded.

"I s'pose you do, Bill, I s'pose you do. I'd like to, real well, but not to-day—I can't go to-day. Fact is, Bill, I don't want you to do anything ag'in your conscience, but I've laid off to take a walk to-day, a little walk out in the country. As I said, I don't want you to do anything ag'in your conscience, but I'd kind o' set my mind on havin' you go with me."

"Much obleged, Joseph, much obleged! But I couldn't think of it. I haven't missed church for nigh on twenty years. An'—do you think it is right to go a-wanderin' off that way—on Sunday? Do you, now?"

"Right! Shucks! Of course it is! Look here, Bill! Fer the sake of argyment, say we take a walk. We go out along the green hedge-rows. We see the wild roses bloomin' an' the growin' corn. We hear the mockin'-birds a-singin' fit to kill. We take great, big, full breaths of country air. Same as we used to when we was pardners. Don't you remember how we used to see who could make his chist swell the biggest? Healthy, wasn't it? All them things is innocent, an' all them things is good. Who made 'em? God. What fer did he make 'em? Fer you an' me to enjoy! How can we enjoy 'em here in town? We jest can't. Which is worst, now? You go to church an' you sit there on a hard seat, an' by an' by, 'stid o' listenin' to the preacher, the fust thing you know you feel the soft air stealin' through the winder, an' then a bird-song floats in on the air, an' it makes you feel good all over. An' then the fust thing you know you don't know a blessed thing the preacher is sayin'. Ain't that so, now, William? Ain't that so?"

"Sunday morning in June!"

"I don't know but that it is—sometimes," feebly admitted Uncle Billy.

"Of course it's so!" triumphantly exclaimed Uncle Joe. "Now let me tell you what, Bill! You go with *me* to-day. Let's take a walk. Let's take our dinner along. Let's go out fer an old-fashioned, good day of enjoyin' ourselves, an' when we git back—an' I'll leave it to you, Bill—if you say we haven't had a good time—a rale old-fashioned enjoyable time, like we used to have when we was boys—an' pardners—w'y I'll go to meetin' with you reg'lar every Sunday fer six months." Uncle Billy paused, hesitated—and the man who hesitates—you know the rest of the proverb. Uncle Joe was once again the dominant power in the partnership that had begun when they were boys, years and years and years ago.

While the second bell was calling "Come, oh come!" two bent forms crept stealthily out through the suburban orchard, climbed the fence very carefully, and stole down the inside of the hedge-row, along a "turning row," toward the river.

At the end of the hedge they paused for a moment's rest.

Uncle Joe fanned himself with his palm-leaf hat. Uncle Billy looked at the waving, dark-green corn with appreciative eyes. Then he grew reminiscent.

"Joseph" (when Uncle Billy said "Joseph" in the way he said it then, it meant he was going to say something not quite commonplace) "Joseph, it was just sech a day as this when my first wife—when Mary and I—was walkin' home from meetin'—down in the old neighborhood—when I mustered up courage to ask her if she'd have me. The brown thrushes was singin', an' the wild roses was in bloom. I remember, 'cause she asked me to gether a bokay of 'em. I had no jack-knife, an' pullin' 'em off I tore my hand on a big, prickly briar. She tied up my scratched hand with her handkercher, an' when I felt the touch of her soft fingers as she did it, I up an' ast her to let me take her hand until death should part us. An' she did—until death parted us."

A strange light burned dimly in Uncle Joe's eyes as he listened—a light that flickered for an instant and died out, even as a tiny flame will sometimes shoot up and die out from a deserted camp-fire smouldering by the roadside in the darkness.

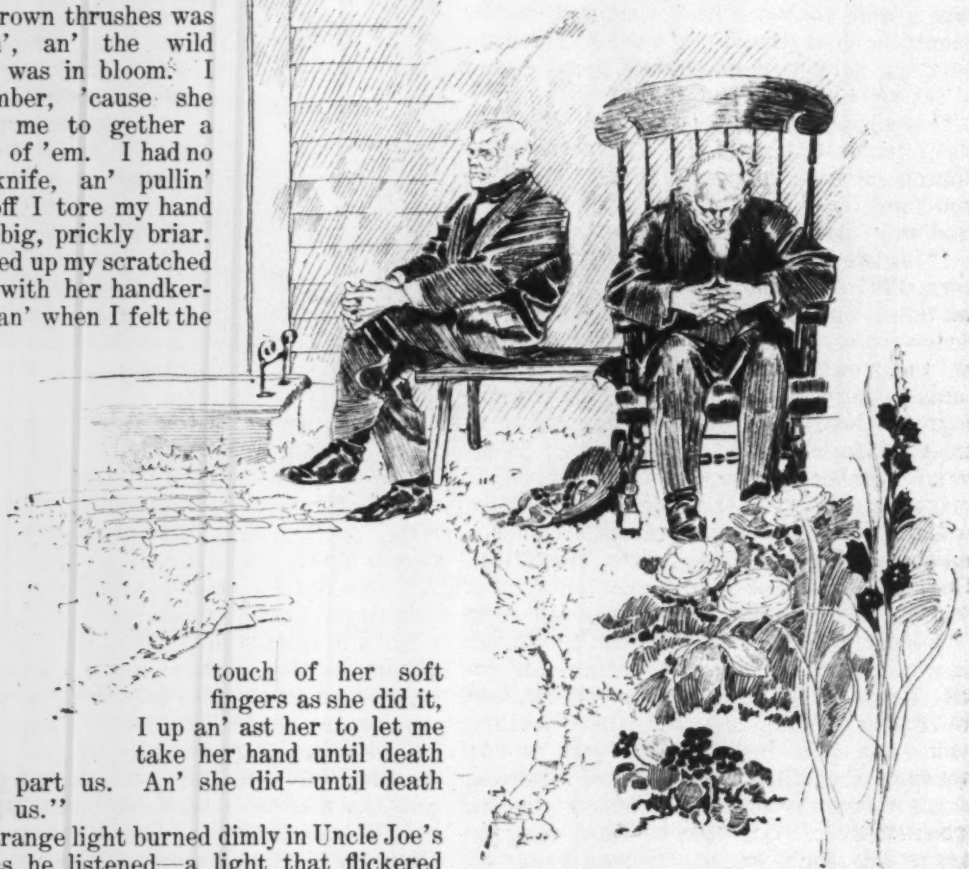
He, too, in the long ago, had worshiped at the shrine of Mary—but Billy had never known.

A gentle wind stirred the hedge leaves and sent ripple after ripple across the whitening wheat-fields.

"Purty, ain't it?" remarked Uncle Joe, waving his hand toward the wheat-fields. "But let's keep pluggin' along toward the river. There's a nice shady place by the old sycamore where we kin eat our dinner."

Half an hour later they were at the old sycamore, whose misshapen trunk hung far out over the pool of water where, as boys, they had fished and bathed on many a happy summer day.

"I'm glad there's no boys here to-day," sighed Uncle Billy. "It does seem awful to me that boys as is brought up by respectable, God-fearin' parents will be so wicked as to fish an' swim on the Sabbath day."



"'Pears to me like church-bells soun' purties' when you's away off from 'em, . . .'"

"Boy nature an' hoss nature is purty much alike the world over," sagely responded Uncle Joe. "I don't see that boys is any wuss than they war when we was boys. Bill, you know you've been licked like sixty fer the same identical tricks! An' licked fer what? Jest 'cause you was a-havin' the only downright, rale good time you ever got a chance to have. I never had any boys of my own, but I'll tell you right here that if I had *forty* boys, an' they all wanted to go swimmin' on Sunday, why, they could go, an' what's more, *I'd go with 'em!*"

The audacious wickedness of such a sentiment fairly took away Uncle Billy's breath.

"Why, Joseph! You—you shorely wouldn't think o' bein' so wicked!"

"Wicked nothin'! That's jest the way you used to talk when we was boys—pardners. It was '*Joseph!*' an' '*Joseph!*' An' you was into as much devilment as I was, too! An' always makin' folks believe 'at I led you into it!—— Dog my skin! I'm goin' to have that fish if I have to wade in an' chase him out on the bank!"

"'. . . *I felt the touch of her soft fingers.* . . .'"

Uncle Joe had, while talking, taken a hook and line from his pocket and fastened it to an abandoned pole. Then he managed to catch a grasshopper. He impaled it to his satisfaction, and gave a cast that showed he had once been a not unscientific angler. But, dexterous as was the cast, the bass refused to rise to the alluring 'hopper. Uncle Billy sat in the shade and looked on with grave, troubled face. What would old Brother Meecham say if he were to hear of his deviation from the straight and narrow path? No doubt at this moment Brother Meecham was standing up before the "class" telling his hopes and fears, his temptations and triumphs.

"Brethren, the snows of many winters lie upon my head. I am grown feeble in body and well I know that soon the Master will call for me. Oh, brethren, pray for me that I may be found at the post of duty when my summons comes to give an account of my stewardship."

Uncle Billy could hear Brother Meecham say it just as plainly as if he were sitting there in class, listening. He always gave in his testimony after Brother Meecham. He felt a chilly sensation.

"What if the Lord should call me right now, an' find me here at the river, fishin'?"

The agony of the thought made Uncle Billy groan aloud.

"Shet up, Bill! Fish won't bite if you make so much noise."

"I don't care if they don't! Joe, you're old enough to know better than to fish on Sunday."

"Well, stop your clatter, or I'll come back there an' make you."

Now, it had been Uncle Billy's failing when a boy not to be able to "take a dare." He always got the worst of physical encounters. But the very next time he was "dared" he would again lead a forlorn hope, because he was a coward—a moral coward.

So little wonder is it that, under the old feeling of moral cowardice, he replied:

"Oh, you will, will you? Mebby you'd like to try it right now."

"Bill, if you don't shet your old fool mouth I'll—I'll come up there an' make you eat dirt!"

"You will, will you!" yelled the now properly infuriated William. "You will, will you! I'd like to see you try it on. Try it on right now!"

Uncle Joe stuck his fish pole in the sand, spat on his hands, and walked up to his bellicose "pardner." He made a grab for Uncle Billy's collar, but Uncle Billy slid under his arm, caught him "side holts," and "under holts" at that. As a boy-tussle it would have been commonplace. But when old men wrestle——!

Each man's face showed tense, set jaws and watchful eyes.

At that instant Uncle Billy happened to

glance toward the river. He wondered if any one was watching. His glance caught the violent sway of the fishing-pole. He broke "holts" and exclaimed:

"Joe, you've *got* 'im!"

Uncle Joe made a clumsy, rheumatic old run, and was just in time to grasp the pole as it pulled out of the sand. Dexterously he guided the fish, for his muscular sense told him that the line was not strong enough to draw the game captive from the water. He played it as well as he could, hoping to tire it. But his prey kept dashing wildly from side to side of the pool. Uncle Joe's old arms grew tired.

"Bill, Bill! You'll have to spell me a bit. I'm tuckered out. I'll go halvers with you."

Uncle Billy had forgotten his late misgivings in the excitement of the moment. He relieved Uncle Joe, who dropped down in the shade, panting.

The big fish began to show signs of tiring. The struggles grew more feeble, the rushes less frequent. With a wheezy shout of triumph Uncle Billy swung it to land, and——

"Jumpin' Jehosiphat! Billy! Billy! Oh, my!"

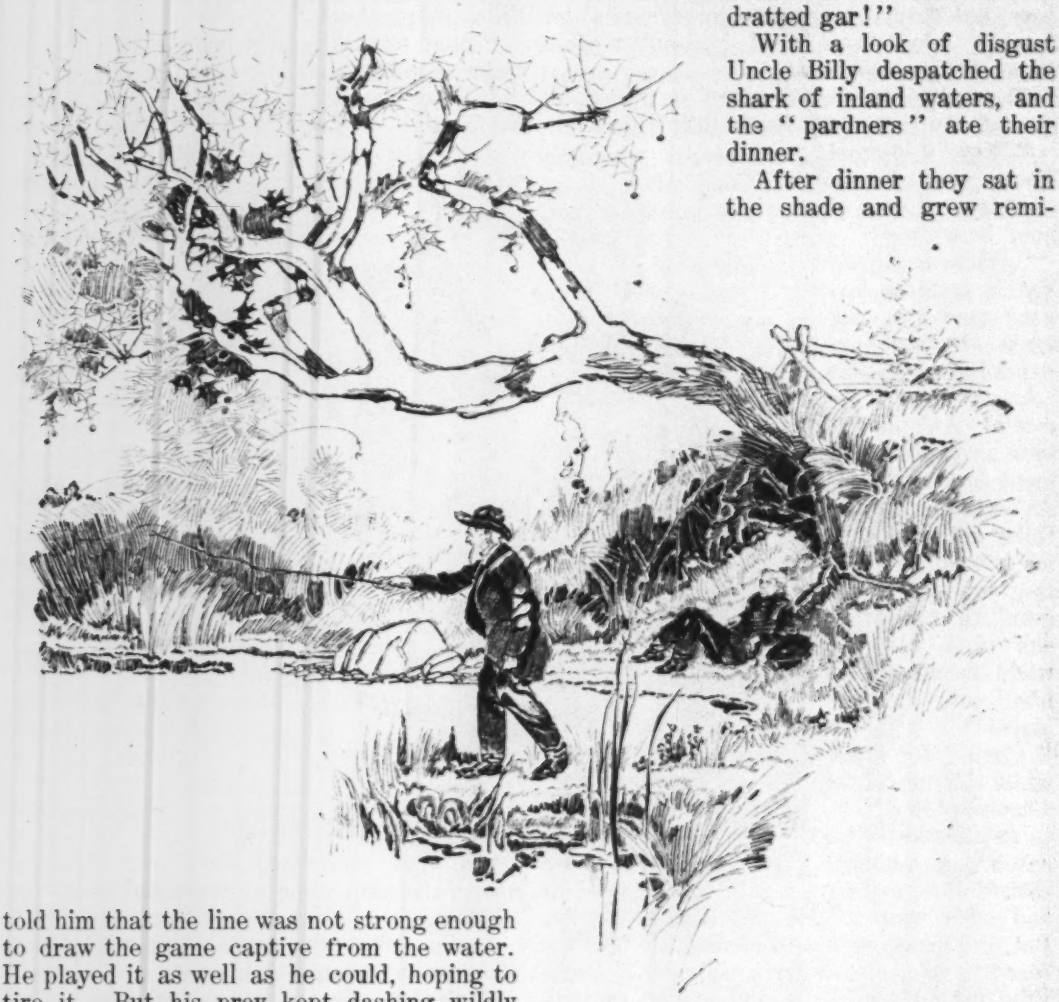
Uncle Joe was down on the grass rolling over and over in an ecstasy of mirth.

"Wha—what's the matter, Joe, air you sick?" anxiously queried Uncle Billy.

"Oh, nuthin's the matter, Billy," answered Uncle Joe, when at last he rose to a sitting posture, "only your bass ain't a bass. It's nothin' but a dratted gar!"

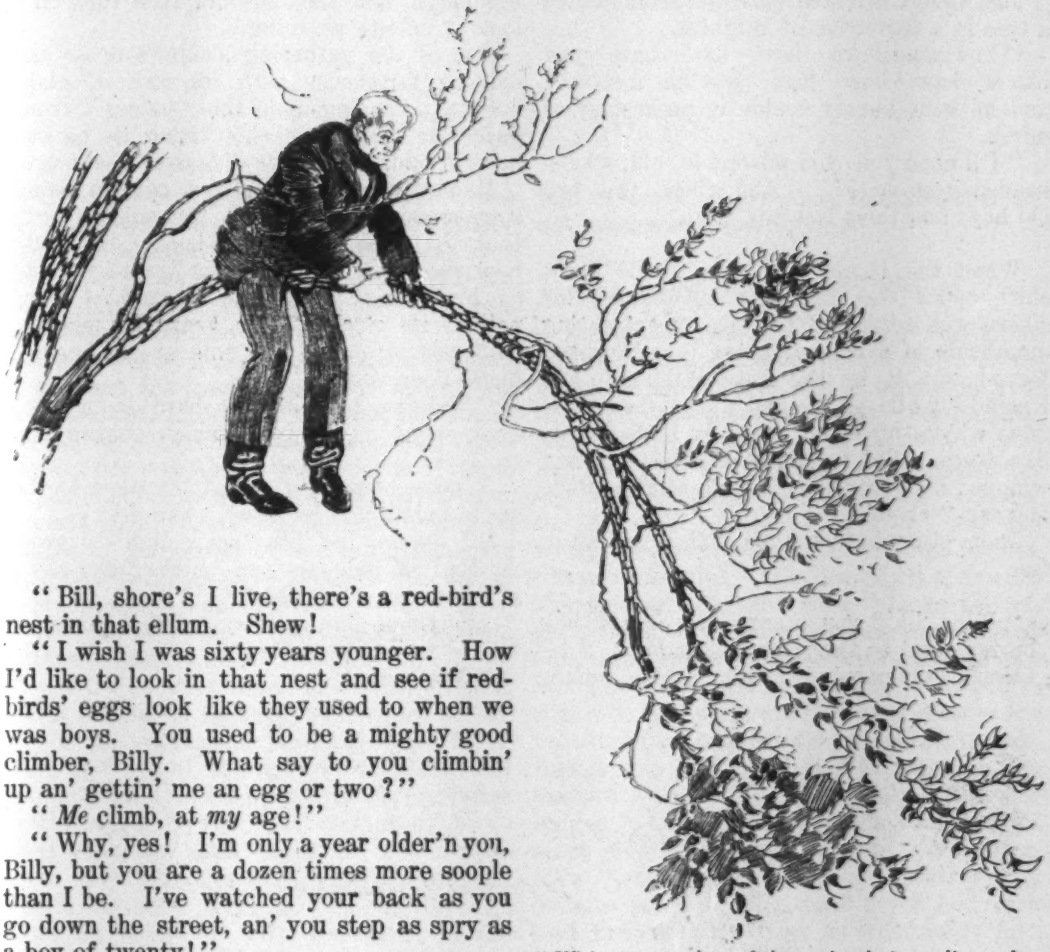
With a look of disgust Uncle Billy despatched the shark of inland waters, and the "pardners" ate their dinner.

After dinner they sat in the shade and grew remi-



"Dexterous as was the cast, the bass refused to rise to the alluring 'hopper."

niscent. Bygone sports, sleighing, picnics, shows, the young folks of two generations ago, were brought to life again. Sometimes their voices rang with almost boyish laughter. Sometimes their eyes grew misty with tears, and over all the glorious sky of the June Sabbath, and through all the voice of the water falling over the "riffle," up stream.



"With a bravery born of desperation he 'cooned' out along the limb."

"Bill, shore's I live, there's a red-bird's nest in that ellum. Shew!

"I wish I was sixty years younger. How I'd like to look in that nest and see if red-birds' eggs look like they used to when we was boys. You used to be a mighty good climber, Billy. What say to you climbin' up an' gettin' me an egg or two?"

"*Me* climb, at *my* age!"

"Why, yes! I'm only a year older'n you, Billy, but you are a dozen times more soople than I be. I've watched your back as you go down the street, an' you step as spry as a boy of twenty!"

Uncle Billy was not proof against this flattery.

"If I hed a rail an' you'd boost me a little —I might try."

Uncle Joe found a rail, put one end against the tree, and gave Uncle Billy the required "boost."

He reached the lower limbs in safety, and in a short time had secured the eggs, which he dropped one by one into Uncle Joe's "handkercher." Then he started to get down. When he reached the lower limbs the rail was gone.

"Say, Joe, put back that rail."

"I guess you'd better stay up there, Billy, where you kin keep cool. It's awful hot down here."

"Please, Joe! Don't act a fool. Please put up the rail. Please do!"

"Oh, I dunno, Billy. I guess I'll have to leave you now. It's gitting late anyhow, an' I don't want to be out in the night air," and Joe started as if to leave.

"Joe! Joe! Come back, Joe! Come back! Please!"

"No, Billy. Guess I'd better git back to town an' let folks know where you air. What you s'pose Brother Meecham will say when he hears you've been fishin'—an' robbin' poor little innocent birds' nests? Think of it! You, at your age—an' on Sunday, too!" And then Joe was gone.

Humiliation and rage were tumultuous in the soul of Uncle Billy.

With a bravery born of desperation he "cooned" out along the limb. It swayed under his weight, but he knew an elm limb would not break. Lower and lower it swayed under him until he felt safe in dropping to the ground. When he touched ground and convinced himself he was free from hurt, a mighty resolve entered his heart. If he could only lay hands on Joe what a settlement there would be!

Just then Uncle Joe emerged from behind a tree in a paroxysm of laughter.

"You came down—haw—haw—haw—jest like a—haw—haw—haw—jest like a coon!" and he bent almost double in an ecstasy of mirth.

"I'll coon you, you miserable, old, white-headed reprobate!" And then—the two old boys had their last boy fight.

When the battle was over Uncle Joe's shirt collar was minus a buttonhole, his sleeve was torn, and he was expectorating mouthfuls of sand and grass that had been forced into it by the irate William. For Uncle Billy himself, he had a scratched face, from which the blood oozed in little sweat-like drops. But for once in his life he had whipped his "pardner," made him eat dirt, and say "enough."

Then—they both agreed that it was all in fun.

"Billy, ain't you afeerd your pap'll lick you fer goin' to the river on Sunday?"

Uncle Billy responded with a feeble, mirthless laugh, and then his old face took on a look of infinite yearning.

Out of the gathering shadows arose the old log farmhouse with its roof of clapboards. Leaning upon the "paling" front gate was his father—his father as he had been in middle life, five-and-sixty years ago.

He saw himself a barefoot boy, in homespun trousers, coming up the wood's path that led from the fishing-hole. He could hear the swish of the beech sprout wielded by his father, could feel again the sharp pain of its strokes. He heard his mother, who was straining the milk at the spring-house door, say:

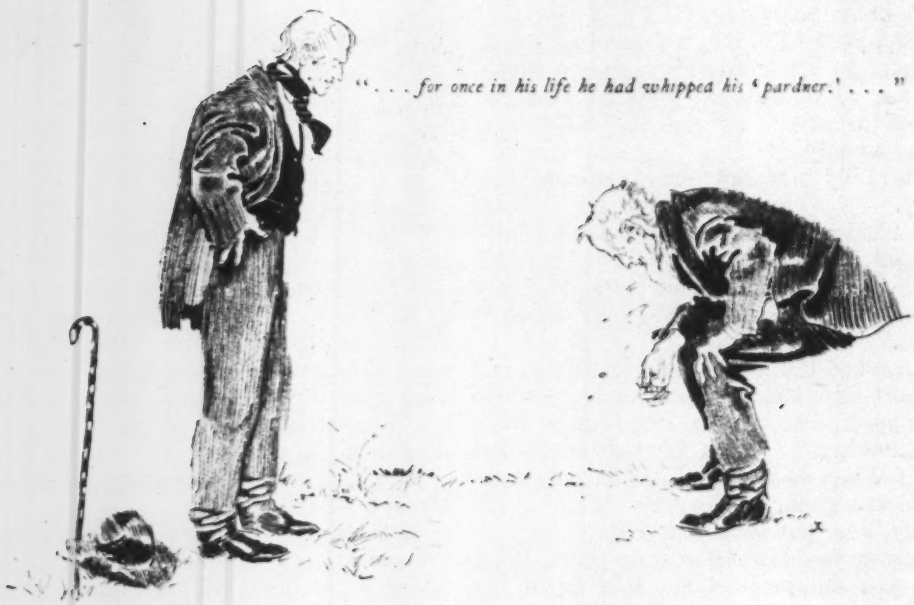
"Thomas, don't be too hard on the boy. Like enough that Joe Graham coaxed him to."

A sense of pain wrenched his heart as the scene faded, and he slowly answered:

"I dunno, Joe, but 'pears like I'd swap my soul off hide an' tail, as the feller says, if I jest *was* a boy agin."

And Uncle Joe, with a childish quaver in his old voice, responded:

"Me, too!"



"... for once in his life he had whipped his 'pardner.' ..."

EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE very first instalment of "Kim" was widely recognized as full of golden promise, as auguring such a success as even Mr. Kipling has never made before; and the succeeding chapters have deepened that popular impression into conviction.

The power of gallant courage, the mystery of the East, the fascination of strange, strong personalities, the charm of childhood, an all-pervading humor, delight in the wide spectacle of life—these are the elements of which Mr. Kipling has compounded his great stories; but not until "Kim" has he ever united all phases of his genius in one work, including high qualities that have hitherto reached us only through his poetry.

We hear of "Kim" from all sorts and conditions of men, women, and children. Some thoughtful savant notes the subtlety with which a sense of Oriental philosophy, a feeling of its impersonal reaches, comes to us from the lips of the artless, scholarly, old lama; and some boy is agog over the mysteries of the secret service, and envious of Kim's ideal existence amid disguises, hidden messages, and rich adventures. One person says, "It is the next thing to traveling through India as a native, with command of the dialects and all hidden things open to you;" and another answers: "It is the living characters that warm the cockles of my heart, and I care about India because Kim and the rest are there."

So it goes with any great work. One swallow is a pretty thing, but it does not make a summer, and no more does one grace, however charming, make one of those few precious books that appeal alike to gentle and simple through varying climes and times. The best guess we can give as to the judgment of posterity must be based on a study of the breadth of the appeal made by the given work of art on contemporaries. Schools rise and fall, fashions come and go, temporary influences warp the judgment, but these things affect only portions of the public. One set gets this twist, another that, but the eternal elements of art are inherent in the human heart, and as widespread as human life, and the story that pleases—not necessarily the most people—but the greatest variety of people, is the one that gives the best evidence of appealing to tastes that are not evanescent, but abiding.

MISS WYATT'S STORIES.

Freshness of material may be of very minor and unimportant literary advantage, or it may stand for a great deal, and be a genuine proof of that most precious quality—originality. Miss Edith's Wyatt's group of stories dealing with the intellectually pretentious and the intellectually unpretentious conquer for art new phases of life, and are not merely occupied with novel settings for traditional material. It is one of their marked distinctions, too, that these phases are utterly familiar. Every one knows the newly cultivated, every one deals with little Hebrew merchants and runs across comfortable citizens who enjoy life and fear God despite the cast-iron deer ornamenting their front yards. But it was left to Miss Wyatt to see the humorous and touching possibilities for stories in our American jostling together of many such heterogeneous types. Moreover, Miss Wyatt has a touch of philosophy, a definite point of view, that gives her work that firmness and poise so remarkable in a novice, and endows it as well with an intellectual value quite beyond its mere amusing picturesqueness. What Rossetti called "fundamental brain work" has been done here; and yet the thought is thought in solution, as it should be in a work of art. One correspondent likens (without pressing the comparison further) this presentation of mental conclusions, with never a word of doctrine, to the methods of Turgenieff; but perhaps the greatest, the best tribute to Miss Wyatt's work that has reached us came from one who had always professed to dislike a certain class of our citizens: "Well," he said, after finishing one of these stories, "I see those people all the time, and they are just like that, just so pleasing if you look at that side of them, and I'll never hate them so much again!"

STUDYING THE CRIMINAL.

The gentleman who signs his writings Josiah Flynt has accomplished such socio-

logical work as no other man ever achieved; and he is not likely to have many rivals. Extraordinary qualities are required to enable an educated, well-bred, and high-minded gentleman to consort for months together on equal terms with outcasts and criminals. Only a beautiful feeling of fellowship with all humanity, a genuine sentiment of friendliness and a genuine absence of moral and social snobbery could put him *en rapport* with such comrades; and these traits alone would not go far without tact, shrewdness, a dramatic talent for the assumption of a part; and given all the gifts needed, no one without an enthusiasm for the end to be attained would ever exercise them. No, we had better make the most of Josiah Flynt, for we are little likely to benefit by two of his kind. That was our reflection when we suggested to him the congenial mission of finding out the criminal's view of various American city governments. The result of his investigations is a mass of unique evidence of great value. Before conditions can be cured they must be understood; and Josiah Flynt's papers bring to life views, motives, attitudes, that but for him the reformers could only guess at. But his service does not stop there; the lukewarmness of the righteous is the stronghold of corruption, and about these reports there is something startling—a frankness, a closeness of contact like experience, a vital human picturesqueness, that makes abstractions real; and so they are calculated to win readers that scorn preachments, to make men ponder our parlous state who never condescended to reflect seriously on it before, and to awaken to action those who have hitherto only reflected.

That vital human picturesqueness has, too, a value apart from all its contingent, immediate political significance. Here are human documents among the most curious ever brought forth; and even if we got all our cities cleaned up to the point of admiration, here would be good reading for all who delight in human nature and the contrarieties of the human scene for their own sake.

RELIGION.

By Paul Kester.

Creeds change,
All outward forms
Recast themselves.
Sacred groves, temples, and churches
Rise and rot and fall.
Races and nations
And the various tongues of men
Come and go and are
Recorded, numbered,
And forgotten in the repetition
And the drift
Of many ages.
All outward circumstances
May be different,
But there lives no man—
Nor ever lived one—
Who, in the silence of his heart
Feeling his need,
Has not cried out,
Shaping some prayer
To the unchanging God.